



...june 21, 2019...

*we met inside a coffee shop
beneath the clouded sun
playing background voices
into ancient messagings –*

*people wandered past us
though we barely saw them move
while music curled atmospheres
that under-wove our world –*

*memories were born again
beside eccentric streets
as we unlocked the dusty rooms
of vanished reveries –*

*it was as if we shared a glimpse
of mirror images
sculpting veiled destinies
we somehow knew were ours.*