



...february 5, 1986...

distant music on the radio –
i dive into myself
spinning scenarios
of worlds within worlds –

the hour summons work
but i am gone –
structuring the passages
of almost dream –

it is too real –
this world of my brain
where streets and crosswalks
crumble in mirage –

i climb through walls
of stairways never seen
to greet the strangers
who were always friends –

are you really here
holding eyes and hands
to draw me back into
the waiting afternoon?

or am i there –
warping space and time –
shaping a new sanity
of mind?