

...april 27, 1990...

*can this be real my little one?
i feel your presence hovering –
a gust of wind – then you are gone –
and I'm alone again –*

*i would have held you in my arms
and woven petalled robes –
then locked you treasured and secure
within my upstairs rooms –*

*can this be real my little one?
i cannot touch you now –
but cushions crease in emptiness
and clocks mark heavy time –
while ageless photographs recall
that once – when you were mine.*

