

...july 21, 2010...

**i almost called your vanished name
as if remembering
a day that has not happened yet
inside what might have been –**

**are you somewhere far or near?
do you still eat grapes?
can you find a telephone
to catch my hidden voice?**

**the ticking clocks that held you
now tick stray memories
shifting sidewalk shadows
and pale sunset clouds –**

**yet almost – on stray breezes
that catch a backwards lane –
i fall into that consciousness
that blends us once again.**

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