

...june 21...

on the bus and traveling
beyond another might-have-been
in pillow talk and sleeping in -

on the bus and travelling
in crowded anonymity
towards what has not happened yet -

highway grey remembering
blurs into a clouded sun
of overcast imaginings -

my mother dying inchingly
halfway between the here and there
of one last family gathering -

old estrangements fall aside
into faded yesterdays
that only memories define -

i watch a flickering window-scape
of trees and grass and somewhere flowers
slipping in and out of sight -

sisters - brothers - children - all -
all of us somewhere travelling
into the shape of otherness -

here not here and there not there -
we grow a collected signature
pausing for a moment clear -

then gather for the closing kiss
that whispers her into the mists
and write another life-spell out of time.