



...march 30, 2018...

half a dozen yesteryears
grow faint - then disappear
into that strange infinity
the here-and-now obscures -

all that we were - or thought we were -
eclipsed to memory
like fading fragrances that sing
into a hidden ear -

the whites and pinks of cherry trees
hold the sky unfurled -
the now becomes eternity
there is no other world.

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