



...may 22, 2025...

**it was a year ago we met
and then we met again
in eyes and smiles and joyousness
yet never exchanged names –**

**we've seen each other passing
since that summer chat
where i sat a bench with friends
and your voice entered in –**

**now every time i see you
i feel my heart lift up
as if some inside part of us
resonates with trust –**

**since then we've waved from distances
and passed on busy streets
always going somewhere
that makes our meetings brief –**

**i always sense some otherness –
as if – inside our skins
we recognize from other lives
the stories we have been.**

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