strange how my memory
strange how my memory
moves my hand moves
my pen on the paper and there
we are, caught in the lens
of a moment
focus:
walking beside the river, talking
trying to curl our tongues
around the things we are
afraid to speak
until
(I know your type)
one slip, and the words
come spiraling down
caught in the momentum
of a vortex, and even fear
cannot stop their slow
descent into the heart
of the matter, that pure
and absolute calm
where
(I feel that way, too)
we two stand in the centre
of it all, words and worlds
whirling around us, hardly noticing
as my hand moves to hold you
or my memory this moment