

## 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

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