

tears and tea and oil lamps
walks alone through the streets
the big oaks of the Quad breathing
sighing, crying, smiling

a cup of jasmine or a glass of wine
staring at a letter and a useless pen
a squirrel in the yard
spying, crying, smiling

so far away is so near:
I love you.

tomorrow is here:
I love you.

2-27-80