

sitting in the sunset after dark,  
wondering how you are

seeing you opening books  
and eating ice cream, saying

I wish I were there I wish  
I were there where you will be

but walls open up and become  
a mansion of many rooms

in my mind; I wish there were  
one room and you in it

I have so many lives to live  
so many books to read and write

and let you open; only you  
can open me; you are there

and I am in a machine that buzzes  
in my brain and takes me

everywhere else; the truth  
is in the silence where my mind

beside my brain becomes you  
and you are loved; I wish

the length of shadows stretched  
to where you are so I could

touch you.

9/6/83