


i remember
we walked through
the crowded city streets.
it was so hot
and your hand was moist.
i tried to match my steps
to yours.
(even a simple walk
seems like a lover's journey
with you.)
your hair shined
with the sun's warmth.

i giggled.
you asked why.
"no reason", i said.
Beautiful, isn't it?
There wasn't even a reason.
—Janet Pope





Here once lived a
human being.
"Do ya believe it?"
Once (oh a long time ago)
there lived a boy
who left
notice that he was alive
and he was here . . .
now he's gone.

Look at the walls cold, bare
Open the windows let the heat in.
Sometimes he comes back-in-the-night
stop thief! sleeps, plays music
then goes.
See oh!
Now he's gone
You missed him.

—D.A.M.