

i will not be looking for you again  
ever again...  
that time has passed  
although we spent  
years there  
together  
in our different places.  
even now i cannot  
explain any of it.  
the only value  
afterwards  
was it did not get worse.  
sometimes it seemed  
it was as if each  
of us  
were sitting in high back rattan chairs  
watching a thin green snake  
climb the tree in its  
own way  
trying to capture the dreams  
of birds.  
it seems to be a strange companion  
to have as an old memory  
still walking on  
this earth.  
perhaps it is just a different way  
to feel the emptiness  
of another small  
part of the path  
that has been washed away.

looking for you again.  
wf.h.  
2025