

Lament for 2

(after a photograph of my parents)

Where were you going in those days
when the fates had not yet set my zodiac
hurrying down uncertain streets
in cities paved clean by the memory of your passing

In those high days of dreams not done
where do young lives go untimely torn
left forever lost along labyrinths of lament

for the only life rent from one
to another is what I've been handed
and all I have burnt at both ends
looking for the beginning in the end

until at the center comes the tale
untold in my hands holding
the remnants of two lives
that longed & loved

true *blue* travellers through nameless towns
caught in the camera's momentary blink
strong strides closing lengths already crossed

on the way to where you were going
the journey was not long