

Remember

Remember the connection we had at the start
When the winds of cultural convection
Start pulling us apart
We need some resurrection
A renaissance, a new way of seeing
That will start us freeing
Our minds from this present phase
Remember our first meeting
Your eyes existed in eternity
Amidst the madcap party banter and balloons
There was something real
Awash in frothy frivolity
Our souls touched
Friends beyond the bounds of time
Someday you might find
A warm hand in an empty room

Santa Cruz Fall, 1984