



We stayed up past our bedtimes
and I stargazed while you danced on streets –
and I don't know why I think of this now.

But why don't we go back
to bring a little of then
into the now?

Dead of night -
a shadow streaked street,
thinking and thinking
of that moment
and those moments -
of possibility and mystery
on those warm starry nights,
on those rain slicked streets,
and the black-paved roads.

All in the lines of her face -
the grace and beauty,
breath and life
building and time,
and everything I was
and all the things there,
when the old hiding places opened up
and light broke through
to the old
making it new.

Crackles through the Motorola
and the waves and cadence of the tune
remind me of me
and remind me of her.

And the stars are out
and I'm chasing and chasing
what is good and possible
and yet lives on still –
bringing back a little of then
finally into the now.