

## Ancient Eyes

Ancient eyes  
in your child's guise  
and the imp's delight  
in your own sly smile  
play irony, until I  
realize  
whose Face  
I scrutinize.

In conversation spent  
in reminiscence ,  
our unlikely sense  
of common experience -  
seems coincidence  
before remembrance  
of whose Memory  
we're wise.

Your hand prays with mine.  
The subtle feel of home  
in your touch  
uncomprehendingly belongs  
until I grasp  
whose Hand  
I'm holding.

Your Presence imbues  
silence with quietude,  
solitude  
with multitude.  
Dreams come true -  
awareness attuned  
in whose Dreams  
I'm fortuned.

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