

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 fortunate.

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