

REALISATION (FOR AIDA)

His song came filtering from
Some green perch.
The notes probed the moment
As I turned to you.
And so I felt your touch.
And leaning toward nostalgia's
Brink, I felt in your palm
The gift of tears, moistening
My silent stare.

Your hand reached to the earth's
Rim, unfurling a glowing thread
Through shadow, touching my
Denial of a dream.
I had sifted the heart's arid
Voice, listening for echoes,
Until that day when the Blackbird's
Throat spoke of you.