

Passing Soul

It pleases me when our eyes
suddenly connect as we pass each other
along streets filled with machinery

and foundations of stone
traveling towards destinations
that only our feet will lead.

And seconds before
our shoulders become adjacent,
I stare into the afternoon sky

where birds descend
like fallen leaves of a scarlet oak
that shivers from an autumn chill.

Only to see that radiant star above
reflect our silhouettes along pavement
reminding me for a moment's glance

that our madness,
our confusions,
our energies are one.

Child of this earth,
fancy to my senses,
no matter where my feet

decide to lead me
no matter where my pupils connect
I see myself in you, my dear passing soul.