

but reminiscence of those days so long ago.

I am amazed. With thought and wonder comes
 those tiny wires - I yet repeat the phrase.
 Thus foolish am I!

Why such wonder when
 no wires, machinery or instruments
 are needed for the music of our hearts;
 no dials or numbers or technicians. Dear,
 are wanted for the music of our souls.

The' we were poles apart,

the' wires were not,

The' space & time had parted you from me
 we were not speechless, no we never were
 for hearts and souls speak thru' eternity.

.x

At smoky greyness
 fringed with phantom trees
 that ride the sky
 as ships on billowy seas;
 a swelling vastness
 holding all the world
 as Spanish galleons
 with their sails unfurled.