

The cold dark shadows that lay across the photo  
And out into the space, flow like ribbons  
with fingers reaching.  
-- A street anywhere, maybe no where  
And for all I can tell  
never – ever existed outside of the photo

And the hills rise, haunting in the back,  
yet inviting a stroll  
or a climb to the top  
-- to see what, I do not know.  
But I long to find out  
And maybe it isn't Westport,  
but the thought of such a place --  
a visit on a Sunday to walk from end to end,  
That is the voice that whispers  
“You're not here,…”

Dreams surge and I must wake  
to make sure I am not there.  
All the lights must be turned on and a  
thorough inspection of the out of doors.  
The hair on my neck and arms stands  
up like reeds around the water  
-- like that of a hound, unsure of what approaches  
out of the mist and moonlight.  
“You're right.” I say to who ever will hear  
And to my chagrin the response,

“When.”

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