

REMEMBER ME

Who knows that I am here
 on that long and dusty path of life?
Are our footfalls hushed in the lowering night?
 Are we motes in the passing glancéd eye of time
 or are we epitaphs of light?
What is this canvas within that seeks a frame
 Is it comfort or love or just fleeting fame
Mayhap I stood in that fleeting moonbeams patch
 and you saw me standing there and lo!
And after passing, pauséd with a smile,
 and said, “ I remember you, once:
long, long ago...”