

A Conversation with Myself

Remember those times?
Remember how you felt?
It was all thoughts and silence
Laughter and sunshine
Pain and tears like a rainfall
That was still somehow refreshing.
Photographs don't convey it
Words don't describe it
Only memory does it justice.
There was bright green grass
There were dozens of faces
Your heart was still plain
And empty of knowledge
Which made you the wisest
In sweet innocence.
You felt every note of music
Every waving leaf
Every ripple of water
And every ray of sunlight;
They touched your soul
And sent it quivering
And you never knew it.
Do you hear those echoes?
They're the sounds of life
They're black and silver
With beams of white light
They glitter and flash
Like beads of water
And freeze in midair
Like the dance of starlight itself.
Now you're walking
Down these busy streets
Faces slide by your vision
In streaked blur of color
The sky above you is framed
With the glass and steel of *Urbania*
And at your feet the patterns
Of bricks are hypnotizing;

Wind is ripping through your hair
And you feel so strong and sad.
Tears sprout in silver reflection
Your smile came unnoticed
And your heart is filled
With bittersweet power.
Childhood's gone for ever
And it's better that way
But were there one or two things
You wish you could've done
Or not done?
Ah, 'tis life!
That's the price to pay
For this thrill of vitality
And what I already have
From that hazy, dreamy era
Is in my heart already
Where I'll keep it forever
And brave the salty brine
Of the storms of life.