

## Meeting

When I find myself,  
will we turn and walk away  
in opposite directions  
    again? Or stand there  
    at the barren crossroads  
    (whose signposts have been weathered  
blank, have been swiveled or tilted  
up or down to point out  
all the impossible paths  
    to follow) and try once more  
    in that wind not to offend  
    those footsore travelers  
who bear a close resemblance  
to what we were, to consider  
sources, to exchange views?  
    What good would it do  
    under those threatening clouds  
    to warn each other then  
about what lies ahead  
or behind? Will we sit down,  
take off our worn shoes  
    (those cramped little houses  
    made out of the skins  
    of our dead family),  
and let our feet remember  
whatever it was they found  
under them, step by step,  
    and then sprawl side by side,  
    not on the hard ground,  
    but in a nest of cobwebs?