**A Glimpse Inside**

*April 27, 1993*

Countless sounds. Endless words. Clever little masks

Days and months and years of endless starts.

Oh, so finely tuned, the mirage drifts about yet lasts.

Until you grant a glimpse into your heart.

Many moons and much ado of flesh.

Couplings. Passion. Striving just to touch.

But such folly. Seeking such a transitory rush.

The soul can only kiss a soul. The spirit lives for such.

So how sweet your gift of truth. Your open mind.

A chance to share some thoughts that lie within.

So much more precious. So dear. Sublime.

Means more than years of shallow songs of men.

We meet. We open up a bit. We dare to look inside.

That moment lives forever. Safe. We spoke.

And no one lied.