**FOR JENNIE**

15,000 Days. 15,000 Suns. 500 Moons

Wandering. Till One.

Moment In The Flow.

Eddy In The Stream.

Touch In Life’s Quixotic Path.

Glimpses Of The Dream.

Grants A Few Precious Breaths.

Share Some Thoughts. Some Truth.

Touch Of Minds. Bereft.

Of Guile Or Specious Proof

What Number Yet To Come?

What Births Each Day To Know?

One? Or 15,000 More?

What Matter. For.

As Sure As Sure.

In Memory’s Purse.

So Pure.

These Moments Live.

Safe. Secure.

We Met. We Knew.

We Listened To

Each Other’s Heart.

It’s So.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/03/2006*

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