

# Personal Things

He carries my personal things in his pocket-

A lipstick, a mirror, my comb;

Reflecting the ease of a long shared communion

Often wordless but echoed in song;

We lilt the same tune through our lifetime

Celebrating the years that have flown-

He carries my personal things in his pocket

But his heart's where my dreams have come <sup>home</sup> ~~to~~

K.O'K.