The child I was came to me
once,
a strange face

He said nothing We walked
each of us glancing at the other in silence, our steps
a strange river running in between

We were brought together by good manners
and these sheets now flying in the wind
then we split,
a forest written by earth
watered by the seasons’ change.

Child who once was, come forth—
What brings us together now,
and what do we have to say?