

Can it be

we never met
in the street around the corner?

Is it true

we never sat
side by side in knowing silence
while

our words were in the past,
allday life around us tumbling,
and the world spinning so fast?

Even so,

we got in contact
and we held it for a while.
We had such a lot in common
and my memory's a smile.

I felt close to you
each moment,
free and safe, a cousin-friend,
and my mind's
full of good wishes
that I constantly have sent.

Can it be
they did not reach you?

Did they get lost on their way
between here and there and never?
In a gap? I couldn't say.
Should you ever
find these wishes,
someday, just out of the blue,
may this poem prove it's true.