

A.B.C.

Today I landed in a puddle  
Of wide smiling highways  
Traveling as if by caravan  
Over many deserted roads  
Over well-crossed highways  
Of merchant melodies  
I came to rest at grandma's house.  
Darling I felt  
Darling I believe I felt  
Darling boy with blond curls  
And dimple smile  
With grandma's lap  
As a soft cushion  
For my childlike loving glances  
Everything is so familiar  
People and their faces  
And their thoughts  
And their good and bad times  
Everything is so familiar to me  
If I didn't know you then  
How do I know you now?  
If we didn't have A  
Before B.C.  
How could we have B.C.?  
We dream of traveling  
Of meeting many faces  
Exchanging deep affection  
Brightening our lives  
With new romance  
We dream of sailing across the vast wide sea  
Of certain hope  
As our dream becomes another dream  
We find ourselves  
In grandma's house  
With A assumed  
And B. C. as our family.

April 19, 1978  
Vancouver, B.C.  
VROT:MAR/db