

Mind Games

Soft hands, soft voice,

Slow breath,

My eyelids

Gently

Shut.

Sleight of hand

A magician's pass

A moving glass

I'm taken

And transported

By the sougning breeze.

I float

Above the trees

To childhood places

To hear the sounds

Of playground games

To see once more

Those long-gone faces

That smile

And wave

From far below.

And call me.

By a name

That only they could know.