

**FRANK SALVIDIO**
*SHADOWLAND*

If I should slip into the shadows of  
 Your mind, there to become a living ghost,  
 Half-seen, mistaken for some other love,  
 Some other friend, my face forgotten, lost  
 Upon a sea of shapes, a distant ship  
 Obscured in mist and fog, my voice unheard  
 Or poised in breath upon another's lip,  
 A whisper that will not become a word:  
 In this confusion, can my memory  
 Of us survive if I do not survive  
 In you—if you can neither hear nor see  
 The common memory that keeps us alive?  
 If our two memories are lived as one,  
 How can both live when one of them is done?

*NOW*

I know there was a time before your time,  
 But I do not remember it; do not  
 Recall when music, movie, book or rhyme  
 Did not involve your mind in mine, nor art  
 Impress without your knowing nod; your word  
 Not make the ancient apologue seem new,  
 The long-accepted narrative absurd,  
 Not separate the bogus from the true.  
 And if no longer lovers now, what are  
 We then, so intimately bound in thought  
 We think each in the other's mind, who were  
 But bodies once and only passion sought?  
 Say, two turbulent streams—met suddenly—  
 Conjoined to one to run on tranquilly.