

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.