

After so many years, I come walking to you.

You say, "You have come after so long?"

I could not come earlier.

My shabby mouth with its cavernous thirst, ate the seeds of longing that should have been planted.

Awkward and baffled, dishonest, I slept and I dreamt of sand.

Your eyes in sorrow do not laugh.

I say, "I have come after so many years."