

unwrapping the present

(for Shiree, in observance of life's passing)

*some things are undeniable
like time's eventual wrinkles
framing our smiles
but that's not now*

*now is the insistent itch on my shoulder
a solar flare on my body's horizon
urging me to offer you
a piece of me us
special
sour sweet spectacular
sad soulful
somehow expressing
gratitude
for your courage*

*it's morning
Sun shines through
shuttered windows
hot on our faces
blinding images
swirl
generously descend upon us
move in concert
practicing their choreography
moment to moment*

*there's no need to delve into
deeper meaning not now
no regrets in simply saying
friend family sister*

*B. Michael Hunter & John Albert Manzon-Santos
18 April 1998, San Francisco*