

poem 1 does the signpost remember
 what I was wearing
 on the day I made
 my first wrong turn
 does the signpost know
 what I was thinking
 when I made that wrong turn
 does the signpost know
 what I was feeling
 as I made that wrong turn
 does the signpost remember
 at what point in my life
 I made that wrong turn

poem 2 going back into my heart
 beyond the gates of my prison
 retracing every step every turn
 back across every bridge
 I ever burned behind me
 look into the old faces
 that have fallen apart
 where is the green grass
 from the memories of my youth

poem 3 underfoot a pathway of rocks
 fire on one side
 water on the other
 no place to turn around
 no place to stop and rest
 no place outside my dreams

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