



# Dejva Vu - To an old friend never known before

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Pollen

From distant climes,

Germinate

In strange 'new-lands';

The skyward

Looking sapling

Asks

The familiar earth,

"Have I not grown from you before?"



The new-fledged  
Dove  
Flaps merrily  
In its twiggy crib.  
It soars  
Into the lighting horizon  
Asking,  
"Have I not  
Flown into you, before?"

The tiny brook  
Races down  
Its heady course.  
It stops,  
Gapes at the ocean;  
Tumbles then,  
Into unknown waters  
Asking,  
"Have I not  
Been part of you before?"

When I first  
Held  
Your gentle hand  
And looked up  
Into your smiling face  
My dancing eyes  
Asked,  
"Have I not known you  
All my life?"

