



Sandra Dolores Becker of Porto Alegre, Brazil, graciously submitted this poem for our readers. She wrote it in English originally, but it was first published in a Spanish-language anthology. Sandra plans to include this work in a book of poems that's coming out next year.

A Long Time Ago...

A long time ago...

I was a young man, who had no time to be sad,
whose words were thrown in the wind - I didn't have time for them.

And love?

It began at night and only ceased in morning light.

Some time ago...

I was a sensible man who had no time to dream,
whose words were exact - to the point, I mean.

And life?

It went by so fast that I didn't even see it pass.

Today...

I am a poet who uses verse to describe the wind
and rhymes to explain love;
who has no need to search for exact words - words I now dispose of.

And time?

I've made it slow down to the pace of these poetic lines.