

For Diana

Somewhere in the ruins
a little girl wanders.
Her smile is seen across
the decades, and others
come to play.

We do not know
she cannot leave that place.
She is young and we old,
or perhaps it is the other way.

We cannot be sure,
each clinging to a point in time,
inseparable and forever separated.

Her smile beckons us,
a light across the dark years,
and for a time we play together.
We forget our own prisons
and wish we could set her free.

This we would do for her,
this she has done for us.
Where does she dwell now?