



## THE BOOKSHOP

Not Today

By Wayne Visser

I waited  
I was there  
Searching the faces  
There in the bookshop  
But she did not come today  
I know because I looked for her  
Expecting to recognise her  
Any moment to find her  
But it was not to be  
Maybe next time  
But not today  
Not today

I wonder  
Could it be  
She was waylaid -  
Missed the train or bus  
Bumped into an old friend  
Went back to check on the stove  
Was she running a little late  
Did she arrive after I left  
I guess it could happen  
So maybe next week  
Just not today  
Not today

I wonder  
If she waited too  
If she looked for me  
And thought I didn't come  
That I somehow got the date wrong  
Did she sigh over her latte and books  
And search among mystery faces





Wishing Neruda's poetry to life  
until the realisation dawned  
That time is out of sync  
And it's not today  
It's not today

We met  
Just the once  
And now I wonder  
If she even remembers the time  
The night she visited in my dream  
The way we saw each other and knew  
Knew that we had come home  
And I woke with an aching  
With a deep sad longing  
To find her once again  
So why not today?  
Why not today?

Of course  
I will return  
And I will wait  
And I will keep looking  
Among the pages and words  
Searching for her beautiful face  
In the bookshop of our destiny  
calling out her silent name  
Imagining our meeting  
Even if not today  
Then very soon  
If not today

copyright 2006

