

## Day At The Fair, A "Shoebox Greeting"

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the ghost in the picture,  
the smile on the face,  
the absence of words,  
are taking the place of what's inside you,  
what's inside me?  
the shoebox is open,  
to what we left behind,  
I kept all of your letters,  
do you have one of mine?  
to remember the stories that pass through our lives

do you remember the names as forgotten or fading  
away

I've tried holding your words in my heart  
and under my pillow to dream  
you will not be a stranger be a stranger in my life  
it overflows with this box of you open  
and closing the life we had it's broken and fading away

the ghost in the picture is smiling and waving goodbye  
the ghost in the picture, is smiling and waving goodbye  
is this all we have now?  
is this all we have now?

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