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## Cameo People, Cameo Times

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## Cameo People, Cameo Times

Where do these people come from  
Who touch my life forever...  
Then vanish, go!  
They leave behind a seed, a sprout  
That flourishes throughout my  
Veins and blossoms in my brain.

They drop a word,  
An hour's conversation,  
As lightly as a summer zephyr  
Cools my skin.  
Only later do I realize a spark  
Has kindled deep within.

A white haired smiling lady  
Rode beside me on the bus  
When I was very young,  
My first house within my trust.  
She whispered in conspiracy words  
Living yet among my dusty corners.

"Who'll know twenty years from now  
If your windowsills are spotless?  
Look out. Look past.  
Enjoy your world my dear!  
Walls are only to shelter behind  
In times of storm.  
Nature needs your footsteps.  
Don't keep her waiting!"

I can be depressed, forlorn,  
Under Staturm's gloomy spell,  
When some soul rich in merriment  
Will verbally kiss, and make it well.

Outside a tavern's restroom door,  
Afraid to suck my stomach in,  
One such fellow gave a grin  
And motioned with puckish courtesy  
Across the hall.

"Gotta pee? I'll gaurd the door!"  
He's in my mind's eye forevermore.

And where did he come from,  
The retired engineer,  
Who chatted with me and  
Stilled my fear?  
He spoke to me of baking bread  
And making ruby wine.

A poor swimmer, I, in the  
Human sea, I'd found it  
Surging in on me.  
But he made me a raft  
Of living yeast and  
Turned a Zombie-crowd back  
Into a feast of humanity.

Where do they go, these people of mine,  
Who show up at needful times  
And drop a flavor into my life?  
They fill holes in my reasoning,  
Supply a thought, some seasoning,  
I didn't realize I craved.

Do they exist beyond my mind's appeal?

Pat Redjou