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The Stranger

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The Stranger

by Lee Zorn

A stranger seems to live with me;
I wish I knew her name.
She doesn't speak or communicate
But she's just there all the same.

I feel I must have known her once
Perhaps some time ago
When she was young with darker hair
And not that cap of snow.

Sometimes I almost see her face
She's someone from my past
But when I try to speak to her
She's not there in the glass.

I feel I really know her in
Some hazy kind of way.
She knows my habits very well
And haunts me every day.

I find her quite forgetful too
Things sometimes can't be found
Like keys and shoes and other things
That I don't leave around.

She has a very clever way
Of hiding things from me
Like mail and bills and other things
They're not where they ought to be.

I always put my things away
In places where they go
This stranger doesn't seem to care
I'm looking high and low.

She also creeps into my mind
To take away a name,
A name I've known for many years,
I scratch my head in vain.

Sometimes I do find missing things
Not where they ought to be
She really is quite talented
In hiding things from me.

And when I catch a glimpse of her
In shadow of the glass
I can't believe how old she is
How many years have passed?

I try to find her in my mind
Is she an old time friend?
No matter what device I use
I come to no sure end.

It somehow all evades me still
So our friendship I'll defer
And hope to keep one jump ahead
As I pick up after her.