

**Jeff, My Brother**  
By Heather Ross

I wish I could remember who I was the day you appeared  
Clouds blew over my soul, covered my eyes  
But you did not see them

God sent an angel that day  
Playful, my brother, you reminded me  
Of prayers long forgotten

We had met once again my precious love  
20 years of famine nourished  
by our souls in one last dance

and as before  
you left not knowing  
the desert imprisons me alone