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## To My Favorite Techno-Mage

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We've never met  
Yet your words have meant more to me  
than I could ever express  
Hearing that cassette when I was 10  
I felt a little less alone  
In a chaotic situation

"A voice in the dark"  
Those songs on the radio kept hope alive  
In the bleak halls of high school  
Babysitting Friday nights  
Caught a few videos  
What was it about that spark in your eyes?

In my 20s, I dedicated a poem to that "Mystery Man"  
Went through my own romantic travesties  
Yet, through your songs I knew I wasn't the only one

Married with kids  
The young ones danced to my old CDs  
One only wanted to hear your songs  
While I immersed myself in fan groups  
New friends shared music and old videos  
In and amongst many discussions  
I uncovered repressed and unexpressed emotions  
The background of my new-found storytelling was your songs  
Tales weaved on computer screens  
My desire's flame sparked by your image

Four years ago, after much healing had occurred  
I had a different life  
Being a satellite, yet on my own  
You got together the old band  
And visited a few places to say hello again  
"What a beautiful gift"  
I thought in the crowd  
At my favorite venue

How can I adequately say "Thank you"  
For sharing your art with the world  
Your soul has touched me  
Deeply, profoundly  
Though your songs, your words

I found my own voice by listening to yours