

Was that you?  
Wendy Drexler  
06/01/24

I didn't have you long enough. I miss you every day  
I'm now the age you were when you lost your mind then flew away  
And so I ask, what happens next? What's left of our consciousness?  
I guess I just can't process death, or even life come to think of it.

Was that you, who crossed our path on the White Mountain highway?  
Or stared at me straight in the eye from the bare winter tree off I95  
Was that you? Majestic, beautiful, and wise.

I'm surprised you chose the night, I think about it often now  
While it seems a dark and lonely life; I see why you loved the owl  
Protective, watchful, curious. Perhaps the dark is the best disguise  
Still you make your presence known to me, at just the right place and time

Was that you with Eli? Whispering in his ear the owl says whoooo?  
Or that Tawny who escaped the New York Zoo and built his home among the city ruins?  
Was that you? Your shadow reflected in the moon.

I just heard that Tawny died. His body found on the Upper East Side  
Songs were sung by his favorite tree; the neighbors cried and so did I.  
For the years that past; for the loss, the pain, the pouring rain and the stolen goodbye  
The words I kept inside, And another chance to shout at the sky

It's just like you to choose the owl to take back your wisdom.  
Or to teach me a lesson with you knowing look angled sideways like a question?  
Was that you? Trying to get my attention  
Was that you? Trying to make a connection  
Was that you – Trying to be you again