

When you go again to Lakes Placid and George

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Years from now, do not trouble to think of me,

Your visit should be your own,

Your joys pouring out of your pores.

Lake George is a symphony of joy

But Lake Placid comes from the delicate fibers of one's being,

Aren't they the two sides of the same phenomenon,

How can one exist without the other?

When you visit them again do not think of the past,

Think that you have discovered them by yourself,

The pain of memory is avoidable,

If you think your life is unique.

There is beauty out there:

A reflection of your being,

Do not think of me,

As I will have become a leaf on a tree at Mirror Lake,

Waiting to serenade you.

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