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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