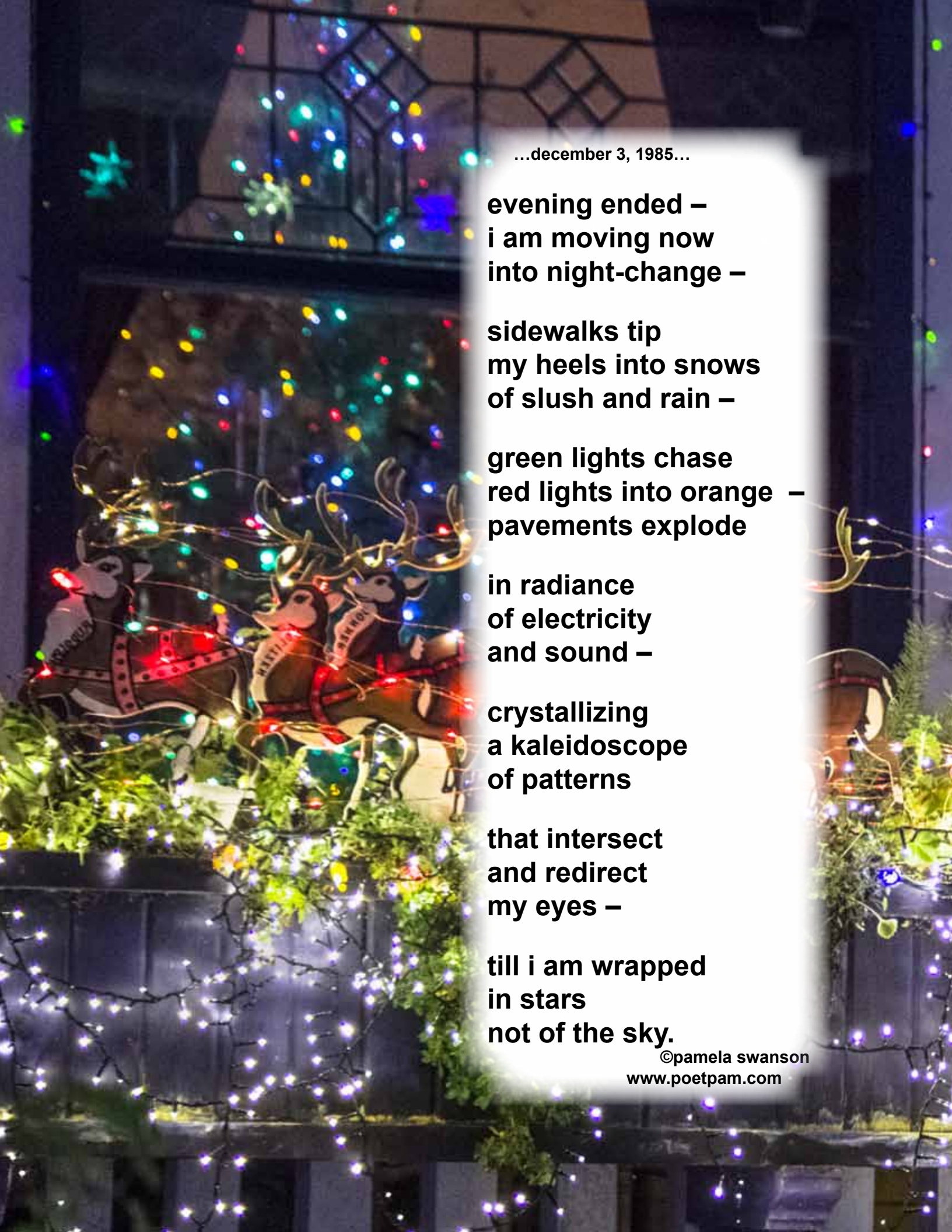




...december 3, 1985...

evening ended –
i am moving now
into night-change –

sidewalks tip
my heels into snows
of slush and rain –

green lights chase
red lights into orange –
pavements explode

in radiance
of electricity
and sound –

crystallizing
a kaleidoscope
of patterns

that intersect
and redirect
my eyes –

till i am wrapped
in stars
not of the sky.

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