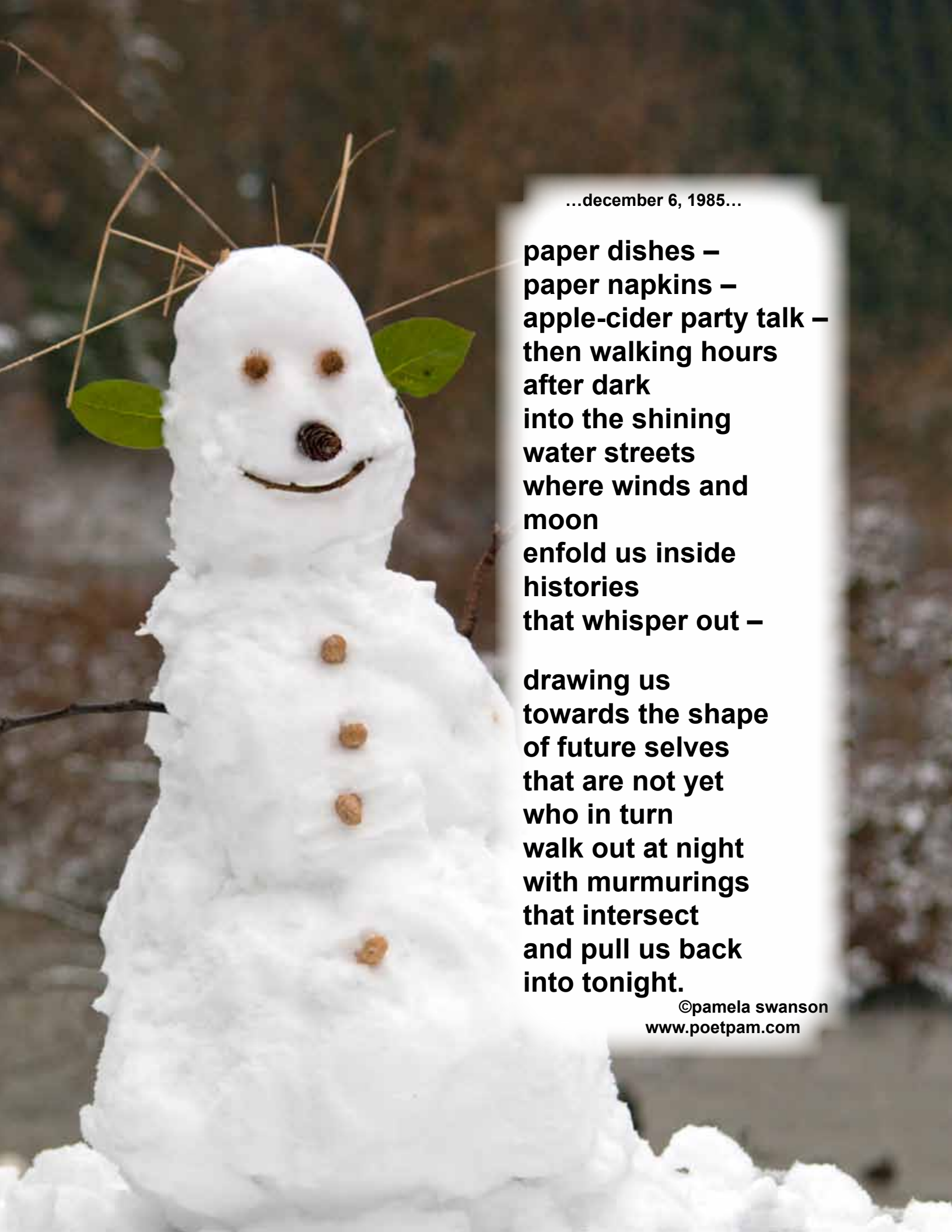




...december 6, 1985...

paper dishes –
paper napkins –
apple-cider party talk –
then walking hours
after dark
into the shining
water streets
where winds and
moon
enfold us inside
histories
that whisper out –

drawing us
towards the shape
of future selves
that are not yet
who in turn
walk out at night
with murmurings
that intersect
and pull us back
into tonight.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com