

...september 26, 1985...

ten years since that day
of quick good-byes
september shifting
in and out of haze –

what is it now that pulls you
beyond time
into the reaching corridors
of my mind?

we were strangers then –
living erratic lives
until vanishing into
into the silent distances –

suddenly you're here –
erasing the illusions
of ten years ago –
the same yet not the same –

now old shadows
mass into new forms –
you seem more real
that you were before –

where do we go from here?
where shall we go from here?
we can't walk backwards
and we have both changed.

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