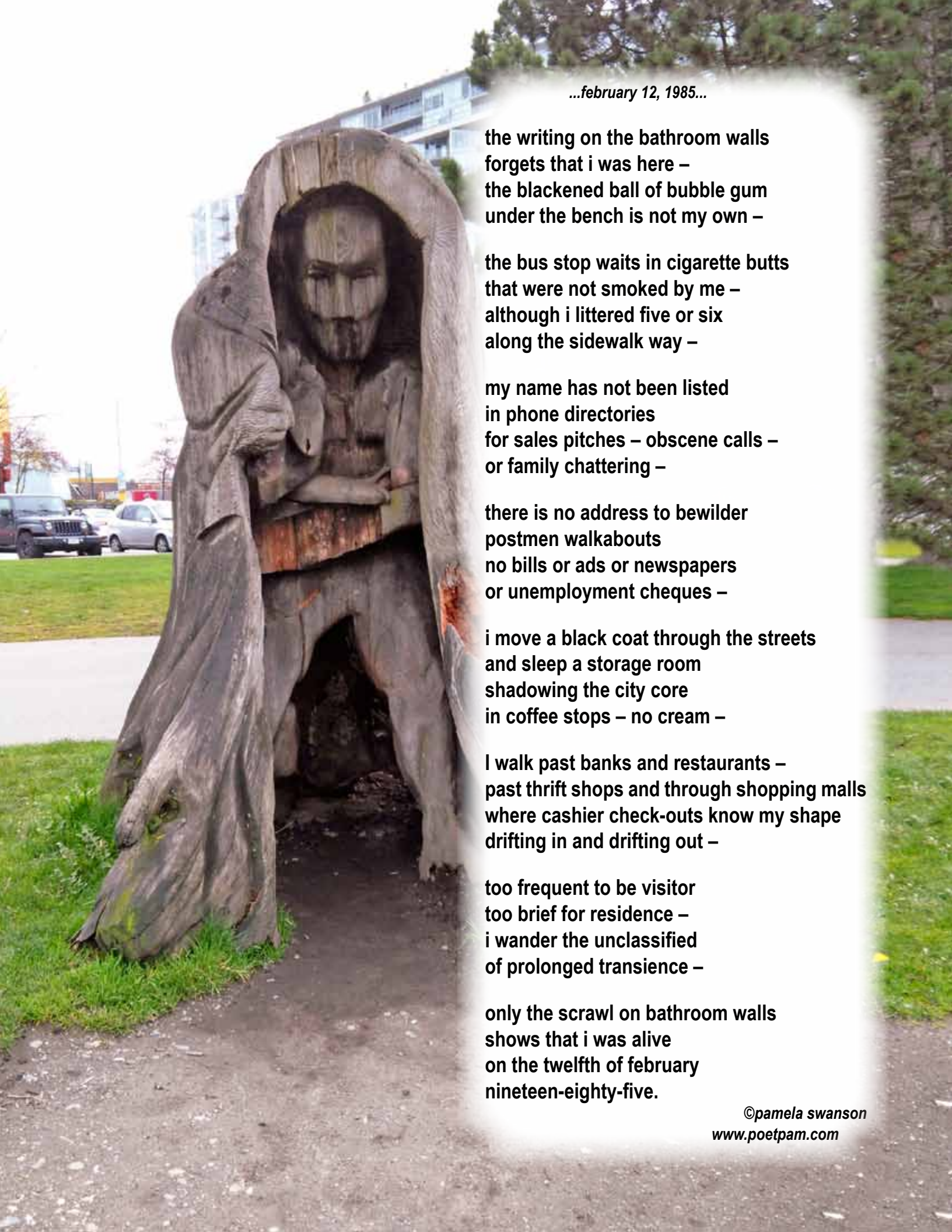




...february 12, 1985...

the writing on the bathroom walls
forgets that i was here –
the blackened ball of bubble gum
under the bench is not my own –

the bus stop waits in cigarette butts
that were not smoked by me –
although i littered five or six
along the sidewalk way –

my name has not been listed
in phone directories
for sales pitches – obscene calls –
or family chattering –

there is no address to bewilder
postmen walkabouts
no bills or ads or newspapers
or unemployment cheques –

i move a black coat through the streets
and sleep a storage room
shadowing the city core
in coffee stops – no cream –

I walk past banks and restaurants –
past thrift shops and through shopping malls
where cashier check-outs know my shape
drifting in and drifting out –

too frequent to be visitor
too brief for residence –
i wander the unclassified
of prolonged transience –

only the scrawl on bathroom walls
shows that i was alive
on the twelfth of february
nineteen-eighty-five.

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