



...september 23, 1985...

yes – it is my hand
stretching statue still –
marbled stone
rising out of dust
out of broken brick
above the splintering
of fragment potteries –

it came so fast –
the quake erupting streets –
crumbling homes and lives –
it came so fast –
as towers and statues broke
in sandcastle readiness
to disappear
as if never there –

now it is my hand
that reaches out of earth
granite fingers pushing
to a sky i cannot see –
it is – it is my hand
cold and pale –
an ancient marker that
no winds can deny –

my hand my hand my hand –
larger than life
with extended fingers
and a rigid curving thumb –
a shooting consciousness
that stretches beyond stone –
a single moment petrified
long beyond my name.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com