

...july 5, 1986...

*saturday before the sun
i slip to wakefulness
drawing in the skin-blood-bone
that wraps me like a quilt –*

*re-focussing on floors-walls-doors
i re-adjust to sounds
that root me three-dimensional
in clocks clothes chairs and phones –*

*but windows open skyward
swallowing my eyes
in hazy recollections
of weightlessness and clouds.*

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