

...november 21, 1990...

*my room – an almost tomb
of sealed reverence –
a skeleton of spreading wings
restraining silences –
loose vertebrae
scatter a wooden floor
in question marks –
remembering
a giant bird in flight
lifting massive wings
to scale the universe –*

*the centuries have died –
no more the song –
only a tangling of chords –
a mismatched melody
of symphonies
that wrap an ancient history
in sounds
that will not be again
shifting the shadow corners
of my room.*



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