



...september 3, 1990...

*tom dropped in like afternoon returned
checking locks and doors and thermostats
but never questioning female gatherings
that grew beyond his walls –*

*he only visited on evenings when
his girlfriend was away –*

*he drained two mugs of tea while eating crisps
and chatted postcard memories
about a gallery he'd almost seen
that praised the past above today –
whether his fiancée felt the same
he didn't say –*

*did he ever overhear the women
conversing beyond thermostats and locks?
shifting behind vacant walls
to recreate tomorrow's hidden womb?
perhaps his girlfriend
should have come.*

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