



...october 8, 1990...

**you call into the evening light
with words that rain the windows white
asking questions of a stranger's heart –**

**you sing about the midnight skies
shooting stars through hidden eyes
to re-ignite the mystery of dreams –**

**breathlessly you try to sing
a song that searches for the tune
you lost inside fragmented afternoons –**

**but it is not my ears you want
in recollections of a once
that almost touched the centre of the moon.**

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