



...september 29, 1991...

*a laughing mouth
absorbing grapes
and spitting out the seeds –
vacant eyes
that do not leave
the television screen -*

*you talk of lovers
loved and left
like letters never mailed –
then shrug your shoulders –
sip your wine
and wonder why they failed –*

*this morning
in an argument
that only you could win
you paced the floor
and yelled until
a dozen doors were slammed –*

*now you laugh
until the wine
and all the grapes are gone –
then wave good-bye
and thank me
for a lovely afternoon.*

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