

...june 23, 1991...

*hello brother
of my schizophrenia
overlapping time and telephone
to recreate a prison in our names –*

*i thought the sorcerers
had exorcized
all demons from our memory –
yet from a world
both parallel and separate
your words pull back the haunting –
like joan of arc un-burned –
like a witch un-drowned
powers reverberate
until we are unnamed –*

*we speak a haunted past
now reunited – recommitted
to the death of false remembrance
that overrides a fallen childhood –
i hear you brother –
brother of my other self
speaking tongues that are no longer mine –
we are both metamorphosized –*

*now we say good-byes –
growing back into our skeletons
and hanging up black telephones
to wonder at the crumbling of old tombs.*

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