



...november 4, 1991...

**i hold my name so carefully – a charm –
a talisman – as if without it – i would
disappear into some omnipresent
wind that howls against windowpanes –**

**i hide my face in mirror images
and mark it carefully in photographs
afraid to lose familiarity
of faded hair and ears and eyes and skin –**

**i have certificates to prove that i
am who i say i am – to prove my name
is real – and not a strange hallucination
thrown from some accidental mind –**

**as if – without this name – i would vanish
into the forgetfulness from which i came.**

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