

...april 19, 1991...

my childhood was brilliant –
how was yours?
*skeletal arms and sunken cheeks
and skulls address my walls –*
if not for my childhood
i would not be me –
*painting ravaged landscapes
and cats with feral eyes –*
i know i have a shadow side
but doesn't everyone?

you say that you are sweet and pure
and have no shadow side –
*perhaps this is the part of you
i fear –*

you say you are too sensitive
too gentle and too soft –
why do i sometimes shiver
when you try to be too good?

who am i to argue
the barriers that hide
our separateness?
between the light and shade
masks only hide –
they do not save.



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