



*...may 17, 1991...*

***no one promised sunshine –  
the trees could not explain  
why shops bolted their doorways  
and windows broke their panes –***

***no one promised summer –  
the streets would not unwind  
trapping pavement walkers  
in radios and rain –***

***sweepers of the walkways  
vanished when the winds  
made canyons out of avenues  
where no one chose to live –***

***but daffodils still honoured weeds  
and trees stretched into blossoming  
by graveyards where no visitors  
paid tribute to the spring.***

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