

...october 31, 1991...

not these hands – not this skin –
not this hair – these cheeks – this neck –
not these clothes or shoes or rings –
not these chains or cigarettes –

i'm not this voice – i'm not this pen –
not the shadows or these tears –
not the paintings or the poems
guiding me between the years –

i am not the midnight nurse
fluffing pillows into sleep –
nor the solitary ghost
that haunts the windows of this house –

i am not my intellect –
nor the name that i project –
not my laughter – not my thoughts –
but if not these – then i am – what?

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