

...july 21, 1991...

*strange to think you are no longer real –
huge boots crisping snow on cold grey dawns
to throw the generator into power –
out and pacing cattle gatherings
before the breakfast hour – strange to think
that i will never visit you again
to warm our wintered blood in fire tales
of the once when you were young – or hear
the snow bright laughter that was always yours –*

*no more gigantic arms to gather me
wild and safe into a setting sun –
your heart – always too large and yet not large
enough to last forever – except in dreams –
and now only my dreams can hold your hands.*

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