



...october 26, 1991...

*we drew the moon out of the west
to shine on beggared streets –
silver-wise we mapped the stars
into a darkened east –*

*where no one saw us passing by
the grass grew silver green –
where no one heard our singing –
the frost rose crystalline –*

*like children born in silences –
like children born in sound –
invisible as wind clouds
drawing down the moon –*

*we danced the oceans into shores
seething silver calm –
then dove like ghosts into the mists
that faded with the dawn.*

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