



...november 13, 1992...

**chaotic pavements stumble with my feet –  
as daydreams grow around me – like a fog  
wrapping me ageless and secure in gods  
and goddesses so very very distant  
from this race of clockwork hours –**

**i cross loose curbs inside a waking sleep  
of sleep awakenings – entering  
the sepia world of my childhood  
slotted between pub-night openings  
and vacuum afternoons – balancing  
the chill of grey alarms with greyer dawns –**

**only in this golden separateness  
of wild skies and gods and goddesses  
can i reach the secret life of dreams.**

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NO'S  
UGH  
URE  
COUGHS, COLDS  
&  
CHEST DISEASES