



...may 19, 1992...

***i cannot offer apples
or apricots or plums –
there are no grapes or oranges
to celebrate the sun –***

***you do not ask for sweetness –
you do not wish for sour –
but like a child dreaming
you dream of mythic pears –***

***you sit inside the shadows
of imagined yesterdays
pretending golden peaches
are melting on your tongue –***

***i cannot offer nectarines
or strawberries or plums
but peaches in the dreaming
can transmute into pears.***

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