

...january 9, 1993...

*i look into a window
that no one else can see
and watch the ghost clouds circling
an almost silver moon –*

*i whisper crystal syllables
i never heard before
reaching into silences
of memory restored –*

*i watch myself grow separate
and fly into a wind
that swallows mountain shorelines
until only black remains –*

*a moonless starless blackness
cradles me inside –
until i waken – sleeping
on the dark side of the moon.*

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