

...may 14, 1992...

*meet me in the morning
of the murdered afternoon –
i will take you to the graveyard
of a day that died too soon –*

*meet me by the ruins of
a chapel that was burned
before the first communion
on the last sunday of spring –*

*meet me in the circle
where the grasses never meet –
where fairies lie with crosses
carved above their feet –*

*take me to the rivers
where the water will not flow
and we will dive into a tide
that dams cannot control –*

*we will dive the echoes
of the world caught within
the calculated slowing
of a moon that will not spin.*

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