

*...october 29, 1992...*

*remember when i was a child  
trying to believe  
in thunder kings and silver queens  
and secret fairy rings –*

*now rings protect my fingers  
from rainbow promises  
and thunder binds my eardrums  
waiting to forgive –*

*silver wraps me winter wise  
where kings and queens have died  
and snows reflect the summer  
of a sun that never was –*

*but i am still the child  
trying to believe  
in thunder kings and silver queens  
and golden fairy rings –*

*where kings are not destroyers  
and queens do not deceive  
and fairies are not buried  
in ancient history.*

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