

...february 28, 1992...

***tell me – tell me i am real –
tell me this is not a dream
preparing to disintegrate –***

***tell me – tell i am real
breathing in this brilliance
of buds exploding green –***

***tell me that the words i hear
will not fade from memory
and that your hand will always
know my touch –***

***tell me you are not mirage
and i am not a phantom
and winds cannot erase
our beingness.***

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

