

*...january 13, 1992...*

*there must be a sun we have not seen  
shining through a day we have not met  
in an exotic blend of fragrances  
from roses that have not imagined buds –*

*there must be some yellow green explosion  
in a mythic spring where we can shed  
these withered skins and drop our cataracts  
to see and feel and believe and breathe again –*

*there must be a somewhere waiting day  
that keeps us crawling these grey silences  
like ice worms searching future memories –*

*and there must be a somewhere world hiding  
in the fragments of a fairy tale  
that our childhood forgot to burn.*

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