



...august 20, 1992...

undisturbed by radio
i watch the evening filter in
with voices mumbling a tale
of rumours that i can't dispel –

blindness crawls a halo round
the outward staring of my eyes
till a mirage of moon and clouds
opens the universe within –

suddenly i am above –
beyond – away – escaped from skin
and chair and walls and carpet floors
that square the living room –

somewhere – somehow – a sound – a note
that swells and multiplies and blends
until i soar through orchestras
among kaleidoscopic stars.

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