



...october 10 1992...

wanton nights of cigarette lights  
and magpie memories – i dance the windows  
of a street that i have never seen –

popcorn voices – scattering  
through crowds of sunday eyes – i drink the golden  
lamplight into shadows of disguise -

i walk the moving the silhouettes  
of people pubs and noise – calling  
sirens into sleep and silence into chimes –

i pace the moving stillness of this saturday late night  
to gather in lost stories  
that feed this waking dream.

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)