



*...march 15, 1992...*

*you woke the yellow crocuses  
singing into spring  
by laughing sunshine out of rain  
and into daffodils –*

*then – in summer – walking green  
you gathered evening light  
weaving valley trees into  
the wine of memories –*

*i visited in autumn  
when you wore a stranger's face  
while gathering the fallen leaves  
to hide your absences –*

*it was the cold of winter  
that blanketed your voice  
in a cocoon of quietness  
that listening could not place –*

*now that spring is back again  
your voice has grown full –  
but crocuses are purple  
and there are no daffodils.*

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