

...january 31, 1993...

a yellow iris – but it is not spring –
autumn is dead and summer is a dream
that has no face or name or memory –

a yellow iris – dancing singly
out of a pale vase – as if a dash
of sunshine redesigned the window sill –

the sky reflects the dead of wintered greys
and suffocates horizons into fogs
that no eyes or prayers can penetrate -

until – out of the hollow hollow cold
a golden breath escapes – and there is hope
beyond what words or songs could dare express –

the brilliance of a long-forgotten sun
bursting yellow into irises.

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