...august 16, 1993...

are you waiting just around the corner of a morning street i have not met?

*like a jacket that i've not bought – or an umbrella rains forgot?* 

are you waiting in some corner shop that i will wander through?

or do i sense some memory that cannot catch my feet -

wondering if there's an i outside the incomplete?

©pamela swanson www.poetpam.com