



*...february 4, 1993...*

*everything slips perfectly  
into its place –  
the walking street –  
the opening sky – the sun –*

*everything fits neatly –  
a jigsaw accuracy –  
my hand is waving backwards  
so every one can see –*

*each ticking second recollects  
a thousand tales told  
blending most perfectly into  
the unrevealed dream –*

*the almost young are cradled  
beside the never old –  
until the late becomes the soon  
and everything explodes –*

*what i once was – what i am now –  
and what i dream of being –  
created from – creating  
a self i've yet to be.*

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