



...(exorcizing ghosts)...

...january 18, 1993...

**i do not want to see you –
i do not want your smell
invading rugs and curtains
and warping window sills –**

**i'll throw you to the gale winds
that thrash atlantic shores
until you vanish – grey and empty –
calling to be filled –**

**when my memories were young
i didn't know your name –
when my crying asked for ears
yours were deaf and blind –**

**now you ask for listening
to fill your loneliness –
now you ask for hands and eyes
to answer silences –**

**but i am not the child
you had no time to see –
and i am not the wife
you dropped in ancient seas –**

**i do not want your presence –
i do not need your name –
you died inside the salt tides
that never found your eyes.**

©pamela swanson

www.poetpam.com