



...october 15, 1993...

friend not quite –  
i hold the silence near  
speaking with the ghosts  
you cannot hear –  
your clothes hang in a wardrobe  
of half-forgotten times –  
your voice still resonates  
the corners and the shelves –

but you are gone –  
away and travelling –  
and i am here  
shifting memories –

i talk into a candle flame  
and watch the haze  
of shadows slipping  
just beyond my eyes –  
what we were once  
is not what we are now –  
dreams once dreamed  
died in last year's fires –

i gather ashes in a tribute  
to once upon a time –  
you will return to leave –  
we will not meet again.

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