



...may 16, 1993...

**i'm thanking you for postcards
of orchids in the rain –
of silent shores in sunshine –
of days we have not seen –**

**recall the market morning
of whimsies born in glass
where magic grew in miniatures
that fell into our grasp?**

**remember sitting sunshine
over teacups in the square
that swallowed us in laughters
no one else could share?**

**it feels like a world ago
and twenty lifetimes lost
since wandering that morning
before mornings were forgot –**

**now we touch the summer
like strangers in a dream
reflecting postcard promises
that scarcely know our names.**

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