

...august 7, 1993...

*i walked into the circle
of a dozen empty chairs
and watched them fill in strangers
on a faded afternoon –*

*i stepped into an office room
that had no paper chain
to listen to the questions
that had no answering –*

*i moved into the open streets
of faces half way grown
through luncheon conversations
and names almost exchanged –*

*i left amid confusions
of unwashed coffee cups –
with footsteps disappearing
into otherness –*

*in the anonymity
of evening buses home
backward eyes replayed a day
of fragment images.*

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