



*...february 6, 1993...*

*will you be the child i never had?  
the daughter of some long-forgotten hour  
born through cloud and moon and memories?*

*will you be the flesh that knows my blood  
laughing through the ghosts i can't escape  
and bending silence on my unmarked grave?*

*will you be the child of my dreams  
banishing this cobwebbed solitude  
to caverns that no echoes can recall?*

*will you be the child i never had –  
child mine – not mine – yet mine again –  
caught somewhere outside of space and time –*

*forever separate – and yet in dream –  
living through the fragments of my name.*

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