



...december 14, 1993...

*wind and wind and wind and snow –
the blackness drives me cold
into the shadows of a street
i almost know –*

*frozen fingertips and ears
push into a night
that separates the curbs from doors
and memories from sight –*

*here in a corner house of warm
we meet like refugees
emerging from a storm that splits
our faces from our names –*

*here and here the sudden gap
between forgotten worlds –
we gather words like prophets
exploring vanished trails –*

*here and here we share the whispers
no one else can hear –
before returning to the winds
that watch us disappear.*

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