

...december 21, 1996...

*call me peculiar – call me a witch a drag
call me by any name that comes to mind –
i sit alone – with wine and too much time
to think – trapped in apartment solitudes –*

*it is time to reclaim otherness
creating mysteries in candle flames –
weaving flames into a company
of ghosts that know me well – pulling me
beyond hardwood floors and pale walls –*

*i will dance into the galaxies
like a candle flame exploding fire –
remember me as someone who was not
meant to be any more or any less
than a child reaching for the stars.*

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