

...january 19, 1994...

i hide inside the middle of
the only face i know
sitting the empty of a time
that knows no ebb or flow –

i push towards a hidden end
that i can only guess
praying for the fullness
of an hour that isn't yet –

i sit inside the spinning
of a clock that will not stop
wishing for strange happenings
that i cannot define

trying to remember
all the things that i forgot –
to grow into some lost mirage
i recognize as mine –

there are no whisperings of truth
i have not heard before –
there are no dreams i did not dream
before they grew obscure –

i pass inside the seconds
of each hour of each day
like an illegal alien
with nothing more to say –

like child in a book
that cannot find its end –
asking for forever
and hoping to begin.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

