



...april 22, 1994...

*i look towards a future
that will not let me in –
the park fades into oceans
of waves and salt winds –*

*hours melt to sunshine
through skies that are not here –
the presence of my laughter
echoes foreign ears –*

*i leave the house and walk outside
into another world
where streets grow into sand paths
and curbs climb into stones –*

*the wind echoes in almost waves –
the dampness swells in seas –
till i become the echo
of a thousand yesterdays –*

*i hear a strange voice calling
in fragments of my name
but have no voice to answer
and cannot turn around –*

*then everything fades into grey
with clouds and cold and rain –
i walk into a corner shop
forgetting why i came.*

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