

...february 8, 1994...

*i spin between a time that is
after a time that was
with the somewhere of a wind
whispering my name –*

*shining nights and rain-black roads –
street lights glowing orange –
i walk into a knowing
that is not quite my own –*

*forever rides inside the dark
that wraps this wandering
listening to distances
that frame my waking dream –*

*faces wander in and out
but do not stop to stare
until the oceans of the rain
pull rattails through my hair –*

*tomorrow and today i collect
reflected yesterdays
growing into someone else
through times that are and aren't –*

*watching streets lights in a space
that has no space except my own
i look for the faces who reflect
this curious world i am.*

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