



*...november 1, 1994...*

*i wrote a letter to your other self  
to find that you had moved away again –  
your image fades – only a blur remains  
of incense burning near the fireplace*

*i hold rose crystals – collected from a shop  
along a street that no one can recall –  
i place them angling my tarot cards  
with sage sticks burning into fragrant smoke –*

*recollections melt to images  
that scatter to the ether that surrounds  
so that in future days – when we reconnect  
in scattered coffee cups and curtain dreams –*

*our shadows selves will draw us back together  
to grace the magic of our meeting space.*

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