

...february 27, 1994...

*the bedding changed – the windows washed
top to bottom – back to front –
everything is buffed and swept
preparing for the sacrament –*

*prayers are whispered over plants –
music wanders ancient clocks –
candles claim the fireplace
with chairs prepared for emptiness –*

*outside – above – a hidden moon
calls you back and back again –
to see what you have never seen
and be what you have never been –*

*no longer sister of my breath –
no longer teacher of the sun –
you enter temples of the past
remembering what you forgot –*

*where once we moved as almost kin
now as strangers we are drawn
into a festival of change
that will not let us meet again –*

*here the home of chair and cup
and rituals that we collect
like treasures in a broken box
the isolates our separateness –*

*we are children meeting new
and we are ancients meeting old
to sacrifice the plate and spoon
and die in prayers we cannot name.*

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