



...april 21, 1996...

*the night creeps in like treacle
thickening my hair –
immobilizing hands and feet –
eyes and brain and ears –*

*i dissipate – disintegrate –
sluggishly rearranged –
not knowing where i'm going
not knowing who i am –*

*tell me i will waken
like an island in the clouds –
like a dandelion in sunshine –
like a waterfall in rain –*

*tell me i am real
and will waken to a day
expunging nights of treacle dreams
that will not let me pray.*

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