



...october 22, 1996...

**the sun cracks cold on sidewalk eyes  
while faceless faces merge and break  
in shattered sounds and soundless lips  
with disappearing arms and legs –**

**taught that insanity is sane  
who are we now? who were we then?  
mornings grow into the wind  
like syllables inside our names -**

**now we fall with mottled leaves  
a moment green – a moment gold –  
collecting autumn into streets  
until street are grown cold.**

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