



...april 10, 1994...

*the television rambles its commercial breaks
that do not speak to me – reflecting floors
not mine and razor blades and memories
of rooms i never lived and cereals
that never fit my monthly grocery bills –*

*magazines boast stories rife in sex
that consummates no love and no desire
perpetuating family loneliness
with recipes – perfumes and awkward clothes
hiding infant miracles and frozen hair –*

*yet i am here - between the voice and words
while beyond the television drone
the telephone speaks answering machines
in unrecorded missives that will not
be recanted or recalled until erased –*

*perhaps i truly am a mannequin –
an almost person pulling strange illusions
into lives that do not cross my own –
where only midnights hear my whispering
and hold me like the child i never was.*

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