



...may 8, 1994...

today the sun shone cold  
as if winter blew the winds  
with back yard almost buds  
shrinking back into their stems –

today you visited  
with a bottle of red wine  
and we ate lunch  
with windows opened wide –

we laid out tarot cards  
and ruined stones  
that told us nothing new  
and nothing strange –

when you left  
before the evening fell  
it felt as if forever  
left as well.

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)