



...october 30, 1994...

**we laugh like separate swimmers
in a race no one can name
swimming blind towards a shore
that maps cannot explain –**

**like partners in an ancient belief
that prayers cannot recall
we whisper midnight into rain
forgetting where we are –**

**and when the day returns us
to a pattern of hours
we wrap ourselves in clocks and pens
to dream of lighthouse towers.**

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