

A photograph of a suburban street scene. In the foreground, a wet asphalt road with white lane markings curves to the right. A concrete curb separates the road from a green lawn. On the lawn, there is a small, light-colored rectangular object, possibly a planter or a small structure. In the background, a single-story blue house with a dark roof and a black door is visible. Large, leafy green trees are scattered throughout the scene, some partially obscuring the house and the sky. The sky is overcast and grey.

...may 27, 1994...

**we meet like children – nodding once
with nothing more to say –
trying to pretend
we can break the shells that bind us
so securely inside skins –**

**like prisoners we're trapped inside
the silences we live –
hello – goodbye – escape –
until we learn that we control
the walls that hold us back.**

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