

...april 15, 1994...

**we will meet tomorrow afternoon
like sisters who forgot to telephone
until an ocean grew between our names –**

**there was a once when we were almost young
that watched us dance like lovers in the sun
until it froze and left us moving on –**

**now – like someone i cannot recall –
you telephone – to say that you will come
and spend this weekend trying to be friends –**

**but there is nothing left to be repaired –
we are not the people that we were
and midnight visions speak to different ears.**

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