

...march 26, 1994...

*you entered like a pale ghost
out of some ancient tomb
to claim me like a prisoner
who did not know your name –*

*you wove me into patterns
that i had never lived
then left me – like a promise
that you could not achieve –*

*we played the rain in letters
and last years photographs
then talked until the midnights
called us into sleep –*

*we walked the town in voices
that spoke of nothing much
and gathered newspapers to match
conflicting horoscopes –*

*we shared camaraderie until
you were no longer there –
like an illusion shrinking
i watched you disappear –*

*now i sit a quiet house
between the wind and rain –
remembering a presence
that will not come again.*

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