



...december 7, 2003...

*i sometimes waken before dawn
and wander barefoot carpets
wondering who i would be
if i was someone else –*

*what it would be like
to share breakfast coffee
newspaper mornings
and television news?*

*perhaps
i would have worried more
about what to have for dinner
perhaps i would have learned to cook –*

*but that world is not mine –
although i sometimes dream it
as a possibility
that could have been –*

*instead i stretch the hours
writing poetry – painting rocks –
and dreaming winds
that toss my balcony*

*i am being all those things
i could not have been
if i was that someone
i am not.*

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