



...september 14, 2003...

the clock ticks time –
illusion –
the radio marks news –
illusion –
the bookcase holds the picture
of a sister who has died –

illusions – what is real?
the sound of cars i cannot see?
a distant smell of skunk?
a moon reflected sky
without the moon?

why do i trust
that i will wake tomorrow
to these furnishings –
this window view –
this coffee cup?

the window shifts the seasons
into its thousand nows –
mirrors slip my face
to accommodate the years –

so why do i hold onto
the smallness of a name
pretending sameness
when nothing stays the same?

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