



...december 8, 2003...

will the air explode  
if an errant hair  
brushes some stray molecule  
waiting to ignite?

will these wall implode  
if a catching breath  
grows still –  
forgetting to exhale?

we waken to a confidence  
of concrete days  
not expecting shadows  
to get up and walk away

or chairs to rearrange  
their legs –  
and yet in midnight shadows  
i see them shift –

as if telling me  
to believe  
the worlds we create  
also deceive.

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