

...july 25, 2007...

vancouver fireworks tonight –
an annual event
where thousands merge the crawling streets
and ease towards the beach –
i move into the milling crowds
too much – too many and too soon –
i split sideways to the still
to breathe the calm of lost lagoon –

drifting swans and ducks and geese
i trace a path of dampened leaves
into trees and undergrowth
as if upon a different earth –
then i slip from quietness
to meet the massing second beach
in people pandemonium –
and join the flow of seawall slow –

imagining a quiet space
i move into a rock-based point
and wait while families close around
with picnic towels and snapshot ease –
a giant incandescent moon
hangs inside the fading sky
while the inlet fills and drifts
in sailboats and pale yachts –

dusk moves slowly into dark –
benches – towels – grass and rocks –
people settle in to watch
wherever they can find a space –
between the children and the noise
i wait at the meeting point –
then turn to walk back again
towards the bay where i began –

knowing in the craziness
it was silly to pretend
that i could maybe chance to meet
an unexpected friend.

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