



...april 13, 2011...

**the self-same street i walk today
layers me through memories –
the chapel where my parents met
to marry 60 years ago –
the art foyer that friends and i
explored one distant cold july –
the courthouse of another breath
where i once was photographed –**

**the same and not – i float between
the almost and the almost not
like channels flickering a screen
between the half and half-forgot –
as if i am an overseer
playing with remote controls
to catch me here then catch me gone
floating between twilight zones.**

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