



...august 30, 2012...

a scent of musk
and lemon tones
sharpening breeze
and i am caught
in lost recall
wondering
where you are now -

i sense you
like a cool draft
that pushes past
the windowsill -
an echo
from the streets below -
a ghost
that i no longer know -

too much said
too much unsaid
to retrace
old paths again -
yet in the glass
an almost sigh
calls us to be
hidden friends.

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