



...september 13, 2012...

an acrid jolt of acetone  
and i am unawake again  
with ocean sky and spinning sun  
clothing me in flesh and skin -

i float the sands outside my name  
awash in undead memories -  
trapped in crucibles of time  
that only live inside my brain -

suddenly a hurricane  
waves the ocean through my being  
till fragment thoughts are realigned  
in raucous gulls and shadow crows -

between the tides and undertow  
crystal beams of clarity  
waken me through all has-beens  
to my kaleidoscopic soul.

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