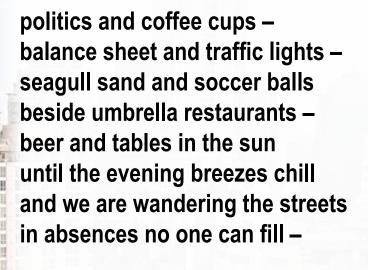
...september 4, 2012...



myriad flavours waft us by
scents of curry – scents of fries –
with people – pigeons – motor cars
and voices layering between –
i sit a bench and watch the streets
september-ing the atmosphere
with overtones of yesteryears
adding to the autumn flair –

no longer here – no longer now another era cyclones in with hummingbirds – invisible – vibrating breezes into storm – that day that redesigned our names on papers we forgot to sign now fashions us as aliens negotiating foreign dreams.

©pamela swanson www.poetpam.com