

...march 6, 2017...

a quiet moment hiding  
in a tiny coffee shop –  
sunshine-heavy windows  
surround my corner spot –

voices in the background  
but no one knows my name –  
no agenda calling me –  
nothing to pretend –

here i can be anyone  
or nobody at all –  
redesigning other me's  
to new exotic styles –

here i am anonymous –  
there is no right or wrong –  
here i can begin again  
as if i never was.

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)

