

...october 10, 2017...

**i almost see you walking past
wearing jeans and tilly hat
watching towers scrape the skies
on granville street's last disguise –**

**i almost hear you chuckling
in timbres only i can hear
whispering some private joke
entangling my inner ear –**

**i feel you near – a quality
that intersperses sun and air
almost tangible – yet not –
hovering beyond the real –**

**you are part of me and i
am part of what grew into you
till we weave in and out and through
perceptions of reality –**

**even though you slipped beyond
this tiny world of time and space
there is no death when we are linked
inside each other's consciousness.**

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