

SHOULDIBE

i pull an image out of memory as if it is a page inside a book – a page – yet not a page – amorphous – an image that i draw inside my mind –

i visualize lost selves and happenings no longer me – pictures trapped in time – scarcely aware each image i create refabricates the who of who i am –

am i these memories when none of them reflect my present life of let's pretend? and if none of them – is it me inside those backward moments i perceive?

but if there's only now – then i create both past and future from my present state.

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