

...august 22, 2017...

**sometimes i wither inside empty words
asking what i want and what is love
and who or what i think i really am –**

**between moments of pretend and should
i water plants that grow into new leaves
sweeping floors until they almost shine
then check the mail for bills and all those things
that shape the craziness that fills a day –**

**and still – in all of my imaginings
i never quite expect the suddenness
of realizing all can change or end –**

**at a moment's notice – routines collapse
and the familiar vanishes from sight
shifting me somewhere i've never been.**

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