

...june 8, 2022...

does the pen recall the ink  
as it writes a hundred sheets?  
does the page recall the pen  
that etched it into differences?

does the page recall the shape  
of syllables in hidden sound  
and does the script recall each pause  
transmuted across silences?

does every word we write recall  
the eyes and hand that shaped thought?  
do prism-worlds replicate  
these countless visions we create?

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

somehow a shoe that knows no the  
out of a time that time forgot -  
somehow a floor that never was  
we is where all is not,

he rides the shadows like a chair  
no eyes have ever seen -  
wears a robe from darkness -  
that his knowledge never owned

straw that is not straw reads  
a shelf above his head  
bragging wooden memories  
of shape without a form -

where no one breathes  
life is not understanding -

is no  
ord for  
ce with  
silence has

wa  
eye  
hairs  
has

put to light  
the old betw  
like a dist  
out dist  
that