...august 14, 2022... the rainfall lost its memory and faded into grey letting a sultry moon escape as clouds scattered away we met inside a coffee shop that carried us in chairs and found a hidden corner sipping teas and words we talked until morning reached for afternoon merging chaotic memories through landscapes of the mind we chattered until chattering grew into history then slipped back into reborn rains with nothing more to say. ©pamela swanson www.poetpam.com