

...june 7, 2025...

it was a wednesday – early june
in twenty twenty-five
our nursing class from years ago
convened in memories –
we met in new westminster
where we had once been schooled
in rooms that are no longer there
and a hospital that's moved –

slow by fast we gathered at
a hotel on the quay
beside the fraser river
where seal logs passed by –
then we drove to burnaby
for paper hats and pins
and tea and cake to celebrate
fifty years of dreams –

hotel rooms and dinner
then wine and reveries
with the ghosts of those not there
hovering between
with half a century elapsed
between the now and then
and every life a tapestry
that wound us back again –

perhaps – someday – we'll meet again
to share in memories
the stories we keep spiralling
in lives of sweeping time.

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