



...october 21, 2025...

***sitting at the greenhorns
drinking vanilla tea –
a croissant on the sidelines
on this grey and misty day –***

***sorry you couldn't make it –
perhaps another time
we'll chat a corner table
and perhaps the sun will shine –***



***coffee aromas – smiles
and voices spin the air
with arrows pointing up the stairs
to homemade goods for sale –***

***perhaps one day we'll meet here –
perhaps we never will –
but thank you for suggesting
this moment of forever.***

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