



july10, 1981

there are no daffodils on granville street -
you can't pick daisies from the cobblestones -
but i have met the sunshine in the rain
and held the iron tree trunks in my hand -
i have bowed to monuments of clock
and dived the circle of the minute hand -
then fallen fast asleep beneath a bench
to catch the movies ending - till the scream
of one last ambulance broke into earth
and i dreamed daffodils on granville street -

i have marched the city of the hall
with all doors locked and exit signs dismissed -
balancing the mirror tiled floors
beneath a train track glowing yellow night -
i turned about to meet reflecting walls
that traced the secrets of my inside skin -
and found my fingernails were master keys
and toes could trace the pattern of stars -
until i was the cosmos inside-out
and outside-in the cosmos was my thought -

a hundred thousand lives encircled me
with faces i had never met before -
i gathered eyes like daffodils and knew
i was the square fragmented in their sight -
they breathed directions i had never lived
spinning from a clock on granville street -
they were illusions i could almost see
and i was thought that they had almost dreamed -
and gathered in the known of the unknown
we grew daisies from the cobblestones.

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