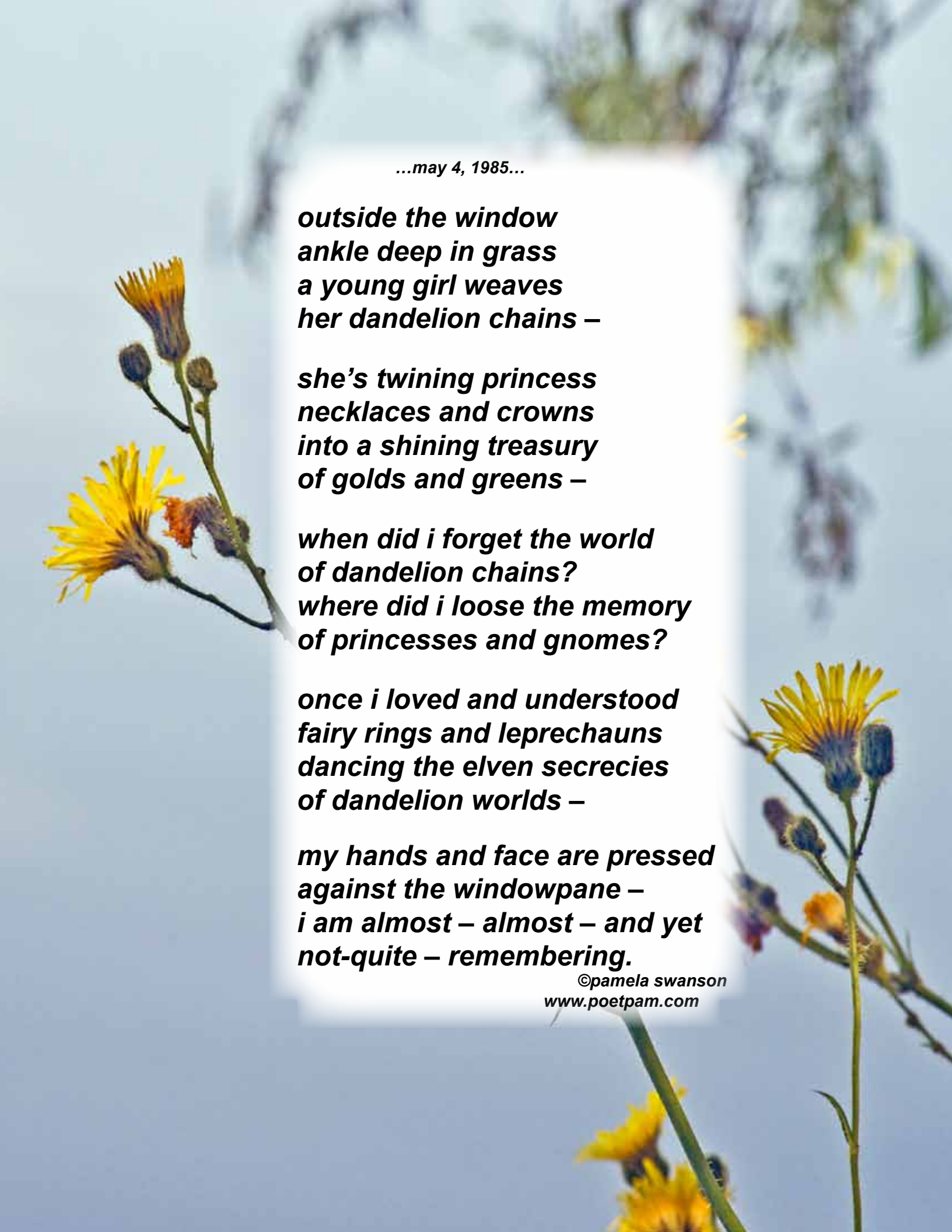




...may 4, 1985...

*outside the window
ankle deep in grass
a young girl weaves
her dandelion chains –*

*she's twining princess
necklaces and crowns
into a shining treasury
of golds and greens –*

*when did i forget the world
of dandelion chains?
where did i lose the memory
of princesses and gnomes?*

*once i loved and understood
fairy rings and leprechauns
dancing the elven secrets
of dandelion worlds –*

*my hands and face are pressed
against the windowpane –
i am almost – almost – and yet
not-quite – remembering.*

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