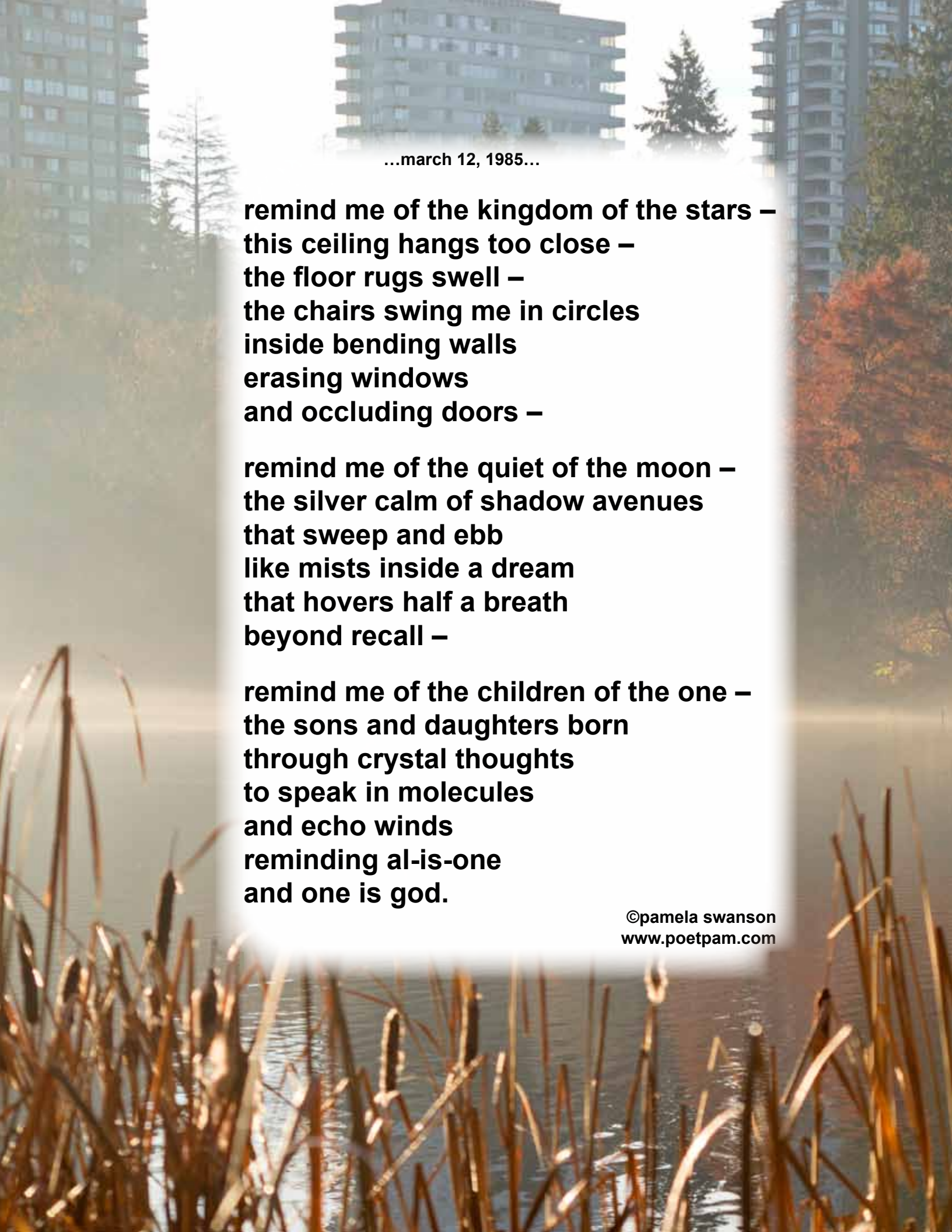




...march 12, 1985...

remind me of the kingdom of the stars –
this ceiling hangs too close –
the floor rugs swell –
the chairs swing me in circles
inside bending walls
erasing windows
and occluding doors –

remind me of the quiet of the moon –
the silver calm of shadow avenues
that sweep and ebb
like mists inside a dream
that hovers half a breath
beyond recall –

remind me of the children of the one –
the sons and daughters born
through crystal thoughts
to speak in molecules
and echo winds
reminding al-is-one
and one is god.

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