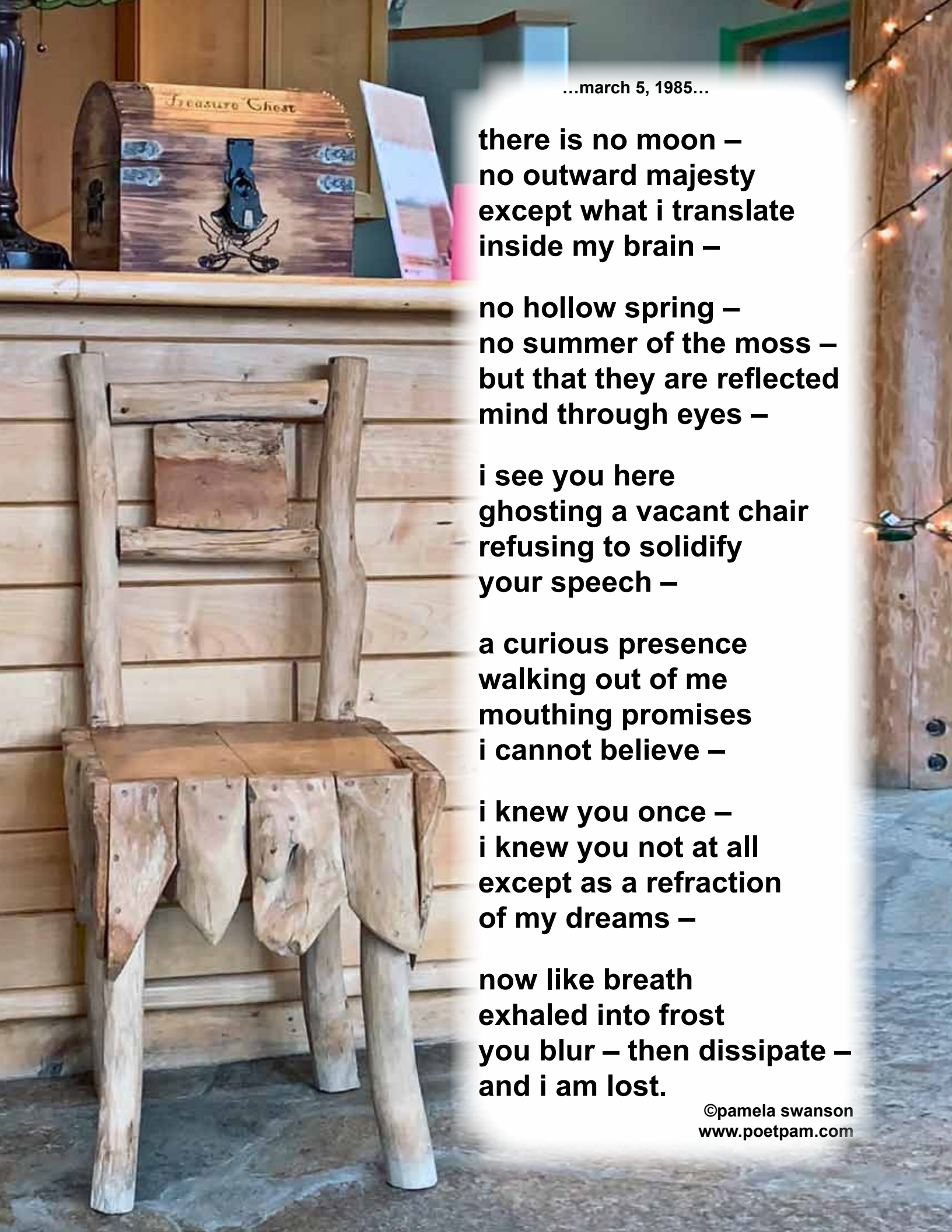




...march 5, 1985...

there is no moon –
no outward majesty
except what i translate
inside my brain –

no hollow spring –
no summer of the moss –
but that they are reflected
mind through eyes –

i see you here
ghosting a vacant chair
refusing to solidify
your speech –

a curious presence
walking out of me
mouthing promises
i cannot believe –

i knew you once –
i knew you not at all
except as a refraction
of my dreams –

now like breath
exhaled into frost
you blur – then dissipate –
and i am lost.

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