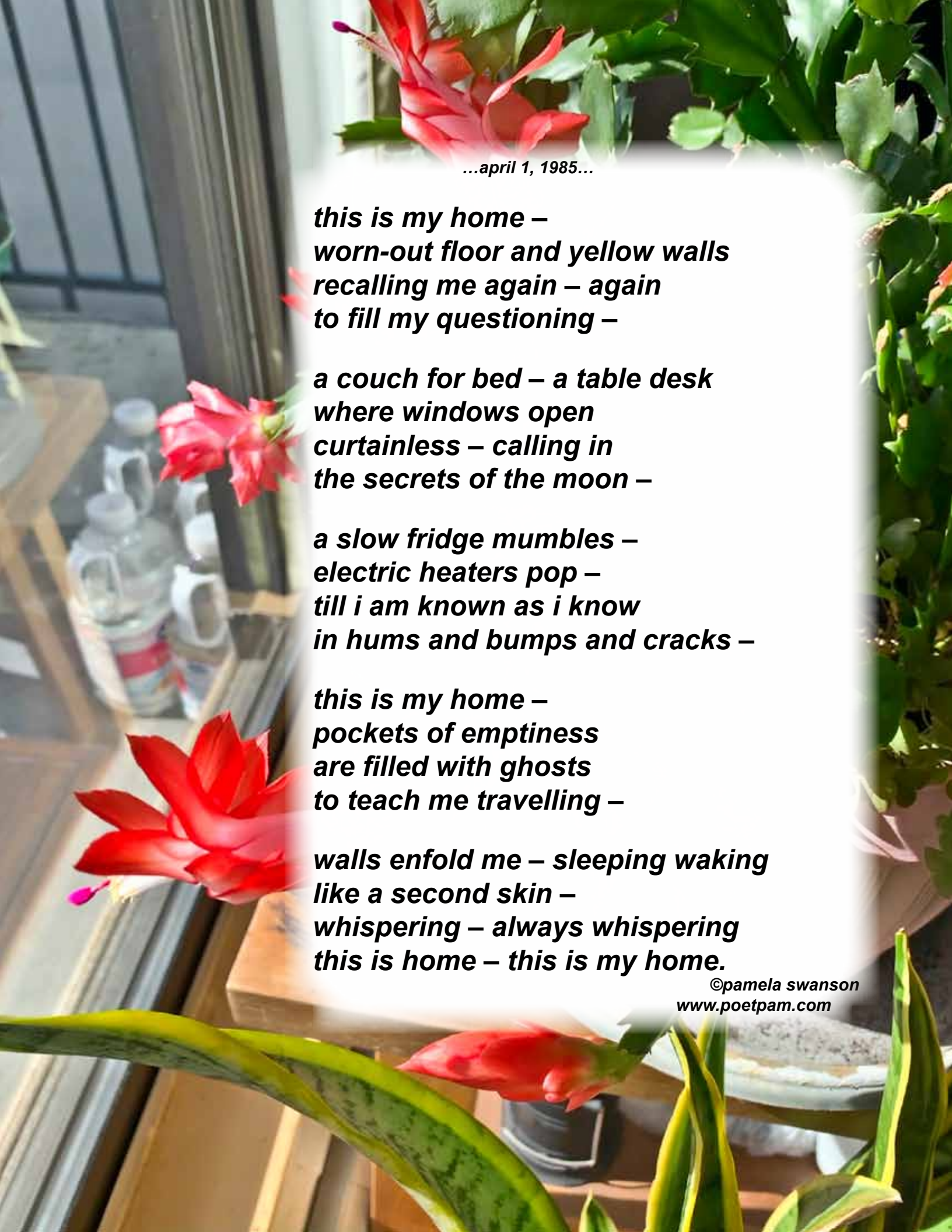




...april 1, 1985...

*this is my home –
worn-out floor and yellow walls
recalling me again – again
to fill my questioning –*

*a couch for bed – a table desk
where windows open
curtainless – calling in
the secrets of the moon –*

*a slow fridge mumbles –
electric heaters pop –
till i am known as i know
in hums and bumps and cracks –*

*this is my home –
pockets of emptiness
are filled with ghosts
to teach me travelling –*

*walls enfold me – sleeping waking
like a second skin –
whispering – always whispering
this is home – this is my home.*

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