

...april 25, 1986...

backwards now i fly
into my skull and out again
tasting winds and sands and clouds
and giant golden skies –

slowly slowly spiralling
down through earthen streets –
i see a building rising square
with doorless openings –

white white rooms and archways
and endless moving walls
around a central garden
of urns and grass and trees –

even as i fly above
i know this hidden yard –
with bushes flowering a gate
to public passages –

the marble bench – the stone cut paths –
the herbs – the hyacinths –
triggering a strange recall
of midnight happenings –

like a ghost thrown live again
i creep past shadowed urns
with fingernails stained in blood
and silent rooms behind –

remembering – remembering
a rage that drove my brain –
a noiseless blade that slipped the ribs
of master versus slave –

i hid until my hiding died –
a murdered murderer –
clenching hate and knife and fear
between the vines and flowers –

the vision fades and dissipates
beyond vanished shores –
but i am cold in images
that were not mine before.

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