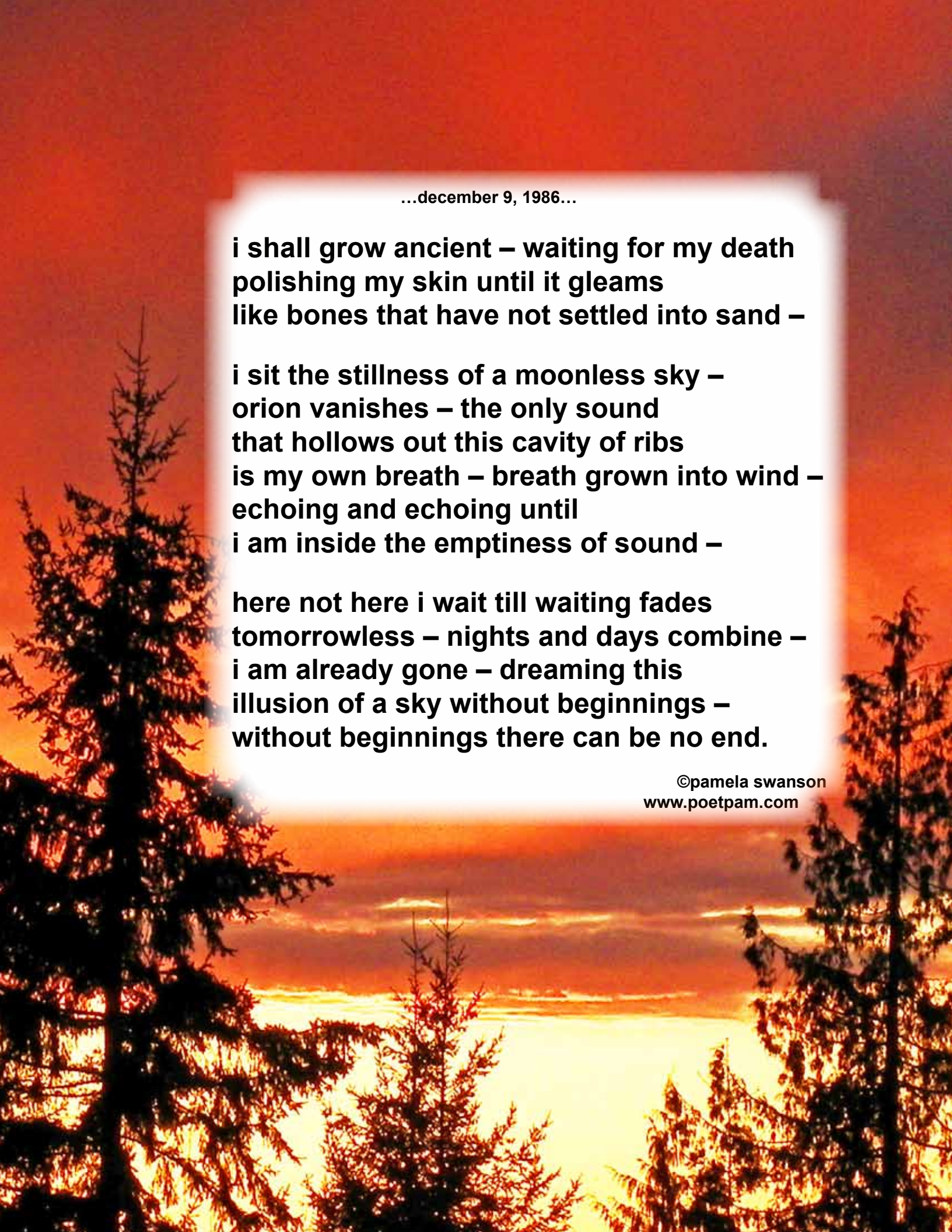




...december 9, 1986...

**i shall grow ancient – waiting for my death
polishing my skin until it gleams
like bones that have not settled into sand –**

**i sit the stillness of a moonless sky –
orion vanishes – the only sound
that hollows out this cavity of ribs
is my own breath – breath grown into wind –
echoing and echoing until
i am inside the emptiness of sound –**

**here not here i wait till waiting fades
tomorrowless – nights and days combine –
i am already gone – dreaming this
illusion of a sky without beginnings –
without beginnings there can be no end.**

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