



*...may 6, 1986...*

*voices in the back room  
talk among themselves –  
footsteps in the hallway  
echo and are gone –*

*a distant phone rings briefly –  
a near door creaks and slams –  
but no one hears me listening  
and no one calls my name –*

*i rearrange the desktop –  
a clock mumbles no time –  
windowless and pictureless  
the yellow walls close in –*

*voices slip to silence  
and footsteps wander on  
until i am a presence  
that has already gone.*

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