

...september 30, 1990...

can you hear me?  
can you hear me thinking  
like a radio  
tuned in after dark?

can you hear me  
speaking without words  
between the crackle  
and the static pause?

are you listening?  
are you listening  
to curtains that pull shadows  
into sound?

can you feel me?  
can you feel me dreaming  
building visions  
of an unseen friend?

perhaps i am the touch  
that brushed the tears  
from cheeks  
while you were sleeping –

perhaps you are the ghost  
that held me  
in the palest  
comforting embrace –

when i am there and you are here  
we are not alone –  
can you hear me thinking?  
i feel you ghost my name.

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