



...october 2, 1990...

*famous sayings curl my tongue
to plan as if the centuries are mine –
so i draw mountain blueprints
scaling galaxies
only to return
to cabbages and peas –*

*famous sayings multiply like flies –
to live as if this hour is my last –
so i celebrate in wine
forgetting yesterdays –
forgetting winding clocks
i watch the fire burn –*

*enough – enough of vanished words –
enough of wine and lost imaginings –
this is my home – my life –
let new worlds be mine!*

*and yet – and yet the night is old
and i can only think I need to sleep –
morning comes too soon – so now
the only real focus is my bed.*

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