

...april 12, 1990...

**i am not forgiven yet –
backwater thoughts do not forget
the love i almost held –**

**i punish myself daily
asking no reprieve –
where did i not believe?**

**am i not woman enough?
not strong or weak enough?
not sane enough for love?**

**i walk a shrunken sun
dressing carefully to meet the clouds
pretending i am beautiful –**

**i stop for coffee in a side cafe
to watch the waitress smile
and ask my order –**

**seats around me fill
until
i am the only one who sits alone –**

**is this my destiny?
i dare not pray for golden afternoons
until i learn this solitude –**

**until my thoughts forget
dreams that might have been
but were not dreamt for me.**

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