



...september 28, 1990...

***i'm not the person that you think i am –
henna hair and cigarettes and wine –
i'm not the person that i think i am –
popping between towns and eating scones –***

***i'm not the person that you think i am –
hallowed student sketching oiled hands –
the person that i am is still becoming
nursing hidden paths into new flowers –***

***yet i am still an embryo in form
sleeping inside the television screen –
and i am foetus – floating time and space
until chakras unite and i transform
into that self who always knew my name.***

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