



...may 12, 2009...

make a list against the weather  
dance the rain then phone your father –  
spin your sleep and pull together  
flowered cards to send your mother –

accelerate the clocking hours  
just beyond the calendar  
to catch umbrella streets for dinner  
then do laundry – then whatever –

race the sunshine and the showers  
into weekend getaways  
packing packsacks in between  
the washing and the ironing –

around around around again  
with dusk and dawn in tailspins  
and groceries and highway drives  
weaving in and out of time –

quicker – faster – speeding up  
it's almost time for breakfast-lunch  
to sleep and read the hastening  
of urgent monday-sunday spins –

but who are we between the stretch  
of waking-downs and waking-ups?  
like some elastic band that snaps  
into new versions of itself?

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