

...june 19, 2010... ...(mom)...

**the pale scent of no breath known
takes me backwards to a home
wrapped inside an otherness
that blurs the edge of fantasy –**

**you are there - forever caught
in photographic clarity –
suspended in some frozen book
on pages of the never-was –**

**yet all those images recall
your voice – your touch – our memories
that interlock inside my mind
through shadows of some alter-time –**

**and as you enter the strange fight
unseating your mortality
i hear an echo – smell your scent –
and now – becomes eternity.**

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