



...december 31, 2015...

a cold toe morning – white frost lawns –  
fingers chilled to popsicles –  
i slip my frozen thoughts along  
a snowflake eve of icicles –

the chill of here lets distances  
zigzag thoughts across my mind  
as lives of half a world away  
reverberate my inside brain –

loose names chatter into being –  
rachel helen ben and john –  
out of another century  
that splits me between now and then –

perhaps we'll never meet again  
to touch in hugs – perhaps we will –  
by firesides of wine and warmth  
cocooned beyond the winter chill.

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