



...march 16, 2015...

a sunday morning coffee shop
of casuals and almost-fits
window watching blowsy rain
and sipping doses of caffeine –

a halfway lost of empty seats
with pigeons pecking outside streets
where no one meets a passing eye
to shatter anonymity –

this is my haven of escape
from the depths of half awake
banishing all silences
into the scattered distances –

wrapped in clouds i sit adrift
unveiling old memories
and sip those warm remembrances
of once upon when we were friends.

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