

...september 16, 2015...

mary's in the closet room  
bill is in the basement den –  
albert's in the bathroom  
and ann has disappeared again –

but i am here with beer and time  
wondering each when and where  
tagging all those other who's  
who have forgotten i am here –

there's cats and birds and dragonflies –  
and dogs and insects swirling –  
esmay – demos – named and nameless –  
johns elaines and jennifers –

yet i am here – alone again  
not knowing if i want to be –  
thinking i've escaped at last  
from everybody's radar zone –

to dave i am a sister- friend –  
to ken i am an almost then –  
to doug i am a phantom wife –  
to bob i am another life –

all the selves my life has linked  
somehow reshape my inwardness  
until i am a jigsaw mix  
of places – people – plants and pets –

memories swirl like videos  
in perfumed layers of recall  
while hummingbirds dart in and out  
to see if i am really real.



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