



...december 13, 2018...

an older gentleman – precisely dressed  
out of another century is joining us –  
posture straight in suit and overcoat  
fedora hat – shoes shining polish-black –

he takes a window seat in the café  
placing his newspaper and cane aside  
then checks his window image – and carefully  
removes his hat to comb his silver hair  
then turns about to catch my watching eye –  
*still a little vain* he says and smiles –

is he from this moment or last week?  
is he someone from a distant past?  
or are we simply aspects of each other  
who have at last allowed ourselves to meet?

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