

...february 11, 2023...

*sometimes we meet beside a tree –
a douglas fir of dropping cones –
sometimes we meet across the street
where baby snowdrops peek through green –*

*other times you are not there
as i sit watching up and down
and other times i am not here
when you come out to look around –*

*once – upon another dream
this was supposed to be your home
until the governments swept in
and nursing homes turned into prisons –*

*prisons where all visitors
are passport checked and virus swabbed
then made to wait outside as if
they don't deserve the visiting –*

*all this because the hospitals
are guarded by gestapo staff
where visitors are passport-chained
to clot-shots that they call vaccines –*

*yet when you come out and i
am waiting and we meet and hug –
the world shifts to right again
because we both believe in love.*

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