

# POETRY

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PAMELA BOND

## White Diamonds

There is a golden anniversary clock  
spinning on the mantle. There's a Persian rug  
on the floor, imprinted with colourful birds  
and a host of stars. There is a wooden panelled wall  
over on the right, beset with clear high windows  
facing the banks of the Hudson  
flowing by outside. The furniture is all  
delicate yet comfortable. A gaming table  
has been situated over in the corner,  
attended by a set of only two chairs. The cherry spinet  
displays a few show tunes and a book  
of scales. The wicker music stand  
holds a Bach choral arrangement along with  
a little Beethoven. There is a spring green settee  
in the very centre of the room  
where I am chained by just a memory or a word  
so as never to venture  
out of this room. Upstairs, over in the clouds,  
you rock a cradle with the long fingers  
of one hand and point to a small office  
with the other where you say  
I might do some writing. But mostly  
you just come and go discussing your business  
while I work on a picture that I saw once  
when trying to understand swans.