

...april 19, 1985...

with nights and days in overlap –
with morning noon and evening dawns –
it is as if the skeins of time
are curiously unravelling –

days spin by incessantly
spiralling around and through
until i cannot separate
the then-of-there from now-of-here –

seconds – minutes – hours spin –
all – then some – then almost none
jumbling in motley waves
dancing between clouds and sun –

where i once felt a single hour
i dive through dozens in a breath –
then stretch a second to forever
playing it round and round again –

the days give no obeisance
to soundless clocks of large or small
merging all until i float
inside this spaceless timelessness now.

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