



...may 1, 1990...

*have i created this?
this yard – this soil –
the fences that surround?
tiny spots of green
jump exclamation marks
along the path –
flagstones warm
the bareness of my feet
whenever i hang out the wash
or wander out
to welcome in the sun –*

*have i created this?
only my eyes see –
the bumblebees –
the spider weaving webs –
the wind-whipped newspaper
flapping beyond the gate
while far birds warble spring –*

*i lay out a towel
and i stretch my solitude
into the bursting fullness
of a wild blue-blue sky –
all the while wondering
how i created this.*

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