

...july 7 2009...

nothing is quite what it seems to be  
driving the long and short of highway grey –  
it is as if we slipped a sideways path  
to find the same road changed from yesterday –

just how or what the change we cannot say –  
it is as if the trees grew extra leaves  
or maybe dandelions jumped the fence  
to rearrange the roadside in bouquets –

or maybe it's an angle of the sun  
spilling liquid gold to magnify  
a sweep of grass with shadow scents of green  
playing orchestras inside the winds –

highway – grasses – trees and mountain sky  
will never resonate the same again.

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