



...june 9, 2009...

*we'll nick the pick of grass and sun
beneath a spreading maple tree
with twisting roots and branching sky
threading music on the breeze –*

*we'll eat the smoking mustard dogs
blistered black on barbeques -
and shiver into ice cream cups
melting on our fingertips -*

*then we'll rest in blanket ease
and drift on summer fantasies
with silver jugglers juggling
pathways through imagined lands.*

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