



*...march 9, 2010...*

*everywhere that i am not  
is where my dreaming carries me  
past diamond waters beckoning  
to sand washed beaches in the sun –*

*i feel the softest summer breeze  
bathe me like i was a child  
cradling my ancient fears  
and lifting me above the world*

*until i'm flying carpet wise  
sailing the tops of trees  
then skimming into ocean waves  
foaming into brilliant shores –*

*lost i am where i am now  
listening to a far off place  
where some future almost home  
calls me into the unknown.*

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