



...august 10, 2010...

fence posts – wires – walking lines
creating barriers between
a someplace far and someplace near –
a somewhere there and somewhere here –

perhaps a fence dividing line
between the safe and danger zone –
perhaps – maybe – a line between
a them and us – or yours and mine –

maybe a fence for building on
or holding out – or holding in –
maybe some kind of barricade
with something different on each side –

although what differences i see
is nothing that makes sense to me –
just grass and fields stretching flat
into a sun that almost sets –

butterflies and shadow birds
flit back and forth and in between
sometimes landing here or there
as if the fence was built for them –

post and wood and twisting wire
that grasshoppers hop through and past
somehow shrivelling into
a strange device of humanness.

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