

...july 23, 2010...

**silence the son and listen –
silence the daughter too –
a small plane rumbles overhead
to slip the faded hills –**

**the hour of may is over
in summer promising
where faded snow-tipped mountains
emboss horizon lines –**

**we are the cosmic centre –
the earthly catalyst
listening to dragonflies
that spark our universe –**

**we silence ourselves to listen –
we are the daughter-son –
dreaming the heavens and valleys
and hills of an ancient moon.**

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

