



...may 1, 2010...

watch me metamorphasize
into a different almost face
that tugs the world of my eyes
beyond this strange familiar place -

conifers and shooting ferns
spring the sunshine into greens
where deer are grazing field lawns
of infinite simplicity -

all around the toppling winds
spiral into dancing trees -
caressing grass and faded skin
into an easy mingling -

i am both a part - apart -
a raised face tingling the air
breathing in the flood of green
that feeds primal remembering.

@pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com