

...february 28, 2013...

i walk the windswept spiralling
of icy cold and spitting wet
where slipping shoes explore the damp
between the nip and tuck of frost –

i walk forever – hardly knowing
where i am or where i've been
wrapped in a consciousness that seeds
a trillion zillion drops of rain –

where every single drop reflects
some gigantic otherness –
i float between – among – within
a hundred thousand drifting thoughts –

i'm flipped into the inside out
and then from outside in again –
until the day evaporates
to stumbling feet and muddled brain.

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