



...may 1, 2013...

**intruding into consciousness
the morning sunshine spins my hair –
dances breath and closes eyes –
no other time – no other where –**

**gradually – miniscule thoughts
worm themselves through silences –
things to do – places to be –
till bliss declines to memory –**

**but never gone – that vanished realm –
always waiting to embrace –
like ancient myths and fairy tales
mingling the sun that warms my face.**

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