



...december 23, 2013...

*occasionally i want to fly
into the high of distant skies
until i pause – and realize
that all imagined heights are me
echoing – in every breath
those rainbow moments of recall –
the weaving grass – felted moss –
the fragrances of flower and earth –*

*the clouds – the sun – the midnight stars –
the moon wrapped in surreal mist –
they twine my memories into
a tapestry of no one else –
images that swamp my brain
as i escape into the dream –
until – inside of make-believe
i grow into myself again.*

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