

...september 17, 2015 ...

i think that i write poetry
but really it writes me –
planting words into my head
like fragment fantasies –

the words – they are already there
waiting for a pause
to slip their mystery between
an almost metered song –

like pearls rising into thought
rhymes begin to sing –
i grab a pen to capture them
before they're lost again –

i think that i write poetry
but it's already there –
waiting quiet moments
to catch my inner ear.

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