

...december 26, 2015...

*memories – like seagulls – fly
and twist and shape the feathered air
with wings that waltz marshmallow clouds
then dive inside to disappear –*

*memories – like croaking crows
sashay in and out of sight
like shadows from a mystic dream
minimized to black and white –*

*all these recollections – mine –
vanish – then return to eyes
as i create and recreate
this world as my dream disguise.*

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