

*..april 2, 2015...*

*today i'm questioning ten thousand miles  
(knowing that it may be less or more)  
wondering again where all began  
and what all this travelling is for –*

*where am i travelling to? when did i start?  
all these questions bubbling my brain  
as i pull on shoes and coat again  
to walk the streets that lead me ever on –*

*i have no answers gathering except  
that everywhere i go my world expands  
around me like a globe – i follow paths  
filled with sunshine birds and morphing clouds –*

*until it is as if each perfect scene  
is projected through me into being.*

*©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)*