



...december 3, 2015...

with wine sublime we're playing games with time
tasting a sharp that never quite occurred
in teenaged days we only half recall
where old moons waned before the sun grew strong -

we are newer now than we were then
knowing all is born within our minds -
as i grow into fiction - you chose fact -
knowing both of us are both out of whack -

a west half-moon is bowing to the east
as we dance the north into the south
exchanging views of right and left to find
all the corners of the earth are us.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com