



...january 12, 2018...

***sitting quietly a street café
with coffee steaming warm between my hands
my world wraps me in and out and round
until i am each sip – each breath – each sound –***

***i am the bud that swells on wintered twigs
where chickadees and sparrows chirp and sing –
i am their songs of winds and vanished leaves
and i am sidewalks paused by half-way trees –
i am the breeze that whirlpools skin
into scents of rain and melting sun
tangling all differences to one –***

***and as i mirror windows of beyond
echoing the all of everything
everything becomes the world i am.***

**©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com**