...august 1, 2023... new sun - old sun breezes sigh in humming musicality through bees and birds and darting squirrels and flower-speckled greenery i sit a bench with dreams alive dancing into passers-by inside a breeze that dapples leaves in shaded waves in front of me through sight and sound and heart and scents i grow into foreverness among the trees and birds and bees infinity enraptures me. ©pamela swanson www.poetpam.com