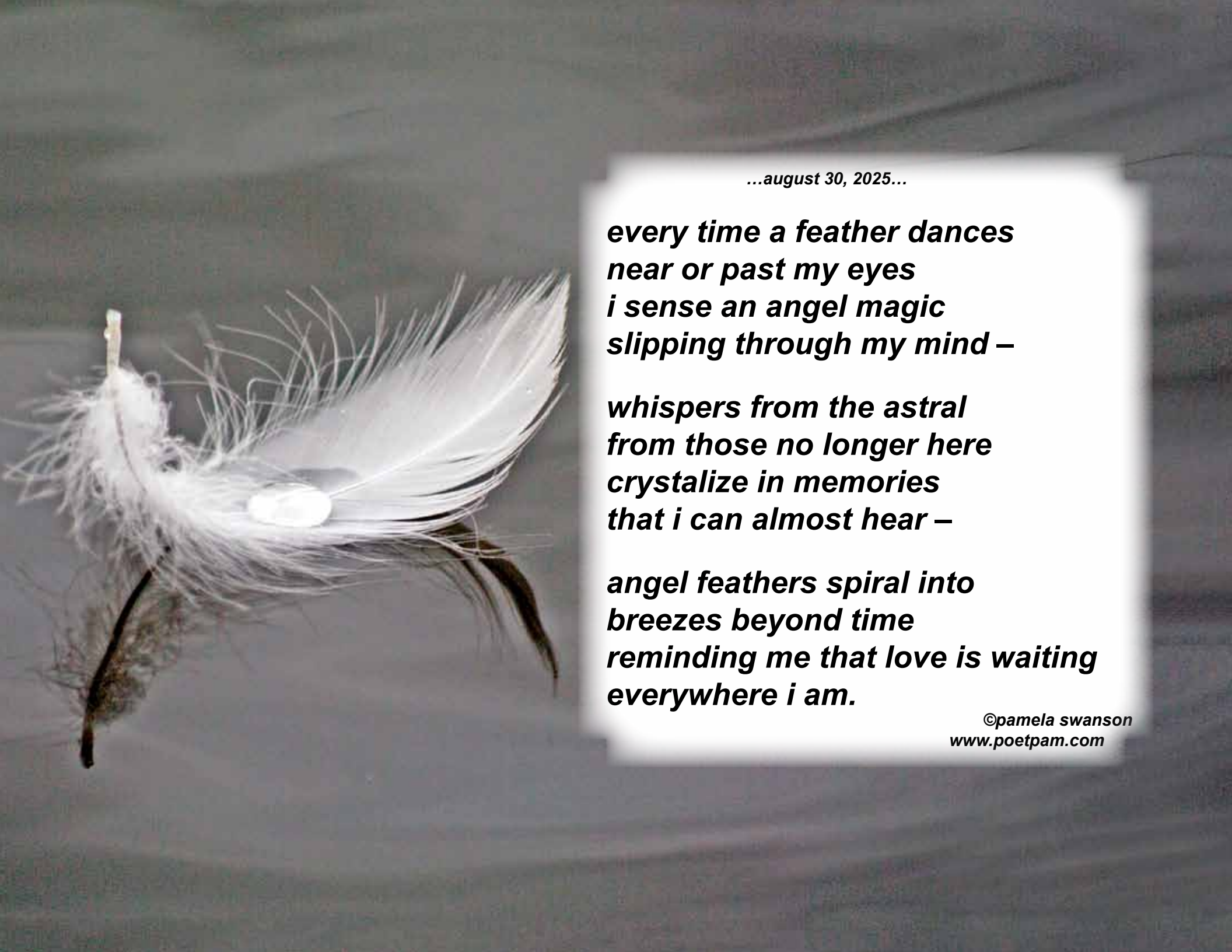

…august 30, 2025…

every time a feather dances
near or past my eyes
i sense an angel magic
slipping through my mind –

whispers from the astral
from those no longer here
crystalize in memories
that i can almost hear –

angel feathers spiral into
breezes beyond time
reminding me that love is waiting
everywhere i am.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com