

...july 8, 2025...

**stretched between the sun and sand
with people chatting distantly,
triggering through a mumbling breeze
and restlessness i can't define –**

**it is as if i'm pivoting
the edges of some huge event
that penetrates my consciousness
although i see it nowhere else –**

**it isn't even quite a dream
though nothing is quite as it seems
like tv's mixing truth with lies
to re-flavour horror tales –**

**yet i am here – stretched on a beach
with easy waves washing the shore
breathing in an ebb and flow
of promises i've yet to know –**

**i think – perhaps – i'll go to sleep
and let the outside world go –
whatever does or doesn't come
is not yet in my here and now.**

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