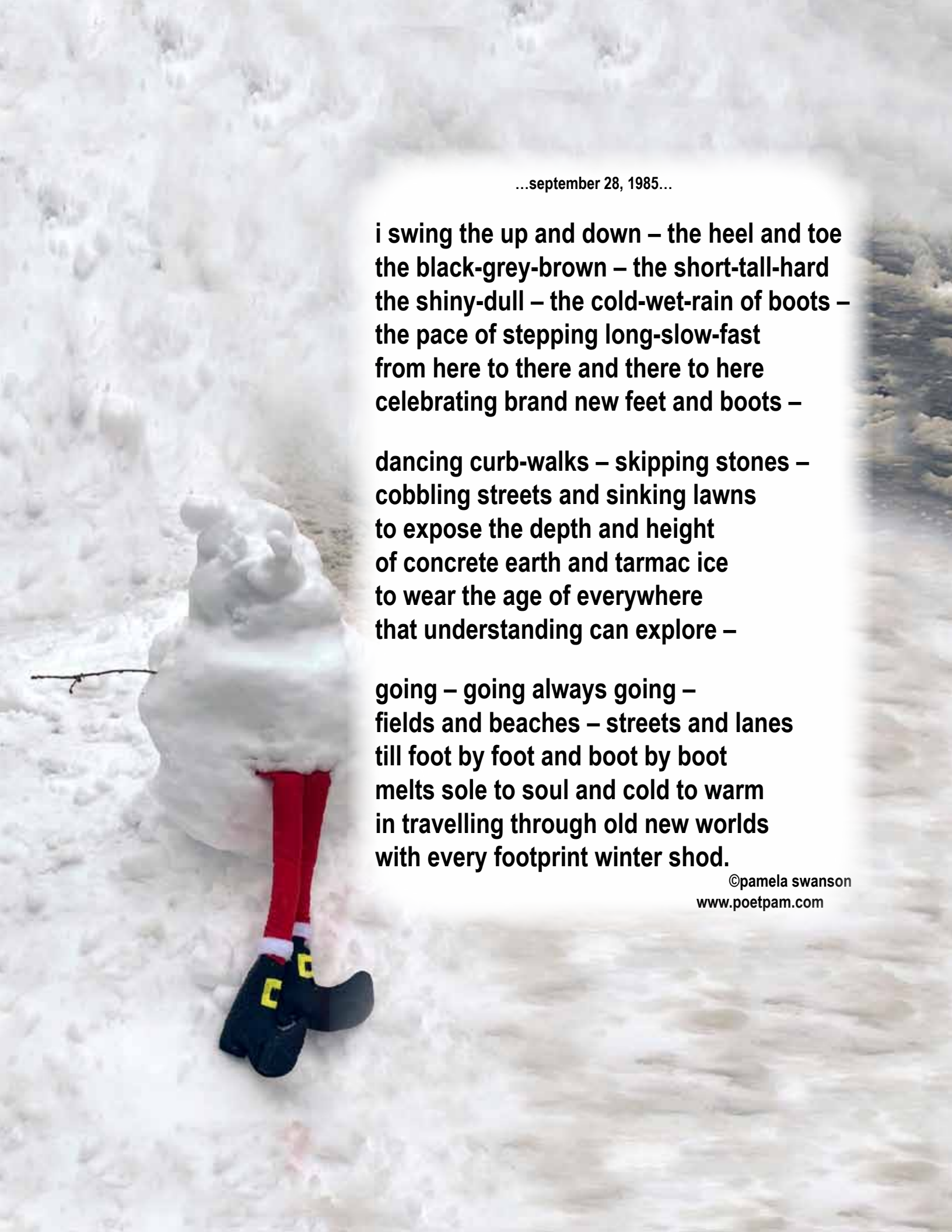




...september 28, 1985...

i swing the up and down – the heel and toe
the black-grey-brown – the short-tall-hard
the shiny-dull – the cold-wet-rain of boots –
the pace of stepping long-slow-fast
from here to there and there to here
celebrating brand new feet and boots –

dancing curb-walks – skipping stones –
cobbling streets and sinking lawns
to expose the depth and height
of concrete earth and tarmac ice
to wear the age of everywhere
that understanding can explore –

going – going always going –
fields and beaches – streets and lanes
till foot by foot and boot by boot
melts sole to soul and cold to warm
in travelling through old new worlds
with every footprint winter shod.

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