

...april 13, 1985...

**uncovering dimensions of myself –  
my religion and my subtle craft –  
i thread realities through thought-mirage  
into a liquid waving alphabet  
spreading pink across a purpling sky  
as waves of silver-white lap twilight shores –  
evening forests shift to midnight greens  
with golds that darken into shadow realms –  
all weaving tapestries of buried dreams  
as rock and tree shapes fade into the night –  
my craft – my breath – from where i do not know –  
creating all that was not there before –**

**images from worlds never seen  
emerge like children born of fantasy  
to haunt the edges of an occult mind –  
my religion and my subtle craft –  
recreating me as i create.**

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