



...october 6, 1985...

**we all have nightingales
singing hidden ears
and mountain cabins
buried in the snow
of half-remembered dreams
that ghost a steady ritual
of days –**

**we all have moons
bound in evening stars
and midnight wanderings
that hold us
in an alter earth disguise
that mist the endless patterns
of years –**

**we all have gods
and goddesses of skies
carrying our thoughts
until we scarcely know
which world holds our thoughts
or which world holds the hearts
of our realities.**

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