

...may 29, 1986...

as ancients grown young again –
as children grown old –
we meet as if we never left
the shores of once upon –

grass thick lawns regenerate
in dandelion eyes
with clover beds and castle trees
and dragon snapping flowers –

child wise and child old –
we reconnect in hands
bridging suns and continents
to touch the yards of then –

we tunnel cities into sand
and fly thoughts into clouds –
exploring rock paths into moss
to sail fish pond seas –

conversations spiral in
and out of old-young eyes –
until the magic that we grew
is ours once again.

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