

...june 3, 1986...

strange night burning
dreams of dreams through dreams
past cliffs and hidden valleys
with giant cinder cones
spewing ash and smoke clouds
spiraling black-blue
till blue finds blue eyes staring
deep into my own –

hands meet hands in joining
to race through mountain streams
circling new families
too tall to see beyond –
suddenly we merge to one
then split to multiples
of hands eyes ears and memories
of promises and dreams –

we chase loose streams to rivers
and sleep dark waterfalls
to root new mysteries in trees
that toss a double sun –
the mountains spread to hillsides
and hills to grassy seas
submerging us like children
in golden singing waves –

strange strange night of dreaming
i do not understand –
i waken into wild scents
with sounds and images
of single-dual travelling
through worlds yet to come
pulsing a multiplicity
that calls me – calls me on.

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