



*...may 31, 1990...*

*it ends – this month of may – wiser in tulips  
wiser in pansies and petunias  
and marigolds and brilliant primulas  
dancing purple – red – and gold and green –*

*i am not out of hibernation yet –  
my eyelids fade to clouds – earthen skin  
and spider hands caress a lilac tree  
surrounding me in wild fragrances –*

*my ears draw down the skies while yellow winds  
sweep in – naming no names – i hear again  
the echo of my whispers trembling  
telling the grass and lilies – it is june*

*it is june and i am born again  
into a cool spattering of rain.*

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)