



...october 21, 1991...

*crisp-cold autumn
orange-gold bracken
beech leaves falling
yellow brown –
watching – walking –
pausing – talking –
through forever
and around –*

*wind trees mumbling
brittleness –
squirrels leaping
grey and gone –
past and over –
on and on –
further up
and further in –*

*raucous blue jays
in the distance –
sparrows darting
afternoon –
forest – pasture –
farm and river –
footpaths winding
rock and ruin –*

*ending up
where we began
inside the
eternal dream –
growing always
into more
spiralling
the circling now.*

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com