

...april 3, 1991...

ghosts walk past and through and in between the ghosts of now as undulating greens grow into hills that wrap millenia –

an old man wanders apple trees blossoming for fall – a young man cobbles shoes – a woman hangs out sheets – a black dog sleeps –

the stone fence crumbles – surges and renews itself and disappears – a child races grass – then stops confused – as if looking for a path no longer there –

we live a modern version of the past – and are the ancient version of some future now.

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