



...august 27, 1991...

i hear the song of summer ending
in the birds that sing the wind –
a soft refrain of coolness –
a distant sun in change –

i watch the morning shadows spread
out of a paler dawn –
as if the autumn airs are asking
where to enter in –

earlier – the evening swept me
into quietness –
watching where the flowers faded
to a waiting earth –

now i walk the garden slowly
like a child learning prayer
listening to bumblebees
before they disappear.

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