

*...september 27, 1991...*

***i pretend aloneness  
as i was a leaf  
left on the sycamore  
to weave september's chill –***

***i scarcely hear the winds  
threading golden veins  
linking me through sap  
into the soil –***

***but now the sun grows cold  
disrupting sap and stem  
and i somersault  
crazily to join  
that self-same earth  
that breathed me into being.***

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