



*...july 21, 1991...*

*sparrows sing the cottonwoods  
tossed to silver-green –  
roses ramble fenceposts  
into crimson-ivories –*

*the pond is croaking frogs into  
a thousand question marks  
as we pace another day  
towards another dusk –*

*we watch a moon slip quietly  
above the clouds and stars –  
it's a smaller world without you –  
this sky you've grown beyond.*

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