



...december 9, 1992...

*a serious discussion
of snowmen in the sun –
of snowflakes in the twilight
and children never grown –*

*a moon that watches silver
walks the crested hills –
fields stretch forever
into the purple mists –*

*a promising of laughter
echoes star-burnt skies –
a wakening of magics
opens to the wise –*

*sleigh bells ring in winter
between the eyeless trees
calling absent reindeer
into hearts that believe.*

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