



...september 27, 1992...

**i walk a dozen worlds in my head  
watching streets unroll in autumn winds  
while listening to conversations etched  
in bird-shapes fluttering an ancient sky –**

**as I watch my mind flashes in shapes  
growing out of lost leaf patterns  
that weave an interlinking maze of trees  
as grey skies slip into an easy rain –**

**i daydream crinkling eyes with voices liting  
into memories – until neither  
eyes nor ears can separate the present  
from a past of tumbling homes and days –**

**rain and thoughts enfold me like a child  
cherishing my family of friends.**

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