



*...november 2, 1992...*

*this is an hour of magic winds  
and raindrop bells  
and childhood swings  
with rainbows joining grass and sun  
to watch leaf patterns jump and run –*

*this is an hour of dappled ponds  
and wishing stones  
and gatherings  
that wrap the dusk of innocence  
into a silver moon –*

*this is an hour of breathlessness  
and somewhere stars  
and promises  
from when the world of once-upon  
was everywhere alive.*

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