



...january 21, 1993...

*everything falls perfectly into its place –
the knocking door – the purpling clouds – the winds –
the sparrows singing dawn into the sun –*

*the young are cradled by the almost old
and age is wakened into infancy
where every instant dies to wake again –*

*each step – each laugh – each prayer – each hope combines
with jigsaw accuracy inside each living mind –
into each happening – each reaching hand –*

*until each breathing particle explodes –
into this moment balancing all time.*

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