



*...june 3, 1994...*

*i move in a strange privacy  
of sun blue skies –  
buying marigolds and sage  
with soil to pot the plants –*

*i slip in garden secrecy  
through backyard bushes  
hanging pansy baskets –  
between potted herbs –*

*then like an addict  
to the warming sun  
i find a backyard space  
to sleep the afternoons –*

*asking only for  
for the privilege to be –  
to be a part of seeping  
into the plants and sun.*

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