

A large, white, trumpet-shaped flower hangs from a branch, surrounded by vibrant green leaves. The background is a soft-focus view of a garden with more greenery and small purple and yellow flowers.

...december 13, 2003...

**i spoke the past then wished the words unsaid –
the past no longer lives the life i live –
but in the speaking and as suddenly
old histories revived until i cried –**

**escaping into walking – i walked until
my thoughts grew out of roots and into trees –
the trees threw branches into shadow leaves
absorbing me into their whispering –**

**i am no longer who i was before –
yet i am whole – without remembering.**

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