

...october 17, 2007...

**i pack away – i pack away
sedona stones and toronto rocks –
the wooden frog that sings a stick –
the tourmaline – the crystal ball –**

**beyond what is and what is not
i grow into an altered space –
as if the rains are purging me
from this familiar universe –**

**moving on – i'm moving on –
it is a mantra in my bones –
i hear and feel and breathe the song
but do not know where i am going.**

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

