



...january 18, 2007...

the light licking leaves
on the laurel hedged lawn
echo the winter
in street lamps and snow –

eyes detect glimmers
where no one else lives
in the now – in the moment –
in shadow shaped shrubs –

this is forever –
this second between
the yellow of street lights
and coming of dawn –

a soul wrapped in winter –
the slow moon above –
caught in the fullness –
i don't want to move.

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