

...september 17, 2011...

a pale - almost golden dawn
creep to toes and fingertips
while autumn crawls it's spider legs
through colder and colder passages -

i curl by a window edge
to watch the grasses folding down -
yellowed leaves are loosening
inside the slow and sleepy wind -

slowly - slowly - everything
succumbs to metamorphosis -
to hibernate an inwardness
that dreams all futures into being.

pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com