



...august 1, 2011...

brown dusty feathers  
in accents of black  
two birds sit the branch  
of a half fallen tree  
waiting my step  
and peering through leaves  
catching my eyes  
with a chirp and gaze –

their bottomless stares  
echo my cells  
in messages deeper  
than thoughts can perceive  
as they dive for my peanuts  
and then fly away –  
leaving me – always  
irrevocably changed.

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