

...september 6, 2011...

*flowing robes and silver hair
a priestess tall and wild and sere
overlaps me child-wise
until i'm stepping through her eyes –*

*we become the striding path
curving forest labyrinths
swirling past ancient trees
towards the still of the lagoon –*

*i am she as she becomes
a consciousness of dragon wings
soaring sun-shade passages
into a realm of inner skies –*

*and then – as swiftly as a breath
i am returned into myself
standing at the water's edge
watching a dance of dragonflies.*

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