

...february 4, 2011...

**i lift my face into the raining mist
searching a hidden sky - raucous crows
fly shadow patterns above my head
where pale seagulls vanish into grey -**

**as the rain-dance sweeps across my face
all pains and backwards thoughts evaporate -
reabsorbed into some undertow
that threads this dream i call my waking now.**

pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com