... january 30, 2011...

i swim slow-motion through the thickened air a new frost dancing midnight into dawn and sparkling the surface of my skin until i am a sculpture – luminous and spiralling inside a pale wind i weave the air among skeletal trees –

catch me if you can – my weightlessness shimmers branches into breathing mists blurring into effervescent leaves until the sunshine wraps me out of sight.

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