



...january 25, 2011...

*january throws its chill
against the raindrop windowpanes
promising a silver dawn
of cloud and iridescent rain –*

*the warm of coffee plays the air
in scents that i almost hear
as the morning curls in
awakening me out of dream –*

*i slip into the shining streets
of cawing crows and shadow trees
towards an almost waiting bus
that speeds me quietly to work –*

*in and out of reverie
touching down and up again
between an almost sleeping me
and every reawakening –*

*traveling the warp of time
into illusions i become
meeting other fragment me's
that as i sense them – slip away.*

pamela swanson

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