



*...december 31, 2011...*

*on a quiet kitchen afternoon  
we bake the rising warmth of raisin bread  
with cookie treats of sugared cinnamon  
to consecrate the turning of an hour –*

*the never of some future yet to be  
weaves television tales of fantasy  
predicting world metamorphosis  
tipping some age that we have yet to be –*

*but outside – birds still flit from seed to bush  
and goldfish swim a pond that knows no clock –  
all brilliantly alive inside the now  
where every moment welcomes in the new*

*creeping on elven feet towards a dusk  
that promises the birthing of a year.*

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)