

...october 4, 2011...

*slated grey and amber clouds
carry the horizon line
beyond the limits of my eye
acknowledging a growing day –*

*is this the future that i feared
inside that dawn of long ago?
i catch a shadow in my brain
and pluck it out to let it go –*

*i bus the streets of almost dry
blinking yellow into green
as cars pass by and out of sight
into their own remember whens –*

*between the quick of squirrel trees
and muffled crunch of fallen leaves
i gather in the shining now
until it dances fingertips –*

*this is the future i once feared
transformed beyond imagining
with gardens wrapped in autumn gold
and laughter ringing afternoons –*

*no longer fearful of the dark
i weave the magic evening in
to fairy tales and moving on
after a forever pause.*

pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

