



...november 18, 2011..

the morning rises out of never  
to a dawn of cawing crows  
unrolling pathways into seagulls  
flying through and past my eyes –

an orchestra of endless sound  
unwraps inside my consciousness  
with verdant leaves and crisping gold  
awaking me in ancientness –

yet if none but me perceives  
this moment of enchanted dream  
am i sane or am i other  
wandering this fairyland?

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