

...september 11, 2011...

**the winds are breathing autumn gold
into leaning maple trees –
tides are sweeping evening low
into depths i cannot see –**

**afraid – afraid – almost afraid
of shadows that i cannot see
even as i understand
each shadow shape is cast by me –**

**a moment warm – a moment cold –
like the seasons of the air
i feel the changes gather me
into another atmosphere –**

**afraid – afraid – almost afraid
of shadow shapes beneath my feet
until the shadows catch my wings
and dance me back to innocence.**

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