



...october 27, 2011...

warm by fire  
warm by rain –  
a floating smell  
of cinnamon –  
the sudden tang  
of melting jam  
and yellow kitchens  
here and gone –

a sofa hour  
windowing  
from cedar trees  
to fresh baked bread –  
here and there  
where douglas firs  
meet orange clove teas  
and raison buns –

allspice – nutmeg –  
shifting clouds  
wafting out of  
childhood  
as vanished friends  
and memories  
envelop me  
in fragrances.

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