

...september 25, 2011...

*warmth pours down like butter
till sands are singing gold
weaving into showers
from kaleidoscopic skies –*

*i am the penumbra
climbing horizon walls –
i am the sudden fissure
that lava-suns expand –*

*i am the crystal splitting
into multi-coloured waves –
then slowly disappearing
in a twist of faded dreams –*

*i am rainbows spreading
from ocean toward clouds
like doorways into heaven
where substance is transformed –*

*i am the all in everything
transmuting mists to gold –
i am the all in nothing –
still waiting to be born*

*pamela swanson
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