



...may 1, 2012...

**and where do i go from here? she said –
and where do i go from here?
the sun blows grey and the wind blows cold
and even the ducks are hidden away –
the faster i walk the slower i go
forgetting i've ever been walking before
where hours are measured by silences
and nobody sees the shadows i throw –**

**where to i go from here? she asked
then gradually changed the question around –
where ever i go from here she said
is somewhere i've never been before
and every moment is born askew
from any moment i've ever known
so everything is always new
and where i am is where i'm going.**

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