



...april 11, 2012...

*giant waves froth upwards
and fall into the sand
until the roar and rushing
dwarfs all other sound -*

*cloud and mist and sudden sun
capture a panoply
of sandpipers and swirling gulls
and endless distances -*

*we walk forever in a now
of bird tracks - tracing shores
with ancient shadows echoing
our timeless rambling-*

*we are the future spectres
of a hundred thousand dreams
pivoting eternities
that have and have not been.*

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