

...may 3, 2012...

*i walk a living photograph
where nothing moves but me –
a butterfly in almost flight
of immobility –
a honey bee inside its buzz –
an eagle spreading sky –
trees caught in a blowing wind
of picture perfect freeze –*

*slowly – slowly – eyes and hands
and feet move on a step –
i move myself one frame ahead
and watch the sunshine slip –
i call a crow to fold it's wing
a dog to turn its head –
and as i move another frame
the world returns to speed –*

*but in that pause i somehow caught
a moment on its cusp
watching frozen seagull wings
suspended inside flight –
i was the only movement –
as if reality
reacted to a someone else
who somewhere hides in me.*

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