

...april 10, 2012...

once before the last forgot
we watched until the stars
recalled the lost remembering
that we had walked beyond –

when we were new and new was all
in everything we found
we flew on magic dust motes
in sunbeam fantasies –

we felt the birth of lily pads
beneath the icy snow –
and danced our laughter on each leaf
that crystallized the dew –

gradually as we became
the less that some call more
we slipped into the singular
and slowly – became blurred –

we wandered in half memories
that echoed of the more
while watching waves pulling the sands
towards another shore.

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