

...may 18, 2012...

*the morning clouds swim afternoon –
a fuzzy sun breaks grey –
the cool winds of ocean brine
are sweeping me away –*

*almost almost almost here
and almost almost not –
a dandelion globe of seeds
explodes my consciousness –*

*i reach into an emptiness
that calls me further in –
searching for a something more
that i cannot explain –*

*i slip the drifting afternoon
until an evening sun
gathers me in dappled gold
to stir my inner dreams.*

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com