

*...april 12, 2012...*

*the sandpipers are piping sand –  
the bamboo chimes are chiming wind –  
and monkey trees are puzzling  
the wherewithal of cloud and rain –*

*the inside warm of couch and quilt  
with fireplace and amber light  
wraps me in a warm cocoon  
of embers dying and reborn –*

*where i have been and where i'm not  
gather the expansive now  
into a metamorphosis  
of consciousness that is not yet –*

*the who-i-am is not the who  
that i shall be when i return  
to sandpipers and ocean sun  
distilled out of the soul i am.*

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