

...december 9, 2012...

**the so of where
and when of how
gathers us into a mist
of raindrops mirroring a tree
upside down and inside out –**

**we walk through droplets –
silver iced –
collecting lashes nose and chin
dripping out of everyplace
till footsteps kick them back again –**

**and then at last
complaining smiles
turn our faces home again
tasting the warmth we left behind
where fires liquefy the skin.**

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