



...october 21, 2012...

**the squirrel stares a sideways tree –
watching friends i've yet to trace
while sparrows sing a holly bush
flashing between rains and sun –**

**decades shrink around my feet
while fingers pull translucent threads
like spiders pulling spider webs
to sculpt the contours of my skin –**

**everyone that i have been
is mirrored back to me in friends
while everything that i become
pulses new capillaries.**

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