

...september 27, 2012...

*the trees are stripping naked
the geese are flying vees –
the squirrels skitter fallen nuts –
the sun is weakening –*

*a scent of crispness crumples leaves
that scatter underfoot
while words that we forgot to speak
disturb our waking sleep –*

*reminding us of worlds breathed
before the clocks were wound –
reminding us of places dreamed
still waiting to be found –*

*of places born and then erased
to other destinies
unmasking paths to spiral us
through new realities.*

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