

...april 17, 2012...

they say that memories are made of this
so i am making future memories –
whispering a quiet song of love
buried in the notes of soft farewells –

nothing yet – but near and bittersweet
i taste the fragile moments of a day
opening to past remembrances
of rainbows arching between sun and rain –

tulips that unfolded to sun
are closing with the advent of the rain –
an inner star - the golden stamens glint
before red petals wrap them up again –

today i called you partner – lover – friend –
dreaming dreams into their highest height
not knowing if the dreams that we become
are pulling us together or apart –

we gather precious seconds to ourselves
inside that strange transparency of love
mixed inside an odd unknowingness
that shapes us to the futures we become.

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