

...august 29, 2012...

*today the smell of earth and damp –
of moulding leaf and excrement –
wandering through brush and fern
into cobweb questioning –*

*not here – not here – i cannot stay
pushing past and moving on –
branch and leaf and almost musk
of scurrying and hiddenness –*

*redwoods – spruce and giant fir
like ancient shadow guardians –
lost and not – alone and not –
i reach into their quietness –*

*past sparrow chirps and seagull cries
past chickadees and crunching leaves –
then all at once inside a breath
the silence peaks – and folds me in.*

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