



...december 7, 2013...

if i am everything i see
reflected back to me
from seagulls soaring vanished skies
to beggars on the street -

from feather wings to icicles
from thought to thoughts unborn
where every thought i am reflects me
back into the world -

then who am i? the blind man said
touching face and skin
and who am i? the deaf man whispered
into silences?

and who am i? this self that filters
waves of light and sound
to be the one i think i am
in this elusive world?

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