

...june 12, 2013...

*sometimes – i do not know if i'm awake
half alive inside this waking dream
of ceaseless gardening and placing rocks
along forever edges of the paths –*

*sometimes i do not know if i'm asleep
watching a pond of lily blooming pads
with goldfish hiding all their fins away
to avoid the buddha's stone cold eyes –*

*sometimes i do not know if i am there
imagining myself into this here
of netted birds and garden loving deer
who – when i shake my head – might disappear –*

*as if this bubble swelling in my mind
will burst me to another place in time.*

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