

...june 23, 2013...

where are you now? i raise my face to sun  
and feel instead the faintest mist of rain  
like pale kisses showering my skin  
and melting me into eternity -

a long grey day fades into halfway sun  
in words we spoke that will not be undone -  
sometimes sitting down is moving on  
and sometimes letting go is hanging on -

the swirling winds balloon a row of trees  
into a billowing of branching leaves -  
a sense of breathing in and breathing out  
a sense of waking ancient mysteries -

tomorrow there will be another dawn -  
and sometimes - letting go is hanging on.

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