



**...april 2, 2014...**

**i will find a bed of daffodils  
beneath the white-gold warming of the sun  
to sleep until i wake my hidden self  
into rainbow worlds of my mind –**

**i will sleep until i feel the air  
erupt into a sheen of yellow green  
with easy winds to tremble newborn leaves  
and rainbow petals bursting out of twigs –**

**all this – somehow exploding through my cells  
to reinvent the very soul of me  
until – from a cocoon of wonderment –  
i waken like a butterfly to spring.**

**pamela swanson**  
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