



...march 5, 2014...

woodstock brews its wild side  
between the amber and the stone  
of stills and young and background nash  
and chelsea mornings coming down -

guitar strains of wakening  
meet flowers of a washing rain  
graduating to suzannes  
who sleep beside archetypal streams -

once we were young in dusks and dawns  
and hotels welcoming no names -  
crossing desert tapestries  
like monks in search of mysteries -

we grew the music into sounds  
that carried us dimensionless -  
singing into the world's heart  
until the world's heart was us.

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