



...january 9, 2016...

**i am a church of ever – with steeples looming
high in redwoods and in cedar trees –
i am each day undone and subtly
remade in silences of almost sound
while tides of lost are found and lost again
inside the resonance of lost lagoon –**

**i sweep myself into the fantasies
of baby ducks and geese and beaver dams
with otters sleeking between floating logs
and splashing fish and willows mirroring
the sun in depths that boggle memory –**

**i am this church of ever – with bull rushes
and dragonflies and squirrels and bird refrains
pulsating into everything i am.**

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