

*...february 10, 2016...*

*no sooner than the pale day  
hides its scattered face away  
it is as if an alter self  
wakens to comes out and play –*

*the stars around orion's belt  
dance themselves into my eyes  
cradling my inner ears  
in whisperings from hidden friends –*

*all the shadows gather round  
like families of camouflage  
murmuring of other realms  
far beyond this veiled one.*

©pamela swanson

[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)