



...september 3, 2016...

**nowhere – now here –
third eye – ghost sky –
champagne clouds in eagle wings
gathering the sweet of now –**

**we're spectral prisms splintering
refracted lives that never were
with hills and snow and shadow breezes
shattering the crystal's core –**

**we are all strangers – born again –
we are all mountains kissed by sun –
nowhere – now here – again – again
to be the gods of once upon.**

**©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com**