

...october 11, 2016...

sunshine dappled water waves –
shadow paths of beaten leaves
luring random feet along –
around a pond of in-between –

i gather in each pungent breath
of earth and moss and succulence
inhaling loose memories
with almost vanished might-have-beens –

slowly clouded thoughts release
their rigid hold upon the sun.
and i breath in the goldenness
of trees in autumn dress.

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