

...august 10, 2016...

we all believe in a rising sun –
while the dreamer dreams her dream –
we all believe in sunset skies –
while the dreamer dreams his dream –

we all awake to break the fast
with caffeine shots of work and back
wheezing to a ticking clock
where calendars measure the months –

we sweat the run of exercise
though nothing is quite as it seems
while spinning days of wake to sleep
while the dreamer dreams the dream –

we smell the cinnamon of buns
and feel raindrops trailing skin
till summers of the burning sun
edge to wintery frost and winds –

all of these between the spin
of meetups – dropouts – and sustain –
balancing the nots and shoulds
through seasons of forgetting when –

we measure life by photo files
shrinking to the once upon
forgetting – that within each breath
we are the dreamers – dreaming life.

©pamela swanson

www.poetpam.com