



*...may 19, 2017...*

*a brilliant sky extends into forever  
while balcony geraniums reflect  
pink and red and white into my eyes  
drifting me through thoughts of yesterday –*

*my mind escapes down paths of loose recall –  
to turtle rocks and swallow diving clouds  
with firs and cedars towering above  
and tiny ducklings dashing between reeds –*

*i trail a maze of lost imaginings –  
of days gone by and days that never were  
until i am both here and swept within  
each reconstructed portion of recall –*

*the sky – the flowered balcony – and i –  
weaving my future-past out of this now.*

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