



...march 7, 2017...

**a painted turtle slips my glass
fragmented into beams of light –
yet not a turtle – only dreams
of fantasies or something like
a sunshine world i want to live
that glides the wines of in between
till i am drawn deep into
the easy warm of ocean sands –**

**what is the 'in-between' you ask?
it is this moment before sleep–
is the dawn escaping dusk
it is the moon of evening light –
it is those sounds that whisper skin
when no one else is speaking words
echoing some deep within
of truths only the heart has heard.**

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