

...december 23, 2017 (to gordon swanson)...



*a quiet phone call whispered
that you had stepped away
to visit stars we cannot see –
a casual farewell –*

*not late – nor soon – but perfect –
you danced this last hurrah
with wine and laughter beckoning
you to another now –*

*you're vanishing to memories –
like snow – in prism flakes –
shaping a crystal treasure chest
of unexpected gifts.*

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