



august 26, 2017

*a summer day – a winter day –
a day of wind – a day of still –
all of this my monkey mind
processes – until – until –*

*an indrawn breath of slow and hold
gradually releases air
a breeze begins to brush my cheek
and toss the warm through sun-kissed hair –*

*i smell the brine of seaweed shores
and hear the seagulls spin and soar
above the tides of in and out
echoing my beating heart –*

*a cobweb maze of patterns –
a pause of silver silences –
all that i am – all that i've been –
reborn in each imagining.*

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