

...november 30, 2017...

*slowing – slowing – now i sit
amongst the pausing coffee crowd
half way lost in memories
that weave this moment into being –*

*across the street a stone grey church
with stained glass windows – dark – serene –
reminding me of travelling through
the ancient kirks of edinburgh –*

*grey rains mist the streets and sky
as i hinge between two worlds –
both alive – dimensionless –
i'm here and there and in-between –*

*i breathe each cellular recall
of here and there and here again
as my coffee-sipping lips
absorb the all of everything.*

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