



...february 9, 2017...

suddenly in soundless sound
i hear a mass of bushtits sing –
halfway lost and halfway found
out of the ice and sleeting rain –

nestling a vanished branch
they dance from song to quietness
above my balcony – like spirits
thronging dreams i've yet to grasp –

i grab a camera but can't catch
their multitude or restlessness –
only a echo trapped in time
of bushtits – huddling a line.

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