



...may 10, 2017...

the buttercups are buttering  
on hills of woven grass  
with ferns unfurling yellow-green  
their feathered languages –

ducklings dart the water reeds  
and goslings graze the sward –  
as the slow of spring transmutes  
us into wonder worlds –

never before – never again –  
this moment – dazzling  
with sunshine beams piercing  
bark and twig  
to new awakenings.

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