

...august 21, 2017...

we walked out early for a sun eclipse
with the moon obscuring half its light
thinking – perhaps – the outside day would dim
but we were wrong – it didn't dim at all
although we felt a cooling on our skin –

the dragonflies and bumblebees and paths
arched a hundred million baby moons
across the earth – like we had magically
stepped into an alter universe
not quite understanding where we were –

a sense of magic sparkled in the air
as if the world had merged with fairylands
while swaying shadows shifted in the winds
dancing crescent moons beneath the sun.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com