



...november 26, 2019...

at last - an hour to myself  
or maybe two - or maybe more  
to cherish clouds and trees and slow  
and catch the sun's elusive glow -

to feel the chill - to smell the leaves -  
to catch the breezes in my hair  
knowing - though my heart loves people -  
solitudes fulfill my soul.

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)