

...november 14, 2019...

**dark hills push the mists into a sky
that wanders grey – shadow birds in flight –
all somehow connecting to my eyes
shaping and reshaping me in time
till i become a part of everything
and everything grows out of what i am –**

**as if i am cell inside a painting
indelibly connected to the whole
among a hundred zillion other cells
continuously unravelling each now –**

**yet only here and now – the breathing hills
unroll their mists through the invisible –**

**and as i watch the hills fade out of sight
i am – somehow – irrevocably changed.**

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