

...january 12, 2019...

***i'm stepping through a window
i never stepped before –
glass grown somehow mutable –
a liquid barrier –***

***the winds are burnished silver –
the earth is steeped in gold
the sky a living rainbow
to orchestras of birds –***

***feathers become talismans
and buds my jewellery
as i become the goddess
of some future history –***

***i'm stepping into somewhere
i never stepped before
with myths and primal fairy tales
welcoming my soul.***

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