

...december 28, 2021...

*bushtits – chickadees and hummingbirds  
congregate with finches and with sparrows  
on the feeders on my balcony –*

*a mothball sun fades into clouded skies  
its subtle ebbs and flows reminding me  
of all world magics that entwine –*

*i sense a curious shifting – auguring  
a year of prophecy – a year of change  
awakening our hidden inner selves –  
a year of quickening – tipping us*

*all of this – opening our eyes –  
all of this – awakening us to love –  
until we see that we are family*

*leaping into higher frequencies  
to weave our living rainbows into dreams.*

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

