

...february 6, 2021...

***i woke this morning  
lost to room and bed  
as if familiarity  
was a fog –***

***did i rage?  
i raged a burning sun –  
then threw its fragments  
to a blowing wind –***

***did i laugh?  
i laughed my world undone  
gathering lose fragments  
to my hand –***

***then – like jigsaw shapes  
waiting to be seen  
i reshuffled them  
into this perfect dream.***

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