



...december 13, 2021...

*there's a tree not far from here –
the trunk is gnarled and worn –
a sculptured shape – like gnomes perhaps
or quiet leprechauns –*

*i see them every time i pass
and wonder if they're real
whispering secrets in my ears
before i disappear –*

*always – when i'm passing by
i smile at them – like friends
who visit me when i'm asleep
with stories of 'let's pretend'.*

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