



...march 1, 2022...

*an otter at the water's edge
turns to stare into my eyes
on a floating walk between
the hidden and the almost seen –*

*as if i am not really here
it rubs its back into the grass
while up above the chickadees
flutter light to disappear –*

*beneath – around – above – within –
the silence of creation swells
until a blue jay screeches joy
through the towering cedar trees –*

*an i-not-i wakens within
this crazy life i call my own
singing songs beyond my ears
of secrets i have yet to learn.*

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