

...june 1, 2022...

**did we forget to pray for sun
or did we pray too much for rain?
the faintest shadow at my feet
suggests the orb is up above
like some withdrawn sentience
that has forgotten we are here –**

**i keep searching through the mists
for some sign of brightening –
as if forever has moved on
with only pale hints of sun
as if it's lost in prophecies
that never quite unwind.**

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com