

...april 7, 2022...

**i saw a distant portal
shining on the lake –
a threshold into somewhere
outside of time and space –**

**a bird flew in and vanished
while other birds appeared
as if out of nowhere
to soar on glinting waves –**

**then – as if imagined –
the glinting waves dissolved
into a placid surface
of geese and ducks becalmed.**

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

