



*...august 25, 2022...*

*the trees are whispering my skin  
as i am whispering them –  
with knurled bark to brush my hands  
and leaves to meet my eyes –*

*here the fir of douglas –  
there the maple tree –  
the flattened needle of hemlock  
the whitened bark of birch –*

*i rest against the sun-warmed bark  
and close my outer eyes  
until i am a channel  
between earth and bark and sky –*

*then all the world grows into me  
as i – creator god –  
embrace a zillion trillion cells  
all welcoming me home.*

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