



...may 24, 2022...

**words cast spells we cannot see
like flowers that bloom on hidden graves
until we ask what go-spels spell
and why there's harm in harmony?**

**we are all magi lost in sleep
bespelled by everything we hear –
repeat it thrice until we nod
like children grouped in kindergarten –**

**three times three – we nod again
imagining – from what we're told –
the end of friends and rust in trust
believing we don't shape the world.**

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