



...august 30, 2025...

***every time a feather dances
near or past my eyes
i sense an angel magic
slipping through my mind –***

***whispers from the astral
from those no longer here
crystalizes memories
that i can almost hear –***

***angel feathers spiral into
breezes beyond time
reminding me that love is waiting
everywhere i am.***

**©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com**