



...june 17, 2025...

**the bullrushes are rushing
but they are not the name
that everybody calls them
who look and look again –**

**they are themselves without a name –
an essence of the space they claim
evolving always towards more
with no errors to confess –**

**the bullrushes are rushing
into seed pods pulsing winds
and the seed pods are exploding
into memoires of time –**

**memories are shifting
into strange phenomena
teaching us reflections of
the selves we really are**

**let's walk the rushing bullrushes
perfuming air with seeds
catching our glance – then losing it
inside this waking dream.**

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