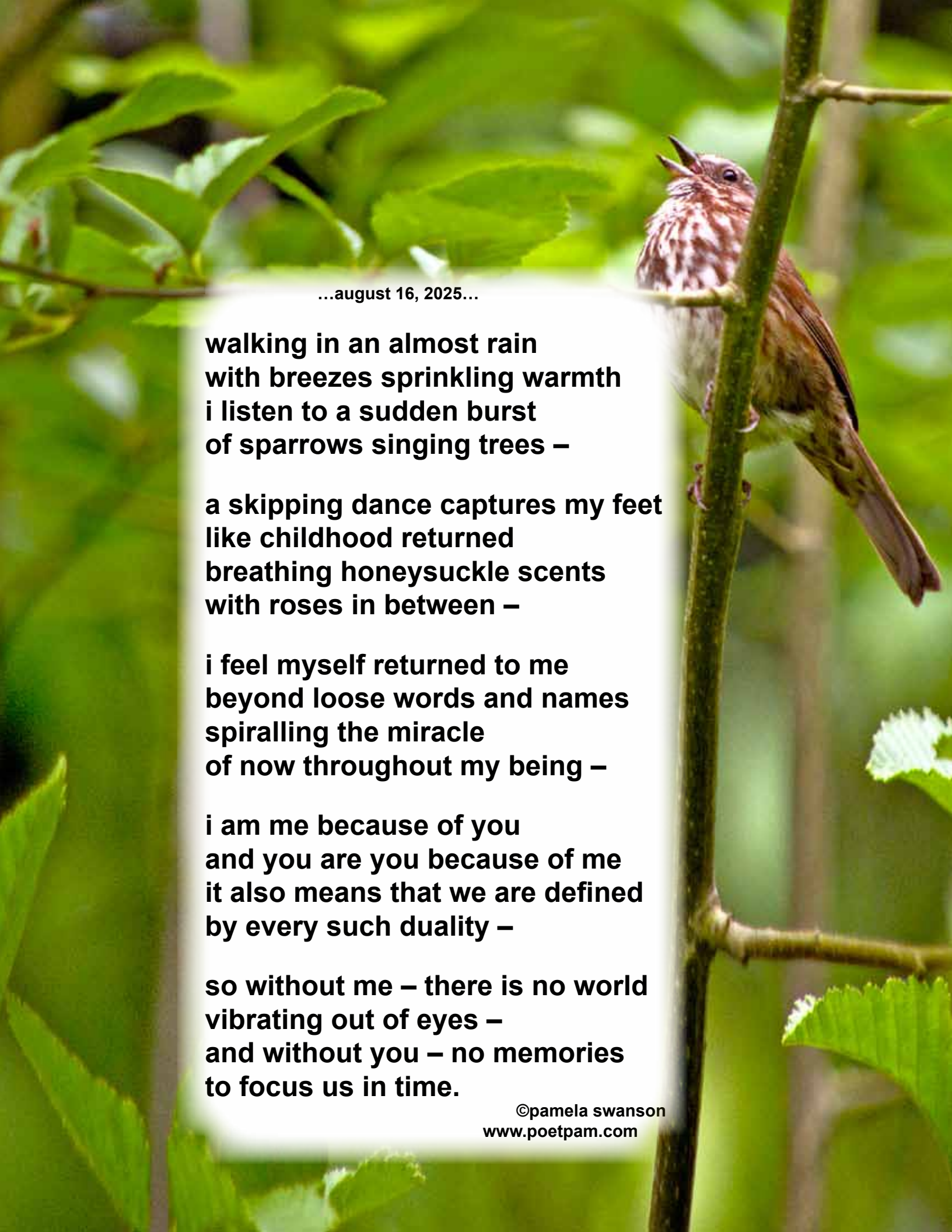




...august 16, 2025...

walking in an almost rain
with breezes sprinkling warmth
i listen to a sudden burst
of sparrows singing trees –

a skipping dance captures my feet
like childhood returned
breathing honeysuckle scents
with roses in between –

i feel myself returned to me
beyond loose words and names
spiralling the miracle
of now throughout my being –

i am me because of you
and you are you because of me
it also means that we are defined
by every such duality –

so without me – there is no world
vibrating out of eyes –
and without you – no memories
to focus us in time.

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