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Swimming Into Sunsets

By Pamela Biery

Maybe not such a good idea
to take a river dip just before sunset
when a breeze comes up,
leaving us looking at each other
like a couple of wet hounds
shivering in the sand.

But we found cover
and pushed our chilled bodies
side by side against the big flat boulder
letting the stored warmth
fill us. Slowly the
teeth chattering stopped.
We could eat
cold tortellini
and watch the last light
disappear,
the canyon
became still
gradually filling with cricket
and frog songs.

Then there remained the matter
of retracing our steps
across the river
up the cliff
and along the trail
in pitch black.

For me, from memory and sense,
for you, from trust.

Born and raised in Washington, Pamela's affinity for nature is at home in California, whether on the coast or in the Sierra Nevada. Watch for Pamela's collected poems on the Wild & Scenic Yuba River. Pamela's communication business allows her to simultaneously pursue two passions: the outdoors and writing. "Writing provides reflection and definition for my experiences, it inevitably prods me on a bit further than I intended to go."

You can visit Pamela's LinkedIn profile at <http://www.linkedin.com/in/pamelabiery> and her Online Portfolio at <http://www.pamelab.com/>




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One Response to "Swimming Into Sunsets"

-  *lapia* says:
[October 8, 2009 at 11:01 am](#)

Ahh, how I love it when an author "trusts" her readers.
Very nice poetry, Pamela

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