

Mirror Images

A trail of moss

Dangling

From the chin of an elderly oak

Brushes the lake's surface,

Painting

The sky's reflection;

And the wind

Begins

To blow...

The oak's long flowing beard

Ascends into the air,

Waving in the wind

Above the water,

Waiting

In limbo

Between the blackness

Of the lake below

And the deeper darkness

Of the sky above.

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The oak reaches for

Light it will never touch,
Towards lanterns in the sky
That hang at heights too high
For earthly things to clutch...

Then the wind weakens;
Birds break from flight.
The waves subside and
Silence shrouds the night.

Calm and quiet
In silent night,
The water knows
The sky's delight.

Once the water finally rests,
The sky's image is impressed
Upon the placid liquid glass;

Mirror images amass.

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A boat floats by and the sky

Ripples.

A subtle supernova

Disperses into space

Until the stars stand still

Encased in glimmering glass;

An eternal display

For Man to cast

His own reflection

Amongst

The stars...