

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
Waves 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.
The lamplights in the sky
Hang at heights all too high
For earthly things to clutch...

So the wind weakens,
Birds break from flight,
Trees quit their creaking,
Fish sink from sight,
Chirping crickets cease,
Silence shrouds the night,
The world waits for peace
While writers wait to write,

The waves die down,
And all distortion drowns
Beneath the liquid ground.

Placid and profound,
Mirror images abound.

Calm and quiet

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

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A boat floats by and the sky
Ripples.
A subtle supernova
Disperses into distance
And the stars stand still
Encased in glimmering glass;
An eternal display
For Man to cast
His own reflection
Amongst
The stars...