

## 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.

\*

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.

\*

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...