

Leaf and Stream

Find myself beside a stream of empty thought

Like a leaf that's fallen to the ground,

Carried by the flow of water to my dreams

And woken only by your sound.

Alone I've walked this path for many years

Listened to the wind that calls my name

The weeping trees of yesterday - they look so sad

And wait your breath of spring again

Far beyond the hills,

Where earth and sky will meet again

Are shadows like an opening hand

Which hold the secrets

That I've yet to find and wonder at

The light in which they stand.