

## WAITING

The pond is working a plan  
Beneath the floor of dark glaze,  
Sorting tranquil tides  
Rambling like water snakes,  
Combing out old hairs of sunlight  
Tangling fish.

One has to wait a long time  
Before the pond settles  
And hears its dark gate  
Closing at the shore.

Then stones retire  
Into their pallor.  
Obediently trees bend.  
Through the soft hall of light,  
Dusk sinks down and drinks.

## SHELTER FOREST

1

The leaves are turning  
Into spiders of dusk.  
Water bugs walk along  
The glazed moon.  
A thousand wings begin to flutter  
In their simple rooms in the trees.  
A star yawns  
Shaking itself downstream.

2

I lie down  
And hear water flow  
Through green moss  
Like an honest man's life.