MEDITATION

All my world is dew . . . so dear, so fresh, so fleeting . . .
In its brief sweet waters
Do I cleanse a darkened soul.

A dewdrop on a swaying grass, that's all . . . But so exquisite!
I seek in high bare trails,
One sky-reflecting rose.

Just as a leaf looks toward the fall, I live in simple faith . . .
For death is only mist
To veil eternity.

Just as the twisting cherry . . . flowers, fades, and falls . . .
Thus, too, my lovely life must end,
Another bloom must float away.

But I have known the bittersweet of life's three loveliest of things . . .
Of love, of song, of moon-lit night,
And so part silent and content.

And still the winter rain is deepening lichen'd letters on a grave . . .
A tear and a smile lie behind,
I rise to seek God unencumbered.

Brooke Boyce