

## 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 lichened letters on a grave . . .

A tear and a smile lie behind,

I rise to seek God unencumbered.

BROOKE BOYCE