Rest awhile, my friend,
as I reveal my world to you.

Enter softly . . .
  hidden voices trill and coo and caw
  in unison,
  each completing the other's call;
  cadenced hums rise and fall
  from within the grass and bushes;
  dry leaves rustle
  under shuffling feet,
  and blades of grass whisper
  without sound in the wind—
  but all is yet silent,
  sensitive to the changing mood.

Sit quietly . . .
  let the world enter your body:
  varying whirl of insects
  surrounds your mind,
  enmeshes your being with the earth
  then ceases,
  broken
  by muffled turning
  of an airplane engine
  passing unseen above;
  cold concrete presses against your legs;
  wind touches the leaves—
  silent music in motion.
Look about slowly . . .  
the sun shines  
through white haze;  
dim grayness fills the air;  
branches bend  
in answer to the wind:  
    coy, angry, gentle;  
the dead broken leaves curl  
gray on dying grass,  
and a little hum rises from the earth.

Leave, my friend,  
my world is gray today:  
    a Saturday morning of rain.  
It is still with silent sorrow.

Return  
when flecks of sun fall  
and the air is bright,  
then will I show you  
the fairy wings  
    and filbert tree  
and sassafras  
    with leaves of three.

Return with me  
when the sun strikes the air  
and the day is clear,  
then shall  
we drink  
    of the honeysuckle vine  
and gather leaves  
    for our sassafras wine.