



THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE

Fran Hart

Like a raindrop falls upon the newly wet grass,
the eye can see and the ear may hear
the dripping of the last drops of rain.
The stars in their orbits and galaxies
hold to themselves an unknown quantity
of beauty and mystery.
The breeze dances among the flowers,
flaunting and playing with the wind.
Even though I can not see it, I
know that it is there.
Like the stillness of the night when
I am alone, nothing is there but my
thoughts and my conscience. . . .

