Pausing ... to light ...

by David P. Graham

pausing today to light my pipe,
watching the drizzle water the ground
at winter's end,
looking upon corn stubble across the road
with a grey mist for backdrop,
my heart reflected this funeral feeling
soon to be buried with darkness,
but the rain stopped...

(still a grey backdrop),
and I the only spectator to the play
as two wild geese entered stage,
foraging the stubble,
then enter a single rabbit, upstage right
joining the birds in their act,
all exiting while I turned to empty my pipe.

now,
my heart welcomed this hopeful drama
as my applause echoed in Nature's auditorium,
and the dark curtain sank slowly down
while she took a slow bow.