

Night Thoughts

A forest at 4 a.m.
My feet break the silence as they
crush the frosted leaves.
I walk through brush
and down to the creek.
A trickle of life, a creek never sleeps.
On to the next bluff,
and sit.

Nothing,
but not an annoying nothing,
like the thick ringing of a
hot attic in July.
The woods create a soft quiet,
like the sound of falling snow.

Sitting, I start to understand the
thoughts of night animals,
somehow they know the
bright noise of my world.

Here, they can run through the black silence
and do their work.
Even then they are at peace.

--Clay Jones

Beauty

Beauty
dies within my grasp.
My mind cannot comprehend
its value.
She is elusive
to my blind eyes.
In my own mirror,
She betrays me.
The fields of gold
and the seas of green
show her splendor.
I, only show her disgust.
I show the world
her obvious flaws.
It turns me away.
I will perish
within her bounty
leaving it
with
I was left without.

--Gretchen Zehner