

Does he not see the wind,
swirling up clouds of death,
of those passed before,
returned as promised?
—he walks on

For display,
and to covet,

She came to him,
like mist under Niagara,
(he wore a rented rain coat)
she so like a rootscreen baptism.
—he noticed not

yet easy to break,
and to repair.

In solitude he rested under a tree,
for company he chose one that weeps.
Backed against the learned hero,
he pitied pieces of his broken life.
—he learned not

Lines as paths,
with none followed,

They shared silent communion,
both heavy with mortality,
each embraced with love,
the tree by rain, his a wife.
—he remembered not

move on,
to leave the dust.

Mistakenly robed as if officiant,
underfoot the crumbs of his saviour,
the sacrifice not his to make,
only the intoxicating wine did he savor.
—yet she carried his cross

Life experiences,
in each single crack,

Casting herself back to the falls,
with hopes of the promise,
once thought a porcelain doll,
only to be the dust that was left.
—she is gone

go without notice,
upon casual glance.

He—before her now head bowed,
in selfish prayer, hands crossed.
She—now the mist in the wind,
neglected—not the first ascension of her soul.
—he is alone

Nils Confer