MEDITATION

All my world is dew ... so dear, so fresh, so fleeting ...
In its brief sweet waters
Do I cleanse a darkened soul.

A dewdrop on a swaying grass, that's all ... But so exquisite!
I seek in high bare trails,
One sky-reflecting rose.

Just as a leaf looks toward the fall, I live in simple faith ...
For death is only mist
To veil eternity.

Just as the twisting cherry ... flowers, fades, and falls ...
Thus, too, my lovely life must end,
Another bloom must float away.

But I have known the bittersweet of life's three loveliest of things ...
Of love, of song, of moon-lit night,
And so part silent and content.

And still the winter rain is deepening lichened letters on a grave ...
A tear and a smile lie behind,
I rise to seek God unencumbered.

Brooke Boyce