
Poetry Reading

a reflection I see

i look in the river,
i see a reflection,
 who is that? do I know her?
 she looks scared. depressed.
 i wonder what's wrong.
 she is all alone.
 she wades her hands in the water like I do.
 the ripples distort the view.
 i look harder.
 there she is staring back at me.
 who is she? do I know her?
 i see her tears in her eyes.
 why is she crying?
 what's wrong?
 why is she here alone?
 her eyes are very red and she looks tired.
 has she been crying long?
 how long has she been here?
i want to help her?
what can I do?
she looks up in the sky it is a purplish blue.
when she looks back in the river
i think I know her.
she favors me, do I favor her?
i see her stand up.
i yell to her what's wrong.
 she yells something back, but I can't understand.
i ask again but I hear
 nothing?
 the water ripples hard
 i can't see the
 reflection?

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He lost his way

He lost his way within the night,
Without a guide or guiding light,
The wind did blow with winter's cold,
And darkness was his crippling foe,
But he remained assured in faith,
As if he were already safe,
He looked and there a star appeared,
Where the fog had once obscured,
Behind the bleak and ghostly cloud,
The star did gleam to guide the child,
The light so shined to lift the shade,
And he knew faith had found his way.

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