

## Something New

I heard a sound as something passed,  
Perhaps a memory at long last  
That once again would paint a picture on my mind.

I yearned to hear the quiet bands  
Of laughter from some empty stands,  
Emitted by a crowd of some ethereal kind.

That no one else could hear or see.  
As if someone had come along and set them free.  
A hide and seek with nothing left to find.

And yet I know we need the calming,  
Of a poem's gentle psalming,  
Meant to soothe the harshness of our lives.

Not blown about like dead leaves whirling,  
Without a hope of green returning.  
Not a life that hopes but to survive.

And so, I see an intertwining.  
Streaks of light that touch us, binding  
Earthly living things below to heaven above.

An abstract path of bending, drifting,  
Bringing forth by currents lifting  
All of life, as if rides on pearly wings, a dove.

Tis nothing I could even hope to feign,  
And yet, somehow, I know it will remain:  
The Light, the Life, the laughter, and, of course, the Love.

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