

If This Is the World

A pine tree, its hands raised,
the cloud behind it gone

grey. How the light is softened
by the soft grey hair of the cloud,

how the wind steadily blows,
though in no resolved direction.

Its meandering somehow confirms me,
soothes me the way the night will relieve

this day from its obligations.
As anticipated, the grape leaves

are just beginning to collect rain now,
and when the weight is too much, they

simply turn their wrists, then right themselves
to begin again. I sense no suffering in these

unfinished dreams. Those of the grape leaves,
the uncertain wind, the pine tree locked in praise

every day; not even this room which I've seen
make a prisoner of light, can impose sorrow

upon me while I sit waiting on the
gathering clouds, growing heavy

with a darkness they will offer completely.

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