



Burney Falls (early misty morning – winter 1995)

Quietude

Softly arising, falling gently on the banks of river time;
misty memories of yester-days prescribe visions of the morrow.
And, for awhile, do sense a kaleidoscope of feelings awaken...
 kindling imagination, inspiring reverie.

Slowly, subtle sensations spring from the Heart;
 arising, sustenance is brought to Life.
 Drifting into stillness as by-gones depart;
soon enough, a shift into silence, the present arrives!

Mist upon the brow does becalm;
 now, not a care within to hinder Spirit.
Here, peace resides amidst the ephemeral;
 wholeness abides, and I am not.

Michael D. Stefanou