

WHEN I SAT WITH CREATION

I went to the pond at eight hours past noon:
The cattail was swaying in the light of the moon.
The fireflies were sparkling; a frog began a tune,
And cicadas and crickets soon joined in the croon.

I sat down and ran my hands through the grass;
The pond looked so still and as smooth as glass.
The frog then jumped in with such grace and such class,
That the owls sang praises and so did the bass.

I stirred and made myself comfortable there.
The crickets sang songs, and the fox met the hare.
They talked like old friends and then started to stare
At the moon with its beautiful, friendly glare.

We sat there in silence, just me and my friends.
I thought of the world, where it starts, how it ends.
My thoughts drifted by like clouds in celebration
At eight hours past noon, when I sat with creation.

