

It is...

It is the stillness after a new fallen snow,
Or the last faint rays of evening light
Before the shadows of a summer night fall.
It is a vague emptiness,
A deep, eerie Want.

It is the silence of an empty theatre
Where I am left to ponder the play.
It is the woods on a cloudless autumn day,
Where I stop and listen for
Her name, on the wind.

It is in the crowd of a busy city street,
Where no one pauses to speak a word.
It is in the solitude of the midnight,
When all of the children sleep,
Dreaming of greatness.

It is in the sadness of the verses I write,
Or in the songs that I often sing.
It is the last glow of the candle by my bed,
As its bright yellow flame flickers,
Then dies forever.

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