



enlightment

near Ralph Waldo Emerson's house

a will-o'-the-wisp
that is dimly flickering
through the swamps and woods

of his shadowland;
a wanderer not knowing
where to nor from where

and nevertheless
is going his vagrant life;
the sound of a stone

that someone has dropped
into an ancient well and
which is still falling;

a single leave of grass
bending to the storms of time –
nothing but this: me