

Apparitions

by *Trudy Myrrh Reagan*

JET OF WHITE ON UNEARTHLY BLUE..DELINEATED THOUGHT SOON FADES.

A glimmering:

A void in the mist
– tree – forest – temple gate–
Oh! Gone again!

Fleeting loveliness,
Gone before we quite comprehend it:
The Japanese have a word for it,
aware, ah-war'-e

When
I was young
I could already feel the
sustained sadness of trees.
Their leaves moved on high
in large processions, gravely.
At these I gazed each day,
stealing glimpses while in class.
Towering branches appeared
as leaves fell away
throughout the
autumn.
In their
spirit
I saw
my
own,
mute
but
majestic.

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