

## Apparitions

by Trudy Myrrh Reagan

*JET OF WHITE ON UNEARTHLY BLUE..DELINATED 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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