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Today's Grey December in Ann Arborland

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On gentle paths
the seed moved
currents of
  fine, summer breezes
caught its downy umbrella
and
lifted high
the hope
  of one small flower.

Gordon Proulx

Quiet and calm as the
time before rain,
Your thoughts wandering
  my thoughts the same
Your eyes reflecting
  my eyes
    reflecting
soul to soul
    closeness
We lie
in day's soft
moments when night
  almost comes when
sky becomes
  as gaudy as
nature can be
Then soft I venture
and soft your
reply

  your eyes reflecting
my eye's
  reflection.

Gordon Proulx

TODAY'S GREY DECEMBER IN ANN ARBORLAND

All knowing found.
  An acorn fell upon a mat of grass.
    Its thunk was the sound
of a knife.
A young girl let
without control her vital blood
  fall
upon a mat of grass today.

All knowing found.
The heavens probed for stones
  and this star progressing man
looks back on the earthly ruins
of one infinitely beautiful instant
in the wink of eternity:
  a young woman
(died today)

  We don't know why.

J. Kenneth Rabac