

*Somewhere among the reeds
The weeds and Willow Bend
Shadows and swallows
Waft, wail and wend
O'er river banks
Casting the call
Waves to the water
Rising, they fall
A tree crashes
Thundering splash
Parting the river
With a crackling pash
But among the reeds
And the weeds of the Bend
Life has a beginning
Middle and end
The right bank or left
Depends on direction
Nature changes
With natural selection
What is seen
What is obscure
Depends on patience
In quest of the pure
Among the reeds
And weeds of Willow Bend
Life is plentiful and elusive
Lost in a green blend
Of motion and movement
Oft still and shy
Its vis invisible
To the erring eye
Long before all
Came to be
And long after
Others come to see
There will be secrets
That waft, wail and wend
As long as there are reeds
And weeds at Willow Bend*

Willow Bend

