

Bone Brook

*Stand at the water's edge,
your bare feet amongst silver bladed reeds.
A cold mist breathes over brook,
bright wet stone and streaming horsetail.
Willow, fair portune and harvest moon look on.
You do not own this place, but must belong.
It is quiet; cold water gnaws at your toes.
Beneath the mud are your white bones,
for others to stand upon.*

