



FOG

By Wayne Visser

What was it about the fog
That day
That so enchanted me?

As I tumbled out of my front door
The path before me
Usually clear into the distance
Had disappeared
Swallowed up
In a great white cloud

I waded through the mist
To the bridge across the river
Which flowed out of nothing
Into nowhere
The intrepid ducks and boats
On shrouded journeys
Into the unknown
Perhaps to the very edge
Of the world

I walked through the park
Fascinated
As murky phantasms emerged
And melted into thick air
Like wraiths in the netherworld
Gliding between lost and found
Hovering around murky lampposts
Searching for signs
To uncertainty

And as I walked through the wispy veil
Trees rose up to greet me
Reaching out with dripping fingers
Enfolding me





In the damp blanket of myopia
Tucking me in
With whispers of letting go
And trusting the unseen

That whole day
The fog lingered
Blotting out the glaring sun
Opening an invisible portal
Into the realm of shades
Where beauty drifts
In rainbows of grey
And wisdom beckons
At the blurry fringes
Of consciousness

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