



## Possibility

By Wayne Visser

Could it be  
'Reality'  
Is not a lot of what  
There is to see?

Is it true  
That there's a clue  
In rings and wings and things  
Out of the blue?

What if skies  
Before our eyes  
Are bright with flight of light  
That never dies?

What if trees  
Sway in the breeze  
And swoon and croon in tune  
With hidden seas?

Is it true  
That me and you  
Each swirl and twirl and curl  
With subtle hue?

Could it be  
Eternity  
Is not the plot of what  
We choose to see?

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