



## STILL POND

By Wayne Visser

There is a secret place on Hampstead Heath  
Where ancient trees surround a pond of peace  
Where ducks and moorhens strut and preen  
Where a silent heron stands guard, unseen

The seasons lap like tides upon the trees  
Budding and blooming and scattering leaves  
While the pond breathes its living ebb and flow  
From winter's frost-glass to summer's fire-glow

I visit there to find my resting place  
A calm eye amidst life's swirling pace  
I visit there to renew my earthly bond  
To find myself, reflected, in the still pond.

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