



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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