



## 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 gloomy 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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