



FORTY FOUR

By Wayne Visser

I rise to greet the day on condor wings
Half asleep and half awake
Amidst the fluttering veil
Of Amazonian dreams

I turn to gaze across the landscape past
Part hidden and part revealed
Beneath the carpeted green
Of expeditions trod

I see the cairn where stones of love were placed
Some jagged and some smooth
Upon the meandering trail
Of intertwining fates

I hear the echoed tale of lost and found
With strangers and with new friends
Upon the unexpected flight
Of misadventures led

I feel the shadow of missed paths and tasks
Not taken and not fulfilled
Among the refracted maze
Of industrious grind

I touch the shape of memories crafted
On islands and on mountains
Within the squares of power
And sun spirals of art

I turn to gaze at the stretched horizon
Part misty and part defined
Beyond the boundaries mapped
Of predetermined ends





I rise to greet the year on thermal winds
Half afraid and half inspired
Above the flickering flames
Of unquenchable hope

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