

The Reflecting Pool

BY AJ DAVIES

There is a pool deep within the forest
At the edge of our dreams with a trail
That many venture down
With various dispositions
There are those with eyes for the horizon
Yet leaves and branches are all they see
Roots to catch their feet
And dirt to kiss their lips when they fall
Their faces turn up with anguish and despair
Not realizing the pool was below their stare
There are those with eyes for mirrors
Always looking behind to where they have come
Never seeing the slapping branches nor
The strangling vines
Turning themselves in circles for fear of the path and
A pool with nothing but an unfamiliar face and a blank sky
There are those with eyes for the journey
Embracing every new flower as a gift
Savoring each moment as if it were a last meal
Losing themselves in the path because
They will find the pool when they do
The pool will always be there
And we won't