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A Quiet Congregation

John Grey

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A Quiet Congregation

by John Grey

The lake draws me as it does the wildlife.
Hunger? Thirst?
There are other names,
but they amount to the same.

Still and noiseless, only my breath resonates,
in and out, air with virtually no connection
to the built-up world beyond.

No other people. No conversation.
Animals easily fill the breach.
Waters lap against the heron's thin but sturdy legs.
Egrets patrol the shallows.
Deer nibble the shore's lush green.

It is always early enough or late enough
or dark enough or light enough
for something to be here.
They are each bound by thirst.
They come in confident bunches.
Or creep silently out of the surrounding forest.

I wallow in vigil's calm,
harmony of light and place,
where time is purely what
the sun says it is.
Senses elevate the mind,
quietly, unobtrusively,
drop the body.