

the end of winter day may be slowly advancing a barrier.
how do you know what is contained
in a new containment.

the morning is casual with lake birds
clamoring about the subtle face
of nature performing
the answers.
where does this gentle wind
walking in shimmering
ripples
across the lake
come from
to go somewhere else.

i am reminded
reality does not make promises.

there are no individual answers
just ones that are
not isolated.
it is not complicated.

i should not be more abstract
than my morning.

the end of winter day.
wf.h
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