

white water  
black rocks  
thunder of sound  
mist in  
the blossom of  
exotic flowers  
with strange eyes  
peering out  
between the  
moist deep green  
leaves of sheltered being  
and the foaming mouth  
of whirlpools  
at the bottom...  
the soul  
can rise  
or drown  
but there is  
no direction  
in the immutable  
light that is the bath  
of wonder  
just before night  
subdues.

there is no direction.  
wf.h.  
2018