A Measure of Mist

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Our secret world of wonder lies
In a crevice of the bold cement
That melts one measured moment to the next.

This is the world in which we met.
And on each return, we meet there yet.

Together, there, we run
Through a mellow, cotton mist,
And listen to the smooth of things,
And joy in touching quiet things.

And much we, there, behold of rich,
And color pitched to touch the sense.
And in the air it smells of deep.
And rest is there, but never sleep.

And often there's a nothing space,
That beckons to become a form.
An open place, where we may mold
A something from the feel of warm.

This is the world in which we met.
And on each return, we meet there yet.

And simply visit with a sigh.
Simply glad of you and I.

MARGO GRAHN