

Settling between dead time
stillness in the air
accumulates and condenses
in a whisper

Echoing true
beyond the limitations
of mortal men
and empty horizons

Reverberating in the secret
places of the mind
and catching
just below the threshold of solitude

Longing to reach out
and touch something
purer than the breaking
of morning sunlight

Finding faith in unsought
corners of the heart
and unity in
loneliness

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