

Ode to Falling Water

Hidden in a world of green
Lying spread out on the ground
Water rushing
Oh how serene

Undisturbed, horizontal pure lines
Panels of amber glass
Ancient stone shrouded in vines
Light pouring in, in mass

A man of great thought
A mind never ending

The fame never sought
The love never ending

To create a world of his own
Never knowing the cost
A lover never to have grown
So much had to be lost

A world known style
A legacy resolute
Beauty that would beguile
A greatness astute.

—*Devon Lyle Hardwick*