

My deepest nature is

My deepest nature is like
Rain
Sometimes cool and refreshing
At other times drowning my feelings
In sadness and sorrow

My deepest nature is like
A summer's day in June
Full of hope for the beauty
Of a rose

My deepest nature is like
A stormy winter's day
Fearful of what winter may bring
Cold and dark yet
Full of hope for the beauty
Of glissading snowflakes

My deepest nature is
Waking up with a jolt
Who am I to tell you what
My deepest nature is.

I wouldn't know what
My deepest nature is
If I met it
On a rainy day.

Watching

Waking up at three in the morning
Not tired any more - yet the day
Is still several long and fearful hours away.

I get up. Go to the window.
And pull the curtains
Watching the Street

All houses in the dark
Envious of everybody sleeping
Unlike me. Are they dreaming?
Gaining refreshment from a deep sleep?
Unlike me. Just watching the street.

Recent rain has painted the road
A miserable shade of grey
Reflecting my mid-night feelings.

And then: A flash of red!
Slowly moving towards my house
A Fox. Bushy tail trailing
He stops. Alert eyes looking up at me.

Proud self-assured he's watching me.
Our eyes lock
Watching each other
Who will look away first?

He does. Generously letting me win!
Then slowly he turns away
Majestically continuing his walk
King of the road.
Watching him - I smile. Content
And go to bed - to sleep
Dreaming of his beauty.
No longer watching