

Faerie Garden

by Victoria VanProoyen

Some evenings
the soul sees a mountain face
listening to gardens breathe

Moonlight tendrils snake
across the black abyss

Green spirits rain quietly
on stones blue with winter
pure and verdant

The shade is thick with song
wandering to any ear

Our moss covered paths
will never rest

Ancient trunks
secretly withered
water murmurs sacred breaths
winding up roots again

Two lonely souls
watch for a vivid dawn

