

Calla

Skepticism

At the gate
Calmly I wait
Mild wind of the evening
May not be cold
Alive I feel
That I may not be
Slowly time passes

A touch of eternity
Like the moment
I first met You

Narrow path
Old grey bridge
Water as still as silence
Inviting
It is not yet time

By the path
Calla lilies
Pale in the night
Colorless in starlight

As long as it takes
I am prepared for this

At dawn You arrive
Together we cross the grey bridge
And enter the valley
Of calla lilies