



On Bethel Pond

Thoreau self discovered by his Walden
Fonda and Hepburn joy aged their Golden
For each their living ever beholden
To the beauty of a Pond

And with me as I silently gaze
At reflections of life and a living way
And trees gently breezed coaxed wave
At beauty on my Bethel Pond

Ducks inline gliding turtles sunning
Kingfisher raucous calling
Drops of rain add ripples running
On the beauty of Bethel Pond

Come rest with me enrich our time
Imbibe a glass of elderberry wine
Gather our living peace sublime
Baptized in beauty of Bethel Pond

Forever rest is our fate some day
The reaper never held at bay
And then dear friend, our souls will play
In the beauty of Bethel Pond

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond, December 5, 2021