



Overnight Lace

Gentle April rain showered the night
My slumber blanketed the tranquil arrival
Discovery came with damp fragrant mist of morning
And a dark wetness on the back sidewalk.

Overnight borders of grandchildren heard it
Their morning awakening child chattered their night
Yet they failed to witness or appreciate the beauty
Of overnight Maple tree lace the shower begot.

Like pups emerging from the pond
They shake off the wetness of jejeune
Then pounce on new adventure to excite
Eagerly lapping their bowl of youth.

Sipping the cask of aging slows the hurry
Birthing sweet time while limiting duration
Increasing the consumption of subtle beauty
I shall drink heartily until joy filled inebriation.

Don Adams
Bethel Pond April, 2019