

The Silent Woods

(1) The silent woods, deep and dark. Towers quiet, still as the falling snow.
Holding secrets that no ear has heard, and whispers that no lips have spoke.
Shadows lurk beyond its blurring trunks, fading into murkiness and gloom.
Shadows none will ever see.

(2) Naked branches towards the heavens reach, robbed of their glorious robes.
Catching the snowflakes as they fall, from grey heavens, hanging low.
Tangled roots dig deep and strong, into the frozen ground.
Long have they stood and burrowed thus.

(3) Sheltered beneath these ancient boughs, under careful watch of ancient eye,
A wolf pack lopes, hungry, forgotten. Panting in the cold, damp air.
Leaving tracks that will be lost, when the noiseless snow has fallen,
Keeping secrets safely hidden.

(4) A stag its mighty rack up wields, smelling, listening to the silence.
Frozen like a fixture of the forest, moments later soundless dashing off.
A deepening shroud of stillness has been cast, over this silent woods and all therein.
Broken only by the lonely call of crows, black and haunting in the trees.

(5) This forest is old, left behind by time. Left in the wake of disappearing worlds.
Passing memories to the passing creatures, that linger timeless there a time,
But vanish also as ghosts before the dawn.
Thus these trees will stand age after age. Awaiting the day all spells on earth are broken,
And, in turn, all hidden things made clear.

(6) Until then let the silent woods keep silent, and let it keep its secrets to itself.
Let it keep them deep within its darkness. Hidden deep beneath its ancient roots.
Buried, driven further and still further, into the earth, the soil, the rock
There to stay until time is undone.

By Miriam L. King

Bridges

When you look at me
I feel something
deep inside.
It's too unclear to understand
almost too brief to recognize.
But with a simple touch
something passes
between us.
Is it coming or going
or both...
We may step apart
but it's still there.
Do you feel it...
that connection.
It lasts
as long as there's two sides
two directions
like a bridge.
It happens with everyone I know
everyone I meet.
We all have something to share
something to give to
and get from one another.
The lives we made for ourselves
we didn't make alone.
And the lives that others live
are linked to ours.
Look around
there's all these bridges.
Going somewhere
going nowhere
going on
and on
and on.

By Miriam Lanora King

Ordinary Love

HER~

Flowers
Fading in a vase on the table.
They're from a month ago
When you brought them home
For me
One day, out of the blue
Just to let me know
How much you loved me.

But I don't need flowers
You know that
Because there are so many
Little things
That cause me to fall in love
With you
Over and over again.

There's that smile
And the way you laugh,
There's the jokes you tell
That don't always make sense
But cause me to laugh all the same.
There's your habit of whistling
Or humming off key,
And how you gently reach out
To put you hand
On top of mine.

So for me,
Flowers are extra
Like an exclamation point
At the end of a sentence
Emphasizing everything
You already do.
That's why they're still there
On the table
And why they're still
So beautiful.

HIM~

A photo
Of you and I
In a special frame
Placed carefully
Where I can always see it
While I work
To remind me why I work.
It was a gift from you
And it's much more
Than just a photo.

In it you look so beautiful
With your hair blowing
Wild in the wind
Frozen by the camera lens,
Your hand
Grasping mine so tightly
Like you never
Want to let go.
And I can't get over
How lucky I am.

You don't realize
How important you are
To me.
You're just who you are
You don't think about it
And you don't even try.
There's no glamor
Or show
Just you
Plain and simple
Striking beyond words.

When I come home
And smell supper cooking,
I wish every guy
Could have what I have.
That's why I'll always keep the photo
To remember what it is I have
Someone who's nature
Shines out from inside
Brightens my world
And inspires me.

By Miriam Lanora King