

Nancy Genn

Meditating between East and West

Thoughts trickle onto the paper;

Their adventure slides

Balanced on the thread of a chance

That celebrates every reflection and nuance

Until the parenthesis closes.

The liquid gets soiled,

Polluted with words

We all know,

That nobody really understands.

Drops of water play

The symphony of color

That embraces with light

Each spirit contemplating them.