

WATCHING

Watching this November sky
Turn itself to marble white,
And the chilling wind
Play among the fallen leaves,
To turn this dull day
Into a dance, and, as if to say
Goodbye to the fickle summer,
I follow the lead of the happy leaves
And feel safe to let go of time
And to sail with the gusts of wind
Into what this next fall day of waiting
Will bring.

- Brother Augustine

A CLEAR EVENING

On a clear evening, in early winter,
The warm sun, with its brilliant
Reflection upon the first snows,
Has set,—and left
An orange-red glow
Above the stilled trees,
As if to speak of what has passed,
And more,—to hold our hearts
In waiting for what is still to come.

- Brother Augustine

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