

John Gracen Brown

From "The Search"

After the Storm

The silence
has come •••
and the birds
drift
within
the sky.

Perfect Song

The breath
of nature
is the wind-and
to me
it sings
its perfect song .

The Moonlight

The moonlight
dips
into
the stream.

The wind

The wind
is high
The Wind
in the trees •••
and it blows
on and on and on-into
the day.

From "Passages in the Wind"

I Dance Alone

I dance alone
before the silent
silver moon.

From "The Search"

In the Forest

In the Forest
The moisture
hangs t hick
within

the green forest •••
and t he birds
sing.

from “A Sojourn of the Spirit”

Reflections in the Canal

The quiet canal
Reflects the trees
Like a mirror glass.