

FOG

Ian Forsyth

Her dark mist
Meets my clenched fist
 Nature's breath grazes along the hillside

One step taken
One fear forsaken
 Morning's warmth turns, I stay, I abide

Through brush
I forward rush
 Grey blankets cover and cloud my aim

Passing barb
Snares my garb
 Torn ribbed-sweater shows where I came

Light breaking
My nape awaking
 Streaks of ash open their unclear identity

The outlines
of greenish pines
 Continue to repeat their perennity.

And it's gonna be okay.