

Noble, Brilliant, Kind

In memory of Bruce Harrow

October.

A clear drop suspended
from a gold leaf tip,
lit in a sunbeam, it winks.
See how it reflects everything
like a jewel—a tiny world, clarified.
See how gravity pulls it
toward earth.
We know how this ends.
Yet white clouds drift above,
shift to reveal a blue
that was always there.

November.

Scent of fallen leaves,
memory of being held in the palm
of a presence
so pure it slowed time.
In the cold night our breath blooms.
Frost moon, only briefly eclipsed,
an irrevocable light.