

Sonnet Scroll

Was This a Silly Thing To Do? **By David Landon**

Sometimes, it seems, the world lacks mystery,
and yet, today, I'm out here in the rain,
and walking in November in the woods
under the ragged leaves, and all at once,
as if compelled, I stop and look, and there—
ten feet away, across a brook, intent,
as if she'd never seen my like before—
a deer is wondering just what I am.
Now here we are, the two of us, my spine
aligning with her nose. We're dripping wet,
and wondering what this is all about,
when I, impulsively, lift up my arms,
palms out, as if to celebrate our world.
She doesn't flinch. We listen to the brook.