

Vanishing Act

for Terry

Despite the punishing
Ache and pain of the age
I put one foot in front
Of the other and traverse
Miles of empty streets
Until houses and home
Comes to an end.

And sheltered by
Hundred year-old trees,
I'm staring across
The nighttime magic
Of a travelling inlet where
Songlines are floating
On air—*I see the wind...*
I see the trees...

And lost in the moment,
Sailing out to mirrored
Waters... *Everything*
is clear in my heart.

Joe L,
2021

Note: This poem found its way to me during the Covid-19 lockdown, at a little waterfront park hiding at the foot of Nanaimo Street in East Vancouver. The lines in italics are from the John Lennon composition titled "Oh My Love."