

On the Banks of the Huron

*A late autumn snow finds me
Alone atop a fallen limb
Searching for peace and serenity
On the banks of the Huron again*

*As fall surrenders her glory
Each nods before sinking from sight
Deceived by the rushing current
Now trapped in a world void of light*

*My soul stares back from the cold grey flow
And prompts me to ponder the leaves
Such is the contrast of metaphor
And parables warning of ease*

*The Huron pays me little mind
Neither my presence nor my prayer
Caught up in being a river
It seems the world's not meant to care*

Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them;

Deuteronomy 11:16