

## Echo

Tiny caterpillars escaping from the web  
Of their cocoon to freedom  
Hurriedly engaging in their activity on the bark  
Sunbeams directed through the woods like a halo  
Dogs barking in the distance  
Their echo heard suddenly  
Berries ripe for the taking  
As the branches limp from their weight  
Through the years trees growing  
Between the cracks of the pavement  
The parking lot is weed trodden already  
As those who came here wept for their loved ones  
A sanitarium for tuberculosis  
Where in the past there had been no cure  
No escape route here for them in those days  
But still devastated tears from long ago

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