

Walking a Shrouded Shore, by Thom Singleton

Today the Great Lake is small,
A mere pond for all that one can see,
Its vastness shrunken by a veil of mist
Just offshore.

Interesting stuff, fog:
Water wanting to become air,
And ending-up neither.
But, before one's eyes,
Changing all it envelops.
Shape-shifting illusions
In a whisper of wind.

Boot tracks in the sand.
Is that a man up ahead?
No...a ghostly tree.
Is that land offshore?
No...a swirling island of vapor.
What is that floating in the murk?
A lone gull marks where, in this hazy world,
The fog ends and the water begins.

Even fiery old Solius is shrouded today,
Cloaked in a sodden grey robe.
We know his flames will prevail in the end.
Though now, before air becomes just air again,
His misty sister rules the shore.

