

A Poem by Jane Vella – 1990s

The Dance

Of the water
Rhymes with
The rhythm of my blood.

The blinding glow
Of sunlight on the lake
Reflects the
Numescence of my heart.

The quest whisper
Of water on the shore
Echoes
The silence inside me.

My bliss station!

This treed, skied, sunned lake
Where I drift in a bright blue kayak.

Every drop of water
Every lap of every wave
Every beam of sunlight
Every grateful thought of mine!

Transparent of transcendence.