

Night Communion

M. F. Charles

I stroll a corridor, a moonlit path of soft grey earth,
Through a meadow of grass, swollen heads
with dewy eyes nodding in the dim.

Move softly, match the path.
Share for an instant with a fox
rustling through the brittle brush.

Mark the leaves of an aspen, clattering softly
like hands of unseen Fae, perched in their branches
approving my sojourn.

Dodging, lurching side to side,
a careening long eared rabbit flees,
as a silent haunt glides across the moon.

A hunt signaling screech, attests to the pursuit.
An imminent, fatal conjunction unfolds,
lost now in the distant shadows.

Nearby, a cathedral of trees, its deacon discerned, glistening eyes,
dark nose on moon creamed muzzle, below an antlered crown.
A chuff in the cool air, a muted scuff, an echo of my own.

Furtively observing, perhaps mirroring my meditation,
free from the confusing cacophony sustained in sunlight.
Each a small agent of action, a prisoner to the forest of events.