

Sonnet Scroll

There's Mystery

By David MacRae Landon

Sometimes, it seems, the world lacks mystery,
and yet, today, I'm out here in the rain,
and walking in November in the woods
under the ragged leaves, and all at once,
as if compelled, I stop and look, and there—
ten feet away across a brook, stock-still,
as if she'd never seen my like before—
a deer is wondering just what I am.
Now here we are, the two of us, my spine
aligning with her nose. We're dripping wet,
and not quite sure what this is all about,
Impulsively, I open wide my arms
in celebration of what's happening.
She doesn't flinch. We listen to the brook.