

## Awaiting

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The lone man paced about  
Within the cryptic chamber  
In the light of stars and moon cast  
Through windows on the floor

"If this is a place of the soul" he said  
"Then I would say that  
The night is very dark  
And very, very silent,  
Even for the moonlight  
And the singing of the stars."

All through the moonlit night  
He wandered  
Awaiting what was there  
No specters danced alight on moonbeams  
Just shadows on the March breeze air  
In the dawn he paused to scribble  
A message left upon the stair

"Imperfect lines, forgotten rhymes  
Unbalanced composed

Upon the air  
Frozen words symbols etched  
In haste upon the tablet  
Crystal words opaque  
Meanings absurd  
Clues pointing somewhere fair...

“Perhaps one day—  
an ancient universal line  
I know—  
I shall return to find them  
And complete their meaning  
Then and there.

“For in this night  
The time has passed  
And I have gone on  
And do I not know where?”

(Inspired by Walter De La Mare, *The Listeners*, and an evening at Allerton Park)