

*Barbara Loots / Vol. 14.1 / Winter-Spring 2024*

**1st of August**

A silver morning. Misty ghosts arise  
out of the lake and lift into the sky's

blue sanctuary where they meet again  
to conjure their conspiracy of rain.

Among the lily pads, the shrouded sun  
floats like the fallen pearl of last night's moon

and silhouetted lines of geese have come  
like black ships laded in Byzantium,

returning by the compass of the night  
to home, this island where I watch and wait.