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.