

Heavenly Objects

The moon is beyond our reach
The sun even further
The stars, light years distant
The sky limitless, unbounded
even to the imagination.

Instead of gazing
At these far distant objects
Look down: you will find
Flowers crushed under your feet.

Endless

The waves of the lake reach
The bank and die beside it.
So high the trees are to reach the sky;
Aimlessly I walk along a path
Which seems endless.
I doubt the way is right but I
continue onward, -- doubt
will only raise fresh fears.
So, with hope I pursue
The way, 'till it ends
or ends me!