

Ann Bindley-Beickelman

CRYSTAL LAKE BALL

Nothing but
four reflections
on the water
in the moonless
light appeared
to be dancing
like spirits
attending a
masquerade ball.
I could hear
them waltz
the last dance
as the sun
rose and they
began to vanish
but in that
final second of
enchantment
they opened
their arms to
summon me,
welcome me
to join them.
Ah... but
before I could
they melted
away with
that first
ray...