

# The Reflecting Pool

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There is a pool deep within the forest  
At the edge of our dreams with a trail  
That many venture down  
With various dispositions  
There are those with eyes for the horizon  
Yet leaves and branches are all they see  
Roots to catch their feet  
And dirt to kiss their lips when they fall  
Their faces turn up with anguish and despair  
Not realizing the pool was below their stare  
There are those with eyes for mirrors  
Always looking behind to where they have come  
Never seeing the slapping branches nor  
The strangling vines  
Turning themselves in circles for fear of the path and  
A pool with nothing but an unfamiliar face and a blank sky  
There are those with eyes for the journey  
Embracing every new flower as a gift  
Savoring each moment as if it were a last meal  
Losing themselves in the path because  
They will find the pool when they do  
The pool will always be there  
And we won't