

A Question of Beauty

Is there any beauty in a pair of lines?
A bench obscured
A shadow thrown
Scattered leaves
And pollen flown
Is there any beauty in a pair of lines?
Rusted trellises holding ivy twines
A flash illumine of a firefly
Spider legs that
Demarcate the sky
Is there any beauty in a pair of lines?
From where I sit
With a dimming gaze
They provide a grid
To secure my world