Something Lost

There was a place

A little while away

Where I used to sit

And ponder the grave topics

Which pervaded my mind,

Namely where the brook led to

And if the frogs were friends.

A smooth alcove in the bank,

Adorned by ferns

And a rippling swirl of light and shadow,

Was my perch

As I surveyed my homestead

And those who shared it.

I returned there just now,

When the trees stooped lower

And I stood taller

Than before,

To find the hollow I had haunted

And the shrunken pool at its feet.

The seat muddied my clothes,

The branches clawed at my face

And I noticed at my feet

A strange swirl of rainbow waters –

An oily film coating the moat.

Perhaps before

I might not have recognised its malice,

Yet now it sickened me,

And I stole away.