

Reflections
by Gerry Biram

In quiet solitude I sit
Beside a clear, cool mountain lake.
I gaze upon reflections there
That yonder lofty peaks to make.

I toss a rock into the pool
And watch the ripples circle out.
They undulate those mirrored peaks
And move still water all about.

What mighty force that little rock
Exerts within my mountain pond.
The ripples wash from shore to shore
And lap at base of bush and frond.

And as I sit I reflect how
Our deeds like rocks tossed in a lake
Make ripples on the pools of life.
And on time's shore their impact make.