

The Little Hut Across The River

I pass a little hut across the river on my morning walks,
Always itself and defiant, it is cast across the sky in an iconic silhouette,
The river gives it an aura of eternity.

Seasons change and the little hut's moods change:
Spring's exuberance, summer's lustiness, fall's abandon,
And winter's meditateness .

I have never seen any human beings in it,
But it is more human than anything I know,
Image of serenity and sanity in the tumultuous world.

One day after a vacation I went for the morning walk
But did not see the little hut,
I was startled, stunned, and plunged into gloom.

I was told that the hut was raised to ground,
To make way for a new shopping center,
Hut's entrails lay strewn on the scene.

My sorrow was only understood by the river:
It went on and on,
And I am trying to do the same.

Suffern, New York, 12.21.10