

ENCOUNTER

by Oscar Treadwell

He rested on a mound at the foot of a cypress.
Light filtered through the leaves
Glistening on the cicadas' wings
And the mossy bark.
Though his hosts proffered a bed and a room
He chose to be alone in the garden
Listening to the sound of the wind
And searching the stars in the firmament.
In the morning He stirred.
His cloak was damp with dew
And He touched the softened lichen
And savored the odor of the cool breeze.
He sipped from a cup of wine His hosts had brought
And smiled for so much thoughtfulness
He did not thank them, nor delay
The Man from Galilee walked away.