

## **The Fringe**

In the shading of a bower  
I am perched and incidental  
Wearied by the sentimental  
Feeling settled on the fringe

The countryside is lush  
But insufficient to averting  
Me from truth so disconcerting  
Of the withering below

And chuckles from the brook  
Leave me cold and agitated  
That I sit so desiccated  
In the meadow's afterglow

At times I wish  
That I had never  
Left my bungalow

The willow branches sway  
Like the folds between a garment  
There's a beckoning incarnate  
Simply reach and touch the fringe