

The Fire Pit

It is not much
But it could be everything
A circle of rocks
On a patch of gravel
Dug from the side of the hill
Flat enough for plastic chairs to sit straight
Table between holds the wine
While we read
And glance toward the
Still frozen lake
Anticipating ice off within the week
The sun warms the face and arms
And judging by the sky will do so for an hour yet
There are clouds
Intermittent
The rocks contain a partial log
Smoking gently
Not smoldering
There is no emotion there
Even in its simplicity
And if this was all there was
It might be enough
To know
And feel
This steady love