

BOY DIVING THROUGH MOSS

A boy with joy and fear inside
stood on the plank
above the pond.
He sensed the cold, dark water
underneath,
and, daring,
was aware of that
which he must do.
He dived and fell
and felt the wetted cold.
He felt the mosses part
and give his plunging body
to the depths.
And on the edge of there
he bent his back
and forced the arced re-entry up,
and, shattering the surface,
took the first moist breath of air
and felt the new pure light
about his head.

Oh, sweetest grin!
To know the leap from life
through death
and into life again.

Dennis Smith