

A Tranquil Place  
James G. Piatt

There is a tranquil place  
in the forest where a hushed  
stillness resides under huge  
redwood trees, fallen logs,  
and piles of yellow leaves.

A place where colorful  
flowers dwell in vales  
beneath verdant mountains.

A place where softly flowing  
brooks glide lazily  
through meadows painted  
with wildflowers wafting  
perfumed fragrances into the air.

A place where downey birds  
in their feathery suits sing  
their beautiful arias  
in the early dawn  
as the sun's rays stray  
down the side of mountains,  
over oak and pine trees  
and down into fields  
where dew dissolves  
into the soft loam.

A place where one can walk  
in the balmy breeze of the soft  
warmth of summer days  
to find silence and solace.