

Zarai's Poem - The Shimmerglass Leytap

(25th of Secondmoon, 178.1.3)

Traveler's footsteps and birds' wings  
    wagon wheels and turning things -  
    tent flaps, fires crack, whistling.  
Tent poles creaking, pots and pans  
    voices murmur, clapping hands -  
    waves lap, winds slack, shifting sand.  
Laughter, chatter, sobbing all  
    hippos bellow, zebras call -  
    voices sing, chimes ring, fishers haul.  
Thunderclaps and lightning ground  
    crooning lanterns, crackling shroud  
    humming, thrumming with magic bound —  
Can you hear their every sound?