

“The Weather Has Changed”

She glides across the silver bridge at night.

The lake is calm; the trees make little sound.

The sky is clear; the moon is full and white.

Yet nature in her thoughts cannot be found.

She dwells on matters darker than the sky.

She thinks of power, riches she might own,

Of people who for her would gladly die.

And though her name throughout the land is known,

And though her wealth exceeds that of others.

She contemplates not on what she thus owns.

Tis' clear her mind is not her own mother's!

She makes up her mind and soon the wind groans.

The weather has changed; the calmness has died

For sadly she has chosen the Dark Side.

~Esther S

Vacaville Public Library Town Square