

AT SEVAN

By Michael E. Stone

White fluffy cotton balls,
Carrying the poplar's seed,
Gather in cracks and crevices
Along the lake's front.

The Island, they called it, in Sevan,
But bound to the shore now,
A hill, the churches on the top,
Pop-up book cut-outs.

Across, above the lake's low green shoreline,
Snow in the mountains' folds,
Mountains' cotton ball seeds.

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