**The Lake of Glass**

The valley lies in quiet surrender

Reflections as dawn draws up the mist

The pale grey light

The moist black leaves

On birch and sycamore trees

Silver mist

Subtle and soft

Ephemeral as the night just passed

The fragile shell of stillness

Is broken by birdsong

Blackbird breaking

As if tapping from the inside of the egg shell

This sanctuary of stillness is cracked

It shatters over the silence

Sends ripples out

Over the silver lake

Reflection now distorted

The mist begins to rise

Revealing the bridal beauty of Brigit

A fine blade of light

Sharply wrought

By the smithy of the sun

Pierces the black leaves

Sets a single ray upon the surface of the water

Its dazzling reflection

Offered up by the hand of the lady

Confidently casting off the illusion

Piercing the vale

Piercing the veil