

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Barking*

WHEN walking, quiet, among the trees,  
I pause as I remark  
A quirk that's always quick to please —  
A face among the bark.

Wise Nature's patterns often trace,  
Delighting passers-by,  
The timeless contours of a face:  
I'm moved to wonder why.

The gnarls, the knots, the light, the shade,  
Form features with the bark.  
They put a countenance in place  
That's subtle or else stark.

A sombre eye, a rugged chin,  
A nose of regal mien;  
A mouth that speaks a knowing grin —  
I wonder what it's seen.

And when I find another face,  
I know life can't be bad.  
I make a note and mark the place:  
Perhaps I'm barking mad.

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