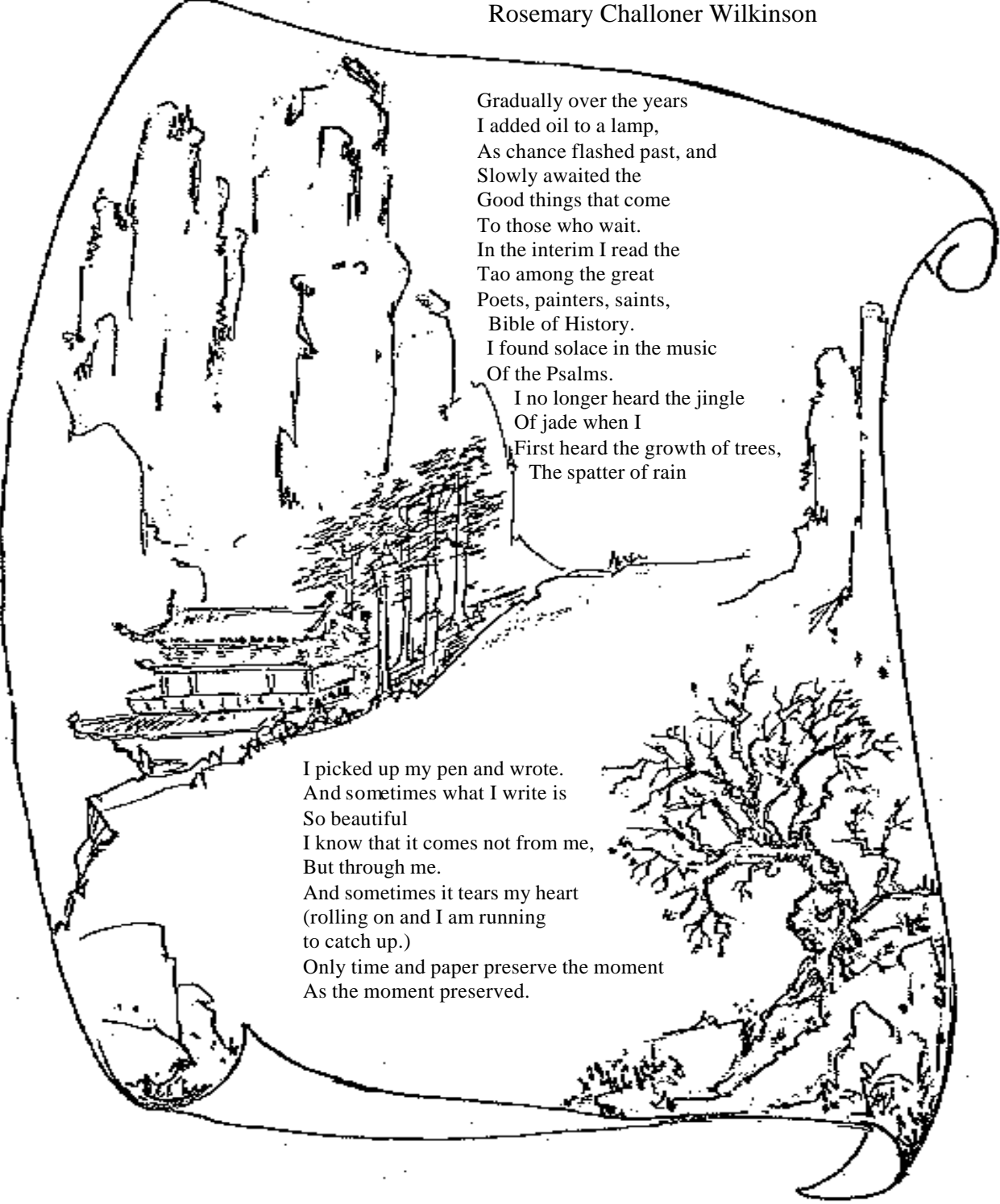


Parchment Preservation

Rosemary Challoner Wilkinson



Gradually over the years
I added oil to a lamp,
As chance flashed past, and
Slowly awaited the
Good things that come
To those who wait.
In the interim I read the
Tao among the great
Poets, painters, saints,
Bible of History.
I found solace in the music
Of the Psalms.
I no longer heard the jingle
Of jade when I
First heard the growth of trees,
The spatter of rain

I picked up my pen and wrote.
And sometimes what I write is
So beautiful
I know that it comes not from me,
But through me.
And sometimes it tears my heart
(rolling on and I am running
to catch up.)
Only time and paper preserve the moment
As the moment preserved.