

Delicate green Ginkgo leaves
become rich gold - Alchemy
of autumn.

— Carl

Dedicated to Patricia

November 30, 1965

Upon the summit of the hill
A Torii stood; a little gate
Of sacred ground; and as I
Wandered through a little way
I paused and found -
No temple steps, no lantern
And no shrine
Only divinity, The solitary presence
Of a pine, facing the sea. (over)
Author unknown to me.

I've known this little verse many
years but I don't recall if the
author was even named in the
publication in which I found
it.

SSS.