

The Sound of Compassion
by Jeffrey Patrick Bennett

but my Ears!

I hear the water!
I hear the divots in the water
made by the silver fish

wept by the falling moon.

I weep in the sound of the river, and yet,
I do not drown.

There is only water,
and the mountain's reflection,
with the trees

that point toward heaven with one hand
while they grab hold
by the other.

(bio) Jeffrey Patrick Bennett will tell you that he has always been a poet, comparing himself to a seed in its coat. He has devoted himself to this work, having struck his commitment to poetry by an act of providence and a book of Anna Akhmatova's poems. Jeffrey writes to foster the conversation of peace.