

# BEVERLY

by Nicola Schneider

I peer into the murk and see many me's,  
And reflections of trees.  
The trees are upside-down,  
And so is my frown;  
When I look into the swamp,  
I listen with my eyes:  
Water waves with a splash  
And there's just a flash  
As you dash                      away;  
To where the wild things are,  
In the dark, dark wood.  
And I wonder                      *where are you, now?*



*Beverly Swamp*, by artist Lynn A. Macintyre