

## **The Scent of Gray**

by Brandon M. Dennis

On a rainy day by the a stagnant pond,  
I sat on a log looking around,  
but not a living thing I found.

I tried to listen for the sound  
of moving water or a jumping trout,  
on a rainy day by the stagnant pond.

I looked to see if the rocks were crowned  
with anything growing, on or around,  
but not a living thing I found.

I looked for trees, tall or bowed,  
but all was flat and the air was a shroud  
on a rainy day by the stagnant pond.

I sat there searching, at the rising of dawn  
for lilies, leaves, a bird or a frog,  
but not a living thing I found.

The scent of gray was all around  
as I gazed through the mist with my head bowed  
on a rainy day by the stagnant pond,  
but not a living thing I found.