

*Apprentice*

**By Mark Low**

In the melancholy madness  
of streaming moonlight  
I stretch twisted thoughts,  
tangled tufts of hair,  
through splayed fingers  
weaving  
webs of folly & illusion –  
infinite in meaning,  
finite as fog,  
for the morning dew  
to turn to crystal,  
and capture  
the reflection of a wanting fool  
waiting to believe  
in his own magic.



“Apprentice” by Mark Low

*Published by Enceladus Literary LLC*

©2013

*All Rights Reserved to Author*