

## *Gathering*

**By Mark Low**

Tumult sky,  
wishbone & hounds  
bow moon shadows  
what's fallen.  
The Perseids have passed,  
salty spray rests  
on the heavy lids of sailors  
gathered round the fire.

Triumphant stories,  
Tales of big fish  
more striking than seas,  
the Southern Cross –  
fall to quiet drones  
for men motioning at runes,  
poking white hot sticks,  
charcoal smudges on their hands  
and faces,

A twinkle-caught in an eye –

The gods at play.



"Gathering" by Mark Low

*Published by Enceladus Literary LLC*

©2017

*All Rights Reserved to Author*