

## WHAT IT SEEMS

There's frailty in my bones  
that knows no cause but whim;  
my body just decides  
to ache in pain within

There's sickness in the air;  
who know from where, a whim;  
Is this a nasty common cold  
or a laughing foul demon?

Uncertainty stirs about me  
as if life's just a dream;  
beyond my understanding it  
is never what it seems.

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