

CATHERINE'S WORLD

By Katrina Relf

There is so much that I have read in books –

So much that I can only imagine –

Of the world above –

Catherine's world.

I have walked its streets by night

Through rising mists and towers of light,

I have seen its dark beauty,

And I have seen its evil,

Its viciousness.

I have known, and felt, its cruelty,

And wondered at its abandonment of the weak and helpless.

Yet I have also seen the moon,

And stars shining like crystals

In the black velvet of a winter sky.

I have seen the park

Hidden by a blanket of white

As the snow soundlessly covers everything.

I have felt the soft warmth of a summer night,

Holding me in its embrace.

I have felt the rain on my face

And the wind in my hair.

And, in spite of the inhumanity of man,

The world above is beautiful.

How could it not be?

It is Catherine's world.