

A View of Arcadia

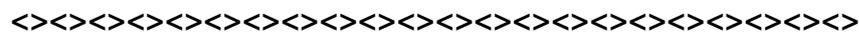
*(Near Breitenberg in the Black Forest,
Germany, September 2010)*

I wandered through the forest all alone,
The trees so thick and tall I could not see
Beyond them, save where spears of sunlight shone
To pierce the interwoven greenery,

And I could revel in my solitude,
At peace here in this realm that God had made;
And in a gently melancholy mood,
I felt no need at all to leave the shade.

But then I came upon an opening
To my right that showed a distant town
Of spires and timber houses far below.

The thought of living there was promising.
“There I can start afresh and settle down
To live as people lived so long ago.”



A Wanderer Gives Thanks

(At the Feierling Biergarten, Freiburg, 13 September 2016)

Another day of hovering heat and sun.
Yet chestnut leaves provide a kindly shade.
And what a boon, this peace that I have made

With life, this calm I never could have won
If not for friends, loves, forebears who have played
Their parts in this!

For all that I have done
Is only ashes in comparison
With every gift they gave the escapade
Some deem this pilgrimage... So here I must
Announce my gratitude as summer dies
And friends are far away, although the light
Foretells some grander end than that grim dust
Adrift in hazy shafts hurled from the skies,
Which hint of endless day beyond the night.



William Ruleman grew up in Memphis but now lives in east Tennessee, where he devotes himself to writing, painting, and (when possible) travel. His poetry has appeared most recently in *The Amethyst Review*, *The Galway Review*, *NatureWriting*, *Nine Muses Poetry*, and *The Prachya Review*. Among his most recent books are the poetry collections *From Rage to Hope* (White Violet Press, 2016), *Salzkammergut Poems*, and *Munich Poems* (the last two both from Cedar Springs Books, also 2016). His website is www.williamruleman.com.

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