



## #84 *The Ghost Writer*



*A fox sat down on a log to write a poem to his friend of oh-so many years. He loved her very much and wished to tell her in words. He also wished with all his heart to use his poem to make her a day that would fill her with joy. With paper and pen in hand, he noticed that the sun shone from behind his shoulder, casting shadows of the leaves of a mulberry tree on the ground in front of him. Above swirled a light breeze in which one could smell sassafras and honeysuckle. Suddenly, words started to appear on his paper. Yes, it was his hand that was writing them, but he felt as if he was not the author. The lines of a beautiful poem just came to his mind and fingers, as if a dear, dear friend of his heart were composing, on his behalf. The poem finished with the lines,*

*“and he who writes these lines my dear  
is so much more than I appear.”*

*He folded the paper in gratitude and signed it.*

*WHO AM I?*