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MORNING STAR come back again,  
This time robins egg columbine certain –  
About the colors in the sky above,  
Fine linen, fragrances, Beethoven love.

Down here on the sacred ground,  
Deer making velvet rounds,  
Edges of the meadow soft –  
Eyeing changing winds aloft.

Tenaciously you work along,  
Pulling weeds humming song –  
As practical as humans get,  
All the while now ready set.

To be both patient and assertive,  
Not an easy path to live –  
Yet just that kind of leadership,  
Gives y/our ev'ry trouble the slip,