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MORNING played on spider webs,  
PEARLS on silver knotted thread,  
EARTH SPIRIT FROM a sparkling sea –  
PURPLE lightning breaking free.

BORN an orchid I would guess,  
By how you listen, look and dress,  
DANCE and decorate your world –  
ROSES climbing columns twirled.

TAKEN to heart the garden's real –  
FLOWERS, TREES and all appeal,  
BIRDS woo with a jazzy tune,  
LOTI tempt the moon.

YOUR gate opens with a word –  
So sing your song sweet hummingbird,  
STIR the forest air for miles,  
Every pathway pine carpeted aisle.