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Ginger snowflakes swirling drifts,  
Switchback mountains walls cliffs –  
Black coffee endless night,  
Back of her mind morning light.

Talks to herself capriciously,  
Personifies responsibility –  
Weaving cloth knotting macramé,  
Eyes on heaven hands in clay.

Grains from fields gleaner gathers,  
Strings of prayer hours that matter –  
Espousing a world they say we can't bring,  
On grounds of the love her narratives ring.

If done in the key of serving others,  
Goodness she's sure we'd soon discover –  
Given workplaces cooperative kind,  
A wholly new system half-way divine.