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That's her writing at the shore,
Waves praying just one more –
Topaz dunes chicory sky,
Wind grass clouds tell why.

Pinecones shells feathered pathways,
Goddess who dreamed up this day –
Narratives shifting choir singing,
Times a changing bells a ringing.

Helping others material gift giving,
Multiplying signs of loving living –
Past a storm of pirouettes,
Sanctuary world in silhouette.

Back at the beach wet your hair,
If only we believed in words so fair –
Prescription calls for something magical,
Dramatic soulful that you make actual.