

Steve



An afternoon grown uncommon dark,
Wind picking up sky crossing spark –
Summer Saturday stillness crumbles,
Swallows gather heavens tumble.

Familiar with a twist of strange,
Aware we need profound change –
One thing certain deeply responsible,
Whatever the challenge totally capable.

Fatherly kind intelligent cool,
Administrator street life school –
Treasured friends transcendent desires,
Atlas sooner than you would tire.

What now wandersman disguised as moth,
So good at never getting lost –
Unless per chance you've something magic,
Our situation turning tragic.