


MORNING fog lone summer beach,
Hard wet sands waves beseech,
Sheltered bay driftwood runes,
Winter memories ivory moon.

Wonder beauty flowers possess,
Was her doing Venus confessed –
Magic how she gets around,
Belonging here signs abound.

Wrapped in histories revolutions,
Roots families evolutions,
Chaotic worlds reliable shadows –
Checking how her garden grows.

Breaking open last days seals,
Creating narratives constructing a real –
Oh goddess now the bailiff calls,
The case for humans to stand or fall.