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Summer sun snowfield moon,
Morning spirit all afternoon –
Non-contradictory logical mind,
Roadside river tangle of time.

World of towers castles moats,
Crone of touches little notes –
Beginningless story can't remember last,
Creating a possible garden path.

Across the room the ceiling crawls,
Navajo rug fresh painted walls,
Comb buttons mother of pearl –
Nothing straight one spiraling curl.

Unafraid of difficult work,
Like hanging lanterns at the fork –
If heart and soul the total deal,
From nothingness something real.