

R\*\*\*\*



EARLY Summer Earthen segue –  
At a CROSSROADS down a pathway,  
Through a wordy wilderness,  
Dappled things and roses bless.

FROM a curl a seashell whirled,  
Care a touch of meaning swirled,  
Beneath the text below the writing –  
Clouds a tint of morning lighting.

GIVEN Mother's RIVER eyes,  
Arms to hush the sufferings' cries,  
Monet painted living walls –  
A voice to answer forest calls.

A garden deep in need right now,  
Of weed and water you know how –  
If you make real this time round,  
Cocoon opening profound.