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Lavender fushia evenings paint,
Out beyond post-modern saint –
For all the world kind brush of sky,
Goodness to tear an angel's eye.

STARS say too a secret lover –
Wholly Earth born human brother,
Holding high court, eyeing a mission,
Dressed to nines, face a vision.

SAVIOR to fishes, flowers, birds –
In flesh and blood in chains of words,
Excavating timelessness,
At the ready with forgiveness.

No need to tell you ships aground,
Egoisms got our meaning confound,
If you rock the boat, we stand a chance –
Turn it way up, you see us dance.