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Ophelia at the edge Jesus in the garden,
Rock for his hands river grant her pardon,
What mind the throw of dice –
Now asks you that price.

One who hears the red woods moan,
Aware the ladybugs homeward flown,
Sensing conditions getting worse –
Capable of breaking narratives curse.

Mountains slip beneath the ocean,
Peonies offer sacred potion,
Humans dream the gardens health –
Peace happiness sharing wealth.

Three parts water one part earth,
Bottomless sorrow miracle of birth,
Spring transforms overnight –
Savior give it all your might.