

A * * * * *



Brought us clover from the fields,
Milkweed pods dreams unsealed –
Opened moments at her breast,
Reminding us our living nest.

Pushing upward through the earth,
Relentless effort mind legs birth –
Delicate roots emerald words,
Twilight dove morning bird.

Thought pulsing through circumstance,
Sculptures paintings flowering plants –
Honeysuckle fragrant gloriously sensual,
Wondrous logic evolving the spiritual.

Let a simple wish come true,
Luck have its way and friendship too –
With you on this distant shore,
Where we once thought we were before.