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Reaching with your fingertips –  
Promises from Mothers lips,  
Lavender skies of growing sound,  
The heartbeat of the Living Ground.

A musical helix spiral of song,  
Touching a place where we belong –  
In whose eyes what matters abides,  
A diamond to put your roots inside.

In a garden of circumstance –  
A silver flute, a breath taking chance,  
Sanctuary incense, morning presence,  
Theory-laden sparrow essence.

Someone flowers mean something to –  
Jazz at the edge of oblivion true,  
In candlelight and thrown back curtains,  
Taking it in a new direction certain.