


Wild horses fields of snow,
Sparkling air moonlight glow,
Expanding the likes of what eyes see –
Reverence in revelry.

Owls hear your music too,
Centerstage something true –
Takes awhile your answers coming,
Distant shadows whispers drumming.

Love story teller you belong,
Enthusiastic string theory song –
Up there in a mountain meadow,
Between campfire and urban ghetto.

Just be honest about the evidence,
Dreams ciphers coincidence,
You can finish what you began –
Hold on to that grain of sand.