



november's mask

not far from Heaven's Shore
sequoia, mountains, deserts, plains
Mother nestles quiet mornings
wooded hillsides secret eglantine

lingering cranes glean the blanched fields
geese can fill the sky calling
deer turn single-minded
night comes early
like everywhere

Humans read the signs
think thoughts, speak lines
depend on One Another
each doing their part

in the microtheatres each a Star
each their individual Pathway, Narratives, Patterns
tapestries woven with threads spun from Choices
Culture is as changeable as any Mind can be