



Wassily Kandinsky / Yellow, Red and Blue !

urgent

cupid

who taught you how to shoot
whose heart aiming at hit mine
quick pray tell what thinking
too poor my gifts, shadows, words
to win the butterfly's Love

too late

struck deep your gold tipped fire
resting arrow works begun
already feathered dream persuades
sky a quivering of stars

what point this inkling of forever

improbable scenario
hold on reason come undone
tiptoe memory send me
believing in a miracle

everyones yearning

lakes rivers aquifers the rain
trees our pruning hooks
Earth's fields their opening
Children someone dry their tears