

Kathy



Handholding through the storm,
Night hours turn early morn –
Watching trusting at our bedside,
None more tears in quiet cried.

Compassion/reverence/possibility,
Caution mixed with fiery energy –
Mountain river yesterdays,
Forgiving/healing/Mother's ways.

Running through a warm spring rain,
Candlelight about as tame –
Begins each day made wholly new,
From her most loving point of view.

Venus recalls oft first to dance,
Saturn ask were given the chance –
What wish/how would you the world appear?
What vision for grandchildren's years?

