

Maya



She the RIVER running tween us,
Tears forgiveness encouragement TRUST –
New mornings rippling moons,
Water lily afternoons.

Compassion joy wonder surprise,
Unexplored feelings robins eyes –
Venus says she knows why,
At death we gasp at birth cry.

In the season buds on trees,
Woods waking to possibilities,
Cherished evenings beloved dawns –
Back from where our dreams had gone.

Likely Justice had a hand in it,
How begun how everything fit –
Saturn asking endlessly,
What direction you give eternity.

