

Rooney



Everyone everywhere still waking,
Days longer, shoots ground breaking –
Buds peeking from their shells,
Soon the inimitable Lily Valley bells.

Greeting each flowering face,
Is it you or is it this place –
Entwined with kindness altruism spun,
And when the World will be as One.

hour by hour, choosing, becoming,
Already fields sweetly humming –
Fresh / Anew / Change in the air,
A butterfly and the wind would be there.

Another thing certain, tears enough,
And Mother Nature doesn't bluff –
Action at a distance, or call it what you will,
You know your magic can fit the bill.

