

Uma



Pastiche of wind and purple clover,
More than a whisper Herstory's not over –
Yours the message songbirds bring,
The rooted, every living breathing thing.

Morning grasses, quivering meadow,
Daybreaking from behind a shadow –
Writing skills, resilient Spirit,
Planetary turning point very near it.

Yourself a gift, a meaning to last,
Kindness now and all the years past –
Predilection for the language of flowers,
A Mind to talk with them for hours.

With Spring, of course, also weeds,
Who can believe the nightly reads –
Oid Mother Earth run a help wanted ad,
For Someone like you / Unafraid and rad.

