

Leslie



A bit of heaven comforts earth,
Valley mist more than golds worth –
Silvered sun softly burns through,
Revealing grasses wet with dew.

Streets echo Eden's pealing,
Waited summer morning feeling –
Watching that the play not end tragic,
More than just a little magic.

Charming / bright / powers of zen,
A mind that needs no diadem –
Assured soul steady clear,
Calling every honesty near.

Unlocking common half-told stories,
Mysteries / worries / secret sorries,
Leading to – if a wish come true –
Stoned soul picnic rendezvous.

