



# Trudy



Quietly wandering late summer wood,  
Mountain meadows whenever could,  
Fields scintillating with fireflies –  
A mother's sister's caring eyes,

Unfolding tapestry down from above,  
Spun of symmetry painstaking love –  
Every moment gathered round,  
From iv'ry tower to edge of town.

Rose waiting in the snow,  
Along the path wisewomen go –  
They'd been asking Mother Earth,  
Key unchain human worth.

Finally morning waking trees,  
Baby bird feathers hard mysteries –  
Your helps needed in practical ways,  
Orchestral nights gardener days.