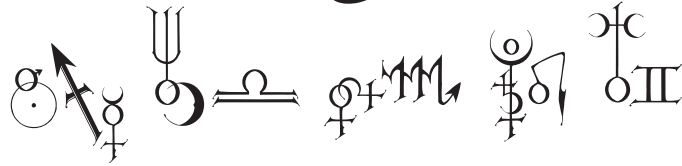


# Benny



You regularly open up the place,  
Cascading joy/no words can trace –  
Every friendship its own special dream,  
Neither Space nor Time come between.

Gifts of honesty, conjuring laughter,  
Lighting up hopes of forever afters –  
Offering veins of lightning truth,  
Trust in One Another, the voting booth.

With the end of Self-as-Separate drawing near,  
The Patriarchy seems bent on rage and fear –  
As if never seen the Universe smile,  
Spent time with Another, reflected awhile.

Would you see again our winged minds soar,  
Just add leadership, being clear, as before –  
Confirmation that we can do this,  
Call it Nirvana, Epiphany or Cosmic bliss.