

Tom



Doorstep foundling starlight child,
Ruby river dream beguiled –
Dogs barking weather astir,
Something happening if anything sure.

Searching waking opening eyes,
Places sitars recognize –
Mysterious scientific fairytale,
Secretly hopeful sparkling trail.

Cutting through the noise and chatter,
Candlelight heart of the matter –
Sensing directions connecting dots,
Future tied in celtic knots.

Rapprochements quickened stare,
Rushing pulse almost there –
Say as long as we've still time,
Care to update the storyline?