

Colleen



NIGHT TREES STARLIT BRANCHES,
SWELL AGAIN WITH TENDER CHANCES –
COULD THE MOON THE WIND FORGET,
RIVERS THE SEA DENY THEY'D MET.

FROM ROOFTOP BENEATH THE BRIDGE,
DOWN THE TRACKS ALONG THE RIDGE –
EVERYWHERE THE WHISPERING,
RHYTHMIC DROPLETS SHIMMERING.

SPUN HER MEMORIES INTO THREADS,
CARETAKER WHAT COULD BE INSTEAD –
A WORLD OF HELPING ONE ANOTHER,
WHY WE'RE HERE TO SERVE EACH OTHER.

SHE KNOWS WE CAN CHANGE THE RULES,
ESCAPE THIS NIGHTMARE SHIP OF FOOLS –
THAT WAS HOW SCENE ONE ENDED,
WIGGLING HER WINGS SOFTLY ASCENDED.