

Flo



That's her writing at the shore,
Waves praying just one more –
Topaz dunes chicory sky,
Wind whispers clouds sigh.

Pinecones shells feathered pathways,
Goddess who dreamed up this day –
Narratives shifting choir singing,
Times changing bells ringing.

Helping others material gift giving,
Multiplying signs of loving living –
Past a storm of pirouettes,
Sanctuary world in silhouette.

Back at the beach wet your hair,
Pure enchantment in words so fair –
Prescription calls for something magical,
Dramatic soulful you make actual.