

Mia



Wind's come down from a high meadow,
To converse with cottonwood / clouds billow –
Mourn the barbed wire / voice the dove,
Everywhere the World longing for Love.

Sorting problems / untangling knots,
Patient hours connecting dots –
Immovable obstacles / dauntingly strange,
Yet you say it all can change.

horrendous death toll / skies rain ash,
Streets bleed / ice shelves crash –
Mountains crumble / day doesn't shine,
Long as you stand by us / there's still time.

Enlightenment thinker / teacher's intelligence,
Giving human being a whole new sense –
Certain that each of us doing what we can,
Could create a Transition / epochal span.

