Joan

Rustic cottage / forest lake,
Where orange suns their bows take –
Twilight crafts its own adagio,
Deck conversation to lamplight glow.

Morning thunder / rooftop rains,
Cutting language loose its chains –
Hours harmonizing / favorite lines,
Notes / references / freedom's chimes.

Dripping / hissing through the trees,
Edging minds / the planet grieves –
Aware the privilege / knows the cost,
Touch of savior for the sole lamb lost.

Later venturing the still wet woods,
Faces glistening in upturned hoods –
Nothing less than World changing,
No more normal re-arranging.