

MARTIN



Up all night to see the dawn,
Where this history has never gone –
Not one child hungry / Planetary Love,
Most believed would come from above.

Edging the curvature, sharpened light,
Molten gold shimmering bright –
Deciding for yourself your Life's direction,
Defining / making your own connections.

Fusing wildness with friendship and grace,
Likely lots of animals 'round your place –
Pendant for carefulness and also worry,
Capable of being and saying sorry.

There's a chance beyond this impasse,
The promised land in sight at last –
As such vistas mountaintops allow,
By every sign near the summit now.

