



SHIARA



From clouds the sun in angel beams,
Many a child knows what it means –
Like a Cape Cod Saturday morning,
When wonder arrives without warning.

Ovious beautiful good thing going,
Warm soft sisterly glowing –
Improvisational raindrop ways,
Tiger-tailed butterfly days.

She makes everything stand out clear,
Brings you home holds up the mirror –
To the sea with pebbles sings,
Believes in every living thing.

Sees the battleships just off shore,
Hungry children bolted doors –
“Hello?” she says, “This is paradise, isn’t it?
Who did this? Who last visited.”