



Tom



Meandering a forest thick with pine,
Gathering growing summer signs –
Childhood innocence open fields,
Dandelion wishes sky of teal.

Shadows longing for the sun,
Vulnerable all said and done –
Modest thoughtful sensitive other,
Anyone'd be blest to call brother.

On a path designed to last,
Not unlike saviors past –
Letter from home deep inside,
Talking tears the whole world cried.

While ego narratives thrust fearful lines,
Saturns urging there's still time –
To end war hunger the planets drift,
In an epic phase transition gift.