

Elizabeth



Summer morning wary mist,
Creative spirit a galaxy wished –
Sun in chicory sky in crescendo,
Day dressed in flowering meadow.

At the gate carved green jade,
Where bygone children marveled/played –
Acts on what she says is real,
Down the valley church bells peal.

Mango salad strawberry sorbet,
Telling looks give you away –
Warm/rebellious/decidedly gracious,
Self directed/efficacious.

Brave delphinium melting hearts,
Have you some magic/theatrical arts –
To transform our storytelling this anthropocene,
What we will choose/what we will mean.

