



Hope



How likely you could have known,
Innocent vulnerable wings not yet grown –
Un-nested on the road,
Eyes in need your mother told.

From there to hands cradling warm,
Rescue from impending storm –
Summer soft evening sun,
Barefoot children play and run.

Watercolor twilight story shadows,
Bouquet of family miracles –
Precious home heaven pearled,
Garden birthing another world.

The key ingredient Saturn says,
Mythic self-sacrificing egolessness –
Heroes saviors dreams bridges,
Holding hands along the ridges.