



Natalia



Summer sun snowfield moon,
Morning spirit all afternoon –
Non-contradictory logical mind,
Roadside river tangle of time.

World of towers castles moats,
Crone of touches little notes –
Beginningless story intended to last,
Creating a possible garden path.

Across the ceiling shadows crawl,
Navajo rug painted walls,
Comb buttons mother of pearl –
Nothing straight one spiraling curl.

Unafraild of perilous work,
Underground railroad at the fork –
If heart and soul the total deal,
From nothingness something real.