

ROBERT



Among Earth's welcomed guests,
Here in Her living quantum nest –
Were your Stars told by birds,
Their soaring view surely outreach words.

They'd likely note you're aware the stakes,
As well the Love the solution takes –
Calling / answering / making things clear,
More than Children hold you dear.

Back at the reconstruction site,
Unexpected wings alight –
Tiny feet clutch your outstretched hand,
Quickly gone as grains of sand.

In a careful glance across the room,
What, asks Saturn, do we not assume –
What's missing from the mixture?
What landscape the desired picture?

