



KATRINA



Tiptoeing through a petal strewn dream,
In the shadows of what things mean,
Combing the sand dancing the beach –
Thinking believing heaven in reach.

Answer the plea of fishes and birds,
Snails frogs spills of words,
Mushroom nooks forest moss –
Never looks back never counts the cost.

Kind Savior welcomed return,
Carrying the crux of what we've learned –
Life contingent on giving sharing,
Others troubles worries bearing.

CURTAIN RAISER, this Act two or one?
Isn't something magic to come?
Watching how her footsteps last –
Though the waves wash imprints past.