

Isabelle



hungry nestlings, flowering forest floor,
Quietly pulsing what they came here for –
Focused on the moment, only one take,
Whisperings as Spring breezes make.

Tenacious purpose, Elysian goals,
Wit, surprise, helpful paroles –
Self in dialogue with the World,
Cradled in the arms a Galactic swirl.

Dreams, synchronicities, communal days,
Cooperative, kind, adaptive ways –
Decoding the times, what they could mean,
Unchaining Utopia from the Anthropocene.

Time together turns talk without end,
Exploring ideas, each with a bend –
Our desire for connection unconcealed,
All merging into a wider field

