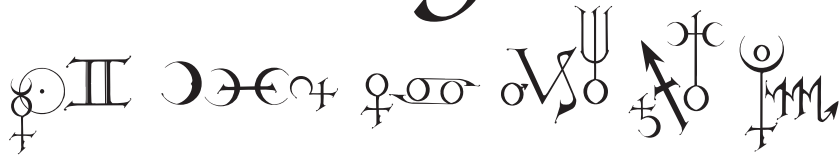


Lindsay



Words, imaginings, face to face,
Descendant the Infinite more than a trace –
Crystal brook through a forest of thought,
Wondrous the happenings fall your lot.

With you in history or by the sea,
A dialogical Savior's topography –
Reflective storytelling / compassionate knowing,
Keep reminding us where we were going.

Among great things about traveling with you,
Seeing dawn, talking the whole night through –
Snowcapped mountains / tearful prairielands,
Veils of rain wrapped ocean sands.

Looking around, so much broken,
The Master Narrative refusing to come woken –
The false identity underlying what's transpiring,
To what goal, asks Saturn, are we aspiring.

