

MARtha



Following the path edging the meadow,
Still waking hills where Bloodroot grow –
Sparrows, Robins embroider the air,
The valley slow with Mother care.

Lunch on a blanket, storytelling,
Strawberries, honeydew, there dwelling –
Round cut Emerald, Celtic Knot,
Enfolding memories that you brought.

Moonlight watches o'er your heart,
Dinner with you turns into art –
Beyond the table setting itself superb,
Garden tagine, fresh picked herbs.

On to the question of what's Real,
Planet, Family, the pressing deal –
No ai imagined what you would do,
Knowing only Love could see us through.

