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In your window, the World looks on,
Morning breaking, welcoming dawn –
Fledglings at the edge of their nest,
Sense their wings, the coming test.

Park path, sparrow chatter,
Your Love's roots in the core of Matter –
Wild Rosebuds can't wait to open,
Nimbus, meanwhile, less easily woken.

Reading, talking, thinking it through,
Earth a voice because of you –
Following the parkway long the river,
Moon a promised evening sliver.

Opening dimension, an in-between us,
Where feelings pool and waterfall rush –
A place for saying what Love wants said,
What the anthropocene could be instead.