

Mark



Wild horses fields of snow,
Sparkling air moonlight glow,
Expanding the scope of what eyes see –
Reverence in revelry.

Owls dig sharing time with you,
Centerstage questioning true –
Takes awhile your answers coming,
Distant shadows whispers drumming.

Story teller you belong,
Strings in love theory garden song –
Alive with visions mountain meadows,
Face to face with urban ghettos.

Dealing honestly with the evidence,
Dreams ciphers coincidence,
You can finish what you began –
Hold on to that grain of sand.

