

Russell



At rest in petals a red rose dropped,
One knee bent an elbow propped,
Twinkling eyes indigo shadows –
Mysterious romantic everyone knows.

On his way to Shambhala,
Dust a mirror magic mandala –
Favorite moment the curtain rising,
World a stage time re-sizing.

Dreams are like that no denying,
From cliffs edge to superman flying –
Compelling possibilities shifting shapes,
Deus ex machina wondrous escapes.

What sees he through those elfin eyes,
Engaging dramatic living surprise –
Straight ahead a virtual mountain,
New responsibilities future uncertain.

