

# Rita



In the campfire's last flickering flame,  
Ruby embers / dark untamed –  
Rush of stars amidst the pines,  
Eyes to take you to other times.

Close by the creek's murmuring spell,  
Whispering secrets hearts seldom tell –  
Charms / enchants / story weaves,  
Into the night air autumn leaves.

Knows meanings can be mistaken,  
Signs chosen / options taken –  
Care and vision truly bound,  
Sets her dream on solid ground.

Reasoning mind / mystery filled soul,  
Where we headed / what's the goal –  
When's it look like the miracle's arriving?  
What other paradise more worth striving?

