

Thomas



When Saturn's hallowed shadows cling,
To Sun in Autumn / Moon in Spring –
Reason pauses / a moment grieves,
Full moonlight spills cross fallen leaves.

Ink drawn trees entangle veins,
Call you in ways have no names –
To see us from this pathway's end,
To possibilities your love intends.

Eliminate poverty / harmonize with nature,
Likely swords-to-plowshares creature –
With clarity and honesty as guiding stars,
Your quest for peace has brought you far.

From Babylon to Venezuela,
Now this once thought distant omega –
Beneath our history for more than awhile,
Time for the ego to be brought to trial.