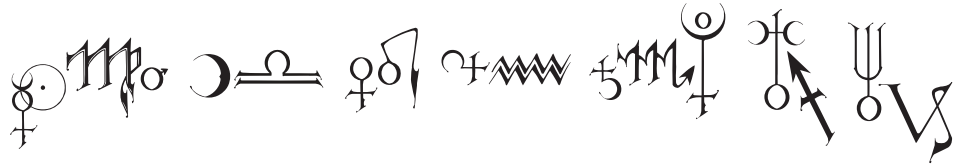


SARAH



Bales lay curing in a hillside koan,
Quiet since the field last mown –
Rolls woven with sparrow's nest Care,
Neath moonless nights sparkling prayer.

You'd prefer every straw in place,
Like a jeweler who leaves no trace –
Things finished, polished, beautiful, refined,
Though nothing's perfect, you don't mind.

In a murmuration, each choose their part,
Calling and answering as suits their heart –
Windowsill vignettes, elegant wallscapes,
Back porch lunch / Chablis and crepes.

FOR Equality and Goodness legitimate worry,
An on-going mess and no one saying sorry –
Saturn doubles down on the sacred, the magic,
Even as the play moves closer to tragic.

