

Your breath is the
Light of the clear blue morning
Sprung in silence, but never alone.
The touch of your hand, the
Gentle excitement of rain.
You renew gracefully, cleansing
As you go, washing freely,
Your eyes invite pleasure, rescue calm.
Time with you revolves through
Eternity as it has come and gone,
Your voice delights in life, dancing
On air, waving with the soft lull
Of tall grasses, your life revives,
Creates what stays, and releases
All else into ghost hands for keeping.
I see you rise before me, polished
And perfect, a mythology unto yourself,
The lithe weave of happiness,
The beauty that mends.

