

We let it go, once upon a time,
Now, surrounded in our garden
By sunshine and daffodils, roses,
Violets and pinks, canopies of
Flowering trees humming with
The din of bees and happy
Fliers as we sit amongst perpetual
Dusk, the magical hour, in a life
Inseparable of time or space, like
The Genesis cave, strewn in
Paradise, there is nothing left
To release but release itself,
As you show me the beauty
In all things, quietly, peaceful, elated.

