



Justin



MORNING mist envelops broken,
Spring hillsides plows laid open,
Furrows turn communion bouquet –
Come harbinger break of day.

You give voice to Earth's desire,
Mélange of zircon jungle choir –
Intimate matters transcending math,
Down dark rooted symphonic path.

Practical/compassionate/wholly forgiving,
Descendant stardust water turned living –
Threshold the storm/playing for keeps,
Hears the streets every city weeps.

At the corner falsehood and truth,
Might-makes-right or voting booth,
With eyes the fairness equality yearns –
Peace on such a story turns.