



Charlize



If no clouds that Moonless night,
And Stars alone the source of Light –
By the Blackness host to Galaxies,
Self-Creation for all to see.

Onto the waited Morning pledged,
Molten gold spilling over the edge –
If Time dilates and Space bends,
Face-to-face every Heart can mend.

A Mind of Your own, a moral code,
Defiant courage, wild flower mode –
Emergent, definitive, Human Possibility,
Ascending the stairway of Integrity.

Too unpredicted, complex, unexpected,
To be at all what men projected –
Rather that Future, the Children's World,
As each Voice raised a Choir swirled.