



Allison



At a pass the story allowed,
Still deep in Winter's seamless shroud –
Where nights you can see if ever in doubt,
The spangled infinity you're about.

A silvery world, every hour new,
Earth well invested her trust in You –
Visionary thinking, post ordeal laughter,
Would that the end bear Love ever after.

Lucid sparrow mountain air,
Utopian desires, one long prayer –
Forest wind to crystal cascades,
What Self in Mind behind those shades.

Up to the task historically placed,
Hope, joy, dark chocolate taste –
Rare this Time's improbable chance,
Creation from this circumstance.