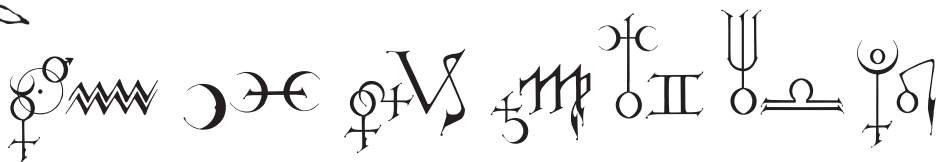




Ken



Buffed waves a winter beach,
Winds from a sacred place beseech,
The sands the sea the clouds above –
Change the narrative to one of love.

Somehow born with messianic attitudes,
'Bout as logical as Christ's beatitudes,
Tao mixed with Heraclitean intentions –
Thinks we're more than four dimensions.

Imagines a world of serve one another,
Give more than take from each other,
Our sharing ways foretell the same –
Visions the sign system left un-named.

Saturn says your key is Care –
Do you pearls or moonstone wear?
Yes or no the nest needs cleaning,
Dust lies thick on cobwebbed meanings.