



# Sashe



One day one summertime,  
Sun high as mountains climb,  
Queen Anne's Lace roadside clover –  
List to-do's spilling over.

Warm spirited sisterly serious –  
Getting down to mother bird business,  
Assuring little ones not left alone,  
Making certain we felt at home.

Morning glories stretching zen,  
Sparrows meadowlark tiny wren,  
The whole world just about singing –  
Milkweed galactic wishes winging.

“Okay,” she said, “let’s get started,”  
Never again the broken-hearted,  
The way we never before tried,  
At last the angels heaven sighed.