



Kim



Orawn in watercolor ink and pen,
Falling orchard blossoms once again –
With mint and tall grasses still pushing up,
Forever's a Lifetime, never happens abrupt.

hours talking, Garden eyes,
Sharing, Kindness materialized –
Winged memories, Language house,
Bearing the Sacred like nowhere else.

Storytelling moment needle threaded,
Culturally awake, Time disembodied –
Moonless clarity, star wild brook,
Down the pathway Heaven took.

As for the answer, by now you can guess,
Silent chimes, the climate mess –
It won't be easy, the hour late,
It's only our narratives keep locked the Gate.