

Ana



Musk forests where she comes from,
Unseen underground rivers run –
Burgundy trillium lily allure,
Earthly charms no known cure.

Rings of gold necklace of sapphire,
Whispers last year's autumn choir –
Full moon buried garden bones,
Reasons she calls this place home.

Moment baby first opens eyes,
Cracking frescoes falling skies –
Ferns unfurl roots crawl from seeds,
Reality born in concrete deeds.

News hype bites clips,
Difficulties on a million lips –
Who family and what you do,
Real leaves that up to you.

