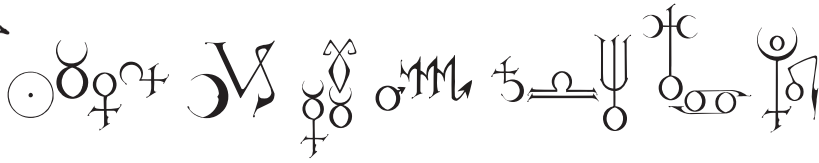


David



Eyes close softly cheeks touch,
A wisp of hair thoughts rush,
Blissfully slow sandalwood quick –
A morning glories favorite trick.

Flower gardener or in-between,
Night roots world of green –
Springtime calling wintered trees,
Earth crawls with possibility.

Wheatfields know what you're about,
A play of orchids half inside out,
Milk and honey dandelions –
A moments respite despairing times.

hour late the ground shaking,
Mysterious gatekeeper still not waking –
We're in need of radical honesty,
To start with speaking equality.

