

Eagle-eye



Plowed earth budding trees,
Traveling songbirds waking bees,
Talking horses longer days –
Moonlight revolution sacred maze.

Every field in deepest need,
Someone to sow the seasons seed –
Smiles friendship a symphony,
Fragrant promise firm epiphany.

Some say the gate got locked,
Eternity broken pathway blocked,
Everybody watching for one thing sure –
A possible miracle dream made pure.

What flower be you, Alice asked,
Going about her daily tasks –
Maybe guessed your butterfly essence,
That wiggling wing could make the difference.

