

Franny



Reaching with your fingertips –
Promises from Mothers lips,
Lavender skies growing sound,
Heartbeat of the Living Ground.

Musical helix spiral of song,
Touching a place where we belong –
In whose eyes what matters abides,
Diamond to put your roots inside.

From a bouquet of circumstance,
Silver flute breath taking chance,
Sanctuary incense morning presence –
Theory-laden sparrow essence.

Someone flowers mean something to –
Jazz at the edge of oblivion true,
In candlelight and thrown back curtains,
A new direction garden certain.

