

Neil



Cello notes shades of teal,
Ancient corner spires peal,
Gentle spring daybreak rain –
Calling world by morning name.

Beneath the surface rationalizations,
Past the excuses explanations –
Eyes for tears we've yet to shed,
Living waters fountainhead.

Cappuccino and Sylvia Plath,
Garden narratives branching paths –
Twisted ribbons metaphorical bows,
Adapts dialogues dances grows.

Come now the decisive hour,
Frogs attend with lotus flower –
Where's it lead this road we're on?
Where have all the manitou gone?

