

Pete



Tilling the soil netting the sea,
Home a celestial infinity –
Garden blood human flesh,
Story desire time enmeshed.

Dripping sweat from arm and brow,
Blacksmith forging waking call,
Hammers ringing morning valley –
Wall streets to sinless alleys.

Rosebud heart iron confidence,
Earth a family consciousness –
Intuition feeling rooted reason,
World turning growing season.

Out there raising high the rafters,
Sending invitations forever after –
From beginning was up to you,
Who to be what chose to do.