



Wildflower

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Sing, one syllable
You find things. One armful.
You dream in scenes.
One night full of good sleep
and the spirit makes you want to breathe.
Home – knows every move.
The phone rings, you're guessing who.
They may have needs.
You know what to do,
you give like a prairie gives the earth
one more wildflower please.

New rings will fall from your ears.
Good rest will break your fall.
Brave steps leave tracks, leave tears.
You're living it all.

Your poet's eyes see the miracle of handing over
a love labored and woven out of blue -
shoulders wrapped and chins a little warmer,
this is how the Beloved gets through.

You hold on to a thread and a life.
You let go and the pain changes it mind.

When love is a thread, love is a thread.
You say "more, thank you, more please,
I'm here to make the pieces blend in."
Days become nights, foes become friends
and truth turns the tigers on end.
All it takes is a thread and a life.

Will you say "yes" and be the woman who weaves love back to life?

New rings will fall from your ears.
Good rest will break your fall.
Brave steps leave tracks, leave tears.
You're living it all.

(You have raised your hopes, now they raise you)