

Words!

*Round forever round - as I touch the ground - the well is in demand,
Thine shooting seed - with its growth indeed - creative juices take command!
The swell and bubble - coming at the double - the etchings in their shades,
How feelings warm and visions form - the flow of word parades!*

*A multitude of threads - they make their beds - with the bloom of seasons keen,
Recurring footsteps fade - with each new made - a sideways look at the grand machine!
Weaving in the stories - of our intimate glories - the trail within the ribbon's path,
Knitting in the clouds - as we reach the crowds - the primal warming around the hearth!
With the magic numbers - of those lives encumbers - mulling perspective upon the earth,
A learning leaning - along the drift of meaning - for the chosen point of birth!
Clearing out the corners and banishing the mourners - behold the Phoenix taking flight,
Spreading out your wings - as the harmony it sings - the fires of the moment burning bright!*

*Merging rivers blue - taste the morning dew - where the spiral times its turn,
And so we meet the guise - of our kindred skies - thinking aloud with so much to discern!
The stars they twinkle - In a blanket sprinkle - as they do before the dawn,
Where the Sun and the Moon - dance an invisible tune - with the greeting of each morn!
Reassurance a quirk - with the echoes at work - where the thoughts they come and go,
Creation vents its spleen - within the passionate serene - where they come from I don't know!
With a wandered retreat - the page is complete - with a blank for each new day,
The compiling of scrolls - where the memory strolls - as a will as is my way!*

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By

Mylo Tup