

It was then,
the autumn so sacred
a turn that the legends gathered
to celebrate the bottomless lake of a dream.

She sang her movement aloud,
to us,
to them,
liquid in the soft spoken word,
Warm to the touch,
delicate to the eye,
piercing eyes of a glimmer.

How long it has been, where the air stays still.
Those tender years have brought with it
tears of bliss, selfless labour,
tucked within a droplet of watery triumph.

Your nature is pure,
your strength has prevailed.
The artist.
Flower of a thousand pedals.
Graced to memories, it is a sleepless journey.

Have you been to see this flower
Was is yesterday the autumn passed its leaves

to the sacred legend of a perfect dream.
An artists dream.

For many have gone adrift,
into the waves of the open sea.
What was it you said...
When you whispered to the heavens,
They have spoken:
tasted the ash that burned through the fires of
eternal devotion.

Liquid form, paved stone.
The islands fortress
to your solitude of vigilance.
Silent is her divinity, her beauty.

Mirrored is our desire
Golden is the wind
trickling down the wings of time
Precious time.