

A Love Song

I.

Angels are all around us.
They're not winged nymphs or haloed cherubs,
but earthly creatures suffused with a spirit
of generosity, humility, and love.

A songbird unseen chirps a pleasant tune.
A baby plays and laughs in innocence.
A stranger's knowing smile lifts the dark clouds.

A guardian angel comforts me
with the grace of her laughter and solace.
Unselfish and abundant in her love,
her tender words light my many tunnels.
Her quiet touch and gentle kisses
soothe my wounded wanderings.

Her beauty derives
from her humble celebration
of the sacred in each of us.
She assiduously listens to our hearts,
and we glow in her presence.
Lightly, the breath of the angel
draws us up from the depths of
our unnecessary intensities.

II.

Watch the busy hummingbird
in the garden.
She meticulously moves
from flower to flower,
her wings a blur,
seemingly never wearying
from her constant labors
gathering the nectar,
tending her nest,
feeding her chicks.

When does she rest?

III.

From fertile earth, the seedlings grow,
first hesitantly, then confidently upward.
A sprinkling rain of playful laughter
shields them from oppressive heat.
Fragile buds emerge, then flourish
as elegant blossoms of distinctiveness,
continually nurtured by
their adoring watchful mother.

IV.

The bears can't seem to get along.
Lovable, yet selfish for her attention.
They make her laugh,
and me too, though reluctantly.
I try to ignore them all,
but soon I also am in the fray.
It seems the only way
to keep the peace
is to humor them.

V.

Tears are prayers,
a gentle spring of holy water
streaming down your cheeks
from the depths of your soul.
The purest of waters from the
deepest wells of your sacred being.

VI.

Two spoons comfortably nestled
together in the drawer.
From the first, they were a perfect fit.

After walking many roads together,
we are still holding hands,
still living and loving like spoons.

VII.

Even angels misbehave when their
devilish inner child needs notice.
Once again
she leads the children's choir
in a chorus of giggles
during my serious dinner prayers.

What should I do?

God has a sense of humor.

VIII.

The most sensational colors of the day
are the waning moments before twilight.
Spirited flames melt into subtle hues.

We quietly watch the sonata
as the conductor blends the tones.
Ethereal trumpets and woodwinds
mirror off of the tranquil water.
Loons lovingly call to each other
in their haunting tones.
The campfire crackles behind us
as the full orange moon rises
above the firs across the lake.

No need to talk.
Enough is being said.

Our souls are blended
together
with each other and
with the creation
forever.