

ONE BRUSH STROKE

Time suspended, . . . all thoughts gone,
bird calls and buzzing, . . . in the silence alone.
Slight breeze blowing, . . .gentle summer sun,
rises from the valley, . . . the past undone.
Clear blue sky, . . .trees ascending,
invisible growth, . . limbs suspending,
water mysterious, . . from the ground below,
sends up spirit . . where flowers grow.
All connected, . . invisible hands,
here and there, . . .above and below,
one brush stroke of eternity.

Cool green fields call to me,
rasberries dangle, wild and free,
begging to be eaten, a gift from the sun,
drops of water, the day has begun.
In silence I listen, the world far away,
a white butterfly tends the garden today.
Others go to church, but no, not me,
one foot in heaven, bound to be free,
cradled on the mountain where higher paths call,
up through the clouds that form and fall,
just one brush stroke of eternity.

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