Elizabeth Buck – Poem One

MiM

Beautiful, breath-taking, bright.

He smiles at me from the night

And morning skies, encouraging me on.

He frowns at my sister,

as the wolf inside takes form;

To her’s and my mother’s eyes only.

Protective, powerful, positive.

He lights the heavens with his

Dream-powered balloons of hope.

He speaks to the other entities of

Light; fighting back (the)

Pitch Black.

Colorful, calming, collective.

It’s glorious to gaze at you again,

For you are a great sight to see,

My friend….