

Continual

My life I devoted to the Earth,
Searching for a part of it to make me whole.
But, at last, when I laid my eyes upon her,
The blooming lotus,
I came to know
That the wind had blown her breath past my ears,
The grass had run her hair through my fingers,
The rain had caressed my neck with her arms,
And the Sun had grazed her lips upon my skin,
Long before I found her.