

Hope is the aster
in the eastern plain
of weeds and flower
from last night's rain

Blue is the flower
under sky unborn
like secret Easter
too light to be borne

Northern breeze whispers
to the shapphire
worships of Vespers
and hearths with fire

Summer rain is mercy
said Shakespeare
but so is merci
from one heart's dear

Oh picking you up
to my beating heart!
Drinking from Christ's cup
setting you apart

no more rolling dice
your petals like lips
will touch Paradise
where love never sleeps