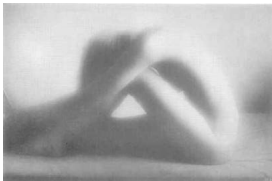


Sharing » What I Like Sharing » Personal Poetry

Like an enchanter fleeing

You come in the night
Appealing, touching
In black and white
Invisible to the eye



White flower

Burning like a rose
Hope transparent
In the blue

There at hand
You whisper
Lines ever-new
Like fresh prayers

Maybe
Still to be enjoyed
In the mind
Felt in the body

Rebus:
Your nature calls for
A hundred visions
And revisions

Like an enchanter fleeing
You hide
Behind the invocation of
A song.

(January 10th, 2008)