

INGER

The Ripening Breeze
Descends the Lighted Dew,
Brushes the Golding Grass,
Sails the Halcyon Hills,
And Whispers Wishes
To the Wind

The Curving Breeze
Clings to Cloud Drifts,
Hides Beside Feathered Fragrances
Moves To Musical Seasons,
And Whispers Wishes
To the Wind

The Rolling Breeze
Rises with Me,
Awakens the Frosted Waves,
Rides the Melting Rapids,
Releases the Salty Ripples,
And Whispers Wishes
To the Wind.

1997

Tom Burns