

# Poetry & Memory

I recall a crackling fire,  
The smell of nostalgic maple syrup;  
The father telling the story  
Of the woodcutter in the snow.

A sparking garage, and steel grinding,  
Pure water dripping—  
Drip, drip...  
A magician crafting metal, life;  
Sailing dreams on bold ships.

Laughing, jumping into black,  
pouncing, then bouncing back!  
Silver needles threading through clouds  
of Silver and Blue,  
And barnyard animals, of every hue.

Glass containing sand  
grain by grain, time by time;  
An hourglass that  
does not contain  
Her— for  
She rides the dunes of Gold  
to Her own coming Tide.

Yellow, crimson,  
blue, and Jade;  
pencils of  
color  
paints of  
Lights and Dreams.  
An etching,  
a scrawl,  
an image She gives  
For us all.

Words of wise, words of sage;  
words of accident,  
words seem strange.

Words?

No, *my love*. Magic Spells.

Seeking branches,  
leaves of Emerald and Peridot;  
Wind creaking  
Her Life force speaking.  
the roots delve deep, deep  
Her toes diving with  
the Earth.

Image: An allusion to the 'green light' at the end of the dock  
and the purple glow of Sayonara's door as a *Dark Bride*.