

THE MEADOW

In the sweltering heat
At the end of the meadow
There in the darkness
We found you.

A gift from New Jupiter
A way to travel there?
In the cool, silent chamber
You wait.

In that watery stillness,
We fall, or fly, forever
Your words
Reflected through time.

No tablets of stone here
Will we look in the mirror?
What's written in water
must be claimed.

Then into the Sun again...

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