

About Jan. 25th, 66 I :

Oh, my lovers -

Most beautiful -

those of spirit,
those of talk,
those of body.

I cherish you all

As I love myself.

you're the vibrance
of existence, the core and
limb of turbulence.

And what of life
if no samsara expressed

- these are the beauties
- these moments...

partake, nurture, depart
From this breast

... and... come
another day -

touch spirit with spirit.

Retired