

What Great Love

I. Where!, there is so much sky — Living is lost
Like Lovers love on wings of hawks gliding
Engender as the Day loves the Night most,
Connects to one another, confiding —
The way Love Birds chirp music surrounds sound —
And the Breeze!, is soul-gentle about fresh
As just fallen from the Tree ripe, and round
Offering itself so-nurishes flesh —
Refuge!, crisp as a pond for Mankind —
What greater Love!, than Nature being here? —

II. The Sun warms songs energetic akin
To be grateful, engraving from God's confer —
A hummingbird to an Apple!, I am
In always being who I am: William — Wm. Irving

Poetry

The kiss!, of rushing water upon ears,
Strolling parallel the stream into the mountains,
Who follows the Poetry of Earth's years? —
Helpless to irresistible!, sustains
A love for Loving, that which loves back sweet
As no harm welcomes — wide and shallow, filled
With rocks — I foot the footpath obsolete
To Time carting a sinking Sun's strong-will —

How at peace this Nature as natural —
Towards the Mountains, into the Afternoon's
Blue accompanies vocals of mutual
To kissing — within the moment!, a boon
Totally believes in Life and Loving —
The song birds, a braying horse, trove moving — Wm.
Irving