

Small Motifs Of A Vast Tapestry (rev)

When I think of what you have given me,
I remember your spontaneous, guileless smile,
Trying to connect with me;
Your effervescent, sensuous voice,
Curling around me like soft curvaceous arms.

I feel pulled by your solicitous maternal concerns:
Your innocent little inquiries about my health and happiness.

The deep innocence of your love sometimes startles me,
My love for you may be the purest connection I have with the world.

Tomorrow I don't know,
but what you have given me seems everlasting,
Small motifs of a vast tapestry,
World has its rules but love works by its own light.

Suffern,
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