

Lake Song/New Ceremonial Music For Moms

Akron/Family

You stand so far away lake's in the distance, top of bails of hay, breeze dream clouds thick and white, kite, wind against the bow, No matter how far we sail.

Bees, leaves, hives go fly with flies, in and out, petals and stems, stitches and hems, us's and them. Collected by friends, and spread amongst the then, while others seem to pretend that make believe is when image left with men is painted with a pen, and time's left to Big Ben.

Hold back your thought, among silence rhythms are taught, the end of the line, a trout you have caught, flipping and sticking to bits of hay, slipping in skin, reflecting the day, it's only a picture, there's not much to say.