

Renga 2008  
Composed by The List  
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In the beginning  
Dawn echoed a distant sound.  
Birds harvest the fields.

Blue corn dust coats the old mill,  
Welsh women sing prairie songs.

Who wrote the lyrics?  
It doesn't really matter  
They were all precious.

Verse wafting from tree tops high  
Melting dew-soaked grass below

Early morning steps  
Sodden footprints mark the trail  
Lovers meet again

The palette changes slowly  
Light creating harmony.

Counterpoint to strain  
Lips skim eyes to toes and wings  
Embraced duo feast.

Where oh where is that slipper?  
Right where it belongs of course.

Spirit Wind... God's breath  
Come to our aid.... help we need  
Breathe new life in us.

Quilting memories of love,  
Of spring, cherished, joy, warring.

Grandmother's garden  
And nine-patch, just to name two  
Warm, hand me down hugs.

But there is work to be done.  
Wash your face and lace your boots.

Porcelain doll skin,  
Don a hat while in the sun,  
Preserving beauty.

Clouds swirling high in the sky  
Travel is the way to go.

Perfect day, cool breeze,  
We can escape drudgery,  
Saddle up--let's ride!

Sweet green grasses are blowing  
Their scent wafts up to greet us.

And the dance goes on  
Music fills our heads and air  
Is there no one here?

Lilt of basil and lemon  
Received as moment's blessing.

Ten roosters now nine  
Dearly departed – let's pray  
Dinner is ready.

Soup burnt colors of sunset  
But.....tastes the coolness of dawn

Morning comes too soon  
Late night Olympic medals  
Won and well deserved.

Some continue to meddle--  
War games played by Old Guard gods.

Oppressed - freedom lost  
Slaughtered in the fight – despair  
Alone – orphans cry.

We suffer --thanks to man's greed  
Remember to pray for all.

Autumn sun shines hope.  
Leaves of hate flutter to ground.  
Wintry snows wash clean.

Turned to muck by cars and boots  
How to purify our world?

Aha! God is love...  
Pale hand leads caramel arm;  
Nothing else matters.

Made in the image of God  
We are all His dear children.

Strong minds and bodies  
Can lead us out of this mess.  
So roll up your sleeves.

Clean it up or live without  
Get ready for a New Year!

The end comes quickly  
Nightfall – scratches of old ink  
And words merely prose.