

QUEEN MAEB'S GARDEN

KATHERINE ANDERSON

There is a place past thorns and dead forest
Where rotted bones move again from spore's breath of revival
Inside there are swirling pools past the river of Lethe, small frogs chorus
Through the nights, days break past mountains frosted with the mist of survival
Promising to take humans from trees of old memory which make life the sorest
Bristling moss feeds on knowledge, reaches for daylight covering the faces of
deprival While the crystal cool water depths circle the whirlpool within the shards
of glass Come from the mirror pierced by truth at last
Bees hum past stalks of white wrinkled light in drifting green confetti
Past umbrellas of mushroom clouds into the sweet suckling eye of the rose To
land Strawberry kisses upon the gardenias so empty
On gates of black branches through which I will I find the one who knows The age
of wonder in all indulgence of existence, a purpose of courtesy
To find where the immortal knowledge does flow Whether through life or death I
aim to sail through a sea One day in the veil of everlasting worlds with thee