

Singin' And Dancin' To The Blues On Sunday

Swaying back and forth
We move
strong muscular arms
smooth young arms
reaching to the sky
creeping towards the earth.
Blessed wings glide
through soulful air.

Gilded ghosts whirl, twirl
sacred tops spinning
dancers dazzling mountain ash
shadows courting moonrise.
sirens on jagged shores
rise from strange mist
enticing, luring, inviting.

Rhythmic chimes ring.
Beautiful voices sing songs
that rock and roll
the restless spirit,
fabulous inspiration rising
high in the mind,
serenading the searching soul.

Swift as an eagle's dive
various shadows converge
on life's twisted landscape
to emerge in a child's sorrow.

