

Menagerie

Where do we stand
Father, mother, daughter, son?
We stand here
in this complex chaos called life.
Distinctive opposites
charge like gladiators
across a blue globe
with green plains
grateful gravity
and multicolored speckles
that hold wandering angels,
curious explorers.
Danger is not absent.
Fragile glass treasures
crash and crack
against the shelves
of selfish humanity.

We are all here together
in this mass melting pot,
fanciful fragments
always colliding
in the peculiar stirring
of the world,
some strange mystery
giving rise
to a deliciously deceptive dawn.