

Ode to Pater Ervin

To awake and touch
with sleepy eyes
the dawns first glow in
a time yet still,
While craddled walls
bend near to hear
the whisper of my
breath.

A womb of love
embraces me
and leads me to this
hearth,
when silent words
exchange in kind
on journeys never end.

Cort Vallis, in transit 09.09.2003

Lazarea, Romania