

The Garden

*Could it be so that Eden's Now,
And we that fill it, are some how,
In ignorance of that?*

*I caught a glimpse through Heaven's veil,
When through your eyes, so clear and pale,
You Reached for me.*

*A nervous surge and sudden urge to understand.
Curious, playful and unplanned.*

*What a view!
To see all the wonders of Paradise through You.*

Well - Dandelion parachutes lift on warm air.

John Mappin 2000