

# August Mawnin'

The sun splashed  
on my face  
through the window  
left open to my dreams  
and I could almost taste  
the ortaniques she ripened  
in my mother's back yard.  
Warm memories  
of how she channelled love  
through my feet  
as I danced  
with her light shadows  
on the sand.  
I celebrate the hibiscus  
she opened to the doctor bird  
and the Native jellys she parched  
into coconut milk.  
Her love is sweet and everlasting.  
Give thanks.  
She is all around me.

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