

A Story Space

“The Elephant’s Grandchild”

We keep seven honest serving words
To teach us all we know
And focus our time well spent

Their names what, why, and when
Settled by how, where, and who
But never without intent

Always with intent..

“Wind and Wound”

A fatherly wind she blows away
And the road is always straight
Until it begins its timely wind

Old fashioned clocks should be wound
Because their hands aren’t always straight
And some wounds time can’t heal

It isn’t merely fate...

“The Fourth Wall”

How do we count
memories of love
tiny smiles missing
an empty glove

How do we count
memories in pain
a life once vibrant
now on God's plain

How do we grieve
with gratitude & grace
our hearts badly bent
tears down our face

How do we count
memories of love....