

Princess

There is something primal in the way she whispered
winter into the rolling green meadows,
that were riddled with legends,
and remnants of the time before
Her eyes lit up the night and sprinkled
starlight into moonbeams like a
seed that grows into the dogwood trees
by the river and beneath
the gods on the mountain,
Or the rolling hills
I am patient and still while
dreams breathe truth into distance
and my sister sings to me;
She is tradition,
she is beauty