

Near the Purple Sand cherry

JTM III Nov 2015, finished Jan. 2016

I choose you and your paintbox
here, near the purple sand cherry.
Violaceous burgeons hint within hope
that tomorrow is chasing today.

In the distance, the amaranth edging
Of the north woods creates a snow kissed
incomplete borderland,
in this mid-winter spectral.

For the search for apricity, when you're not home
brilliant in winter's awakenings
can be a Hannibal like offensive
winding the warmer side of the Alps.

From a snowbound abbey near Melk, remembrance,
These north woods embrace me like your fingers.
My ardent reverence for your affinity will abidingly be

**bonded with mine. For love is fairly remembered
moment to moment within hopes devotion,
nearest the breathless core, gently in you.**

**Every trek or portrait, winter storm or thaw
Our royal travels take us home. On to ataraxia, a
Doorstep, the dream, my sweet, calling
deep from this fleece covered canopy.**

**In a kingdom of the swelling heart
our arms are only. As you know me
my love, your kalon covers and rises,
keeps the warmth wrapping us wind tight.**

**With you,
the living, is in the doing**