

Ice gambols inside the crystal, Red vessel to  
Ascending octaves as Water rises to the brim.  
She lifts the silver tray, hums her Hymn, and floats to tend.  
Waxed wood floor: teased by her Hem  
Freshly folded clothes: Still warm  
His suit: Hung nearby  
Spotless.  
On the porch  
She fluffs pillows and Straightens the sundries that lay slant.  
She nestles into the swing  
Proud of Self and Readying  
And Waits.  
Condensation rolls down the side of the crystal, Red glass  
    Cool setting Sun's reflection  
As the trickle hits the silver tray  
Erichthonius's jewels sparkle at the skyline  
    Brown eyes' reflection  
Hooves hit the Horizon  
    Bound in her direction  
Auriga: Coming forth to carry  
    Now that Sun does not tarry  
Words of a World lived too short yet felt So Long  
    "You, yet, hold the key to my heart."  
Emotions encircle and Gallop on Gusts  
Echelons to Upper Echelons  
Walking her Higher and Deeper.  
Obediently, she ushers to the swing  
And sits.  
And waits.  
And breathes.  
    Bated: For this moment she's so anxiously waited  
Wind's gentle nudges and Chain's whining urges  
Picture frames prop her trembling fingers  
    "When we were in Waikiki."  
    "She's grown so much."  
    "She thinks of you everyday...We all do."  
She shuts her eyes as  
Hot screams in her belly swell  
    "Her burns have healed so well."  
A tear rolls down her cheek  
    Like the Trickle on the crystal, Red glass  
    Like the Sun on the Western, ombre sky  
    Like the Sweat that tried in vain to cool His face  
        To save His life

A Libation of Appreciation to  
The Moon who brought  
The Stars who brought  
The Sweet Chariot who brought  
Her Hero  
Home.