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Gaia

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Garnering a myriad of colors from the sunlight and sparkles from the silvery moon She embraces nature in her wide bosom and embellishes the cerulean sky.

No God can be born without a womb nor the devil without being first conceived in the mind;
Her loin spawns the firmament as she breathes the universe into motion:
Her tears form the streams, the lakes, the flowing rivers and the vast oceans, Her milk forms the rolling clouds and nourishes the flora and fauna.
She rides upon the wings of the wind and heralds the sun-god each day in its burning chariot.

When she shuts her eyes she causes icy wilderness. When she opens them she blossoms into the Elysian Fields.

STRAWBERRIES Teri Lavelle

Rejoice fertile fruit!
Your summer opulence,
perfumed and shapely,
still sparks romantic interludes.
Sun drenched and idle,
your wanton hue whets lips.
Your rosy fragrance joins hands,
sweet and pinkened from a picnic's tattoo.
You— whose innards are outward,
whose freckles on rich soft flesh
fix your immortality,
you— whose humble title
humbles your lustrous legacy.
You taste of memories ripe and passionate.