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Regeneration

Marianne Preston-golden

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A BLANKET OF SUN

When the sun shines down from up above
I feel alive, and full of love.

A blanket of contentment
Pulled up snug to my chin,
Leave nothing but face
To the change in the wind.

And face it I must
For it's always the same;
Ill winds will blow,
That's just part of the game.

But using the sun
That is stored in my heart,
I can face any sorrow
Until it departs.

Knowing that soon
The sun will shine,
Again to recharge
That blanket of mine.

A blanket woven with faith and with hope
Giving me always the strength to cope.

— Jane H. Gurney

REGENERATION

A loon calls on a quiet lake,
And my soul abides in its rising.
I have escaped man's gossip
To ask if nature will take me back.
Retell its secrets,
Restore those true things that I lack.
Forgotten when ambition drew me
Innocent but knowing all,
Divorced from earth's established order.
I need once more a stellar track
Reflected in the rippled moonlight,
Contained within its border.
An equilibrium of care
That shines upon my footsteps there.

— Marianne Preston-golden