

O U T O F E A R T H



Out of Earth, these crystal essences
rise up, distilled as flowers, their radiant color
passed, as blossom gifts the bee to honey,
sweetness pouring out from purity refined,
held shining by our eyes before the sun,
color unimaginable and clear,
singing into day, echoing
from stars by night.

V E R N A L E Q U I N O X 2 0 1 2

RICHARD WEHRMAN • MARCH 20, 2012 • *Light Was Everywhere*