



Drawing : Cécile Wadlow

In the Small Meadow

Janet Pehr

Leave me here in the small meadow
beyond the hill glossed
with dandelions and daisies
where the wind gently swirls and weaves
with the dawn of the dove
and the dusk of the raven.

Leave me here with the lone willow weeping
and the breeze tenderly embracing the maze of grass,
ever green, never swayed from consoling
the heavy tears of the willow's grave grieving.

Leave me here with the wind and the wings
of the raven and the dove, near the hill glossed
with dandelions and daisies and the breeze
tenderly embracing the maze consoling the tears.

For over the horizon, cities are near waiting for the message
of the magic here, a thousand ears aching to hear
of the wonders the small meadow endears.

So foreign to the modern design
is the memory of a simpler time.
All enclosed in the small meadow sublime
where the dove and the raven all intertwine
in some presence Divine.