

Blue skies floating freely down,  
Comes a snow white dove above city town;  
A few white clouds of beauty be,  
The snow white dove comes down to me.

It was as if in an ageless time,  
As if the dove could float and rhyme;  
Is fall was lightly and gentle of love,  
To see of soaring and come down from above.

A seagull and person tried to takes its place,  
But a dove was God's love and grave;  
As beautiful as only a dove could be,  
A life so sweet and perfect to see.

And when in time this did take place,  
Where leaves and grass met time and space;  
When beauty bare became the word,  
An olive leaf off in the heavenly world.

And through the years and ages blessed,  
The softness of the dove not stressed;  
For imagining the years as hands of time,  
The dove came to rest within this rhyme.

And beauty was and beauty will be,  
As soft and kind as a dove can be;  
So when we are greeted in all his majesty,  
We'll live our lives as a done not a tragedy.

Signed,

In the park