

## Watchers of Stone

Two stone griffins,  
Three centuries ago,  
High upon pillars,  
Were set by a road.

Two stone griffins,  
Wrought iron gate,  
Three centuries past,  
Set there to wait.

Three long centuries,  
Slowly crept by,  
The road became a  
highway,  
Still the griffins lie.

Watchers of years,  
And decades of  
changes,  
Staring in silence,  
While the world  
rearranges.

Three long centuries,  
Of secrets they hold,  
Of three hundred  
years,  
Never to be told.

Two stone griffins,  
Shadows of the past,  
Standing like symbols,  
Of things that last.

Watchers of stone  
Watchers, holders  
Of intangible secrets,  
Carved from boulders.

Standing alone

## Regalos (Gifts)

Little brown eyes  
Little child, just one  
Just one of many  
children -- Orphans  
and foundlings  
Who came to hear our  
music  
To dance and smile  
And brighten our day  
So many little children

Little brown eyes  
Only thirteen  
With a quiet voice  
And matching  
demeanor  
A shy little child  
That reminded me so  
much of myself  
We smiled and talked  
Me, in broken Spanish  
(With occasional  
utterances of  
frustration)  
She, with thirteen  
years worth of  
fluency  
That I strained to  
understand

Quiet and shy  
With a gentle smile  
My innocent amiga  
Little thief who stole  
my heart –  
And the best gesture of  
friendship  
I could manage  
Was to give something  
small

Of great value to me –  
A black and white pin  
of a bass guitar  
And I have never seen  
such a smile  
As the one she gave me  
When I pinned it on  
her green sweater

A smile  
More precious than  
anything I could  
ever give  
All I could do was  
return it  
So I smiled and gave  
her a hug  
As I left the orphanage  
I looked back and  
wondered

If I'd ever see her again  
Maybe someday  
And I'll speak enough  
Spanish  
To really express myself -- or  
maybe not...

Little brown eyes  
If I never see you again  
I will always remember your  
smile  
And hold you in my heart.

## A Silver Shining Strand

No time this time  
But Remembered Forever.  
Fly on!

I usually express my heart  
On paper, when I need to cry  
But what will there be left to  
say

When tears become goodbye  
Today I had a strange feeling  
Impending sorrow that came  
from inside  
Emotions I'd never felt before  
And no explanation could I  
provide

A feeling of I never said  
The things I wanted to  
A confused mist inside my  
head  
A nightmare coming true?  
There I was  
Happy, content, and then  
right out of the sky  
Unknown sentiments  
From past and future tense,  
And now I do know why

Hear me now  
Though you're so far away  
I love you forever  
And never forget  
Though I see a sunset  
One way or another  
I know we'll meet again  
someday

We'll always be connected  
By a silver, shining strand  
Feel me across all the miles  
Right now, I take your  
hand

I pray the time will not be  
soon  
When we must say goodbye  
But keep in mind, if you  
do go  
There'll be some tears to  
cry  
Everybody's time does come  
Then no time remains to  
wonder why

For every bird must have  
its chance  
To spread its wings and  
fly.

## The Beacon

A voice is calling,  
Calling to me.  
From high in the  
mountains,  
And down by the sea.

In the roar of the waves,  
And the quiet of dawn,  
I hear the voice,  
And it leads me on.

I search for the voice,  
Up in the mountains,  
By the stream in the forest,  
In the park by the  
fountains

I follow the voice,  
Wherever it leads me,  
On through life,  
To where I want to be.

A voice without  
A form or name,  
Free like the wind,  
But still very tame.

I follow the voice,  
I'm never alone,  
I'll never be lost,  
'Cause the voice leads me  
home.