

# Over and Even

Joan Shelley

We sight the morning softness  
Take to them easy  
The scent of the morning coffee  
Our cup is filling  
Outside the river flows  
Its course unfolding  
The strength that no one knows  
His flow pouring The sense, the bloom, the hours  
I'll write you daily  
I speak of friends and brothers  
And sisters waiting  
Just saw your winter coat  
To keep your warm and dry  
Size of you to hold  
Tender an outside tide  
And over and over  
And over and even  
And over and over  
And over and even  
How can the stars design it  
To pull and move us  
We crave the winning light  
An ancient And drag a candlelight  
The drudge I need  
I miss you some inside  
Or can I ride this  
And over and over  
And over and even  
And over and over  
And over and even

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