**Finding LOVE Always**

**WITH** **God**

**Remembering listening in Taipei to bring joy**

**And dreams need to be cared for with sisterly love**

**David was tall**

**My neck stretched**

**I stared at his eyes**

**Pointing toward a giant.**

**Bramante was a sculptor**

**Who loved the same man who came down**

**And painted the Father large**

**For all to see.**

**Bramante would let him paint.**

**They were not friends.**

**So I saw this artwork began with a sin.**

**And I remember David’s veins.**

**“And let the good remain and stay.”**

**And David’s eyes were hollow**

**And let me see Beauty**

**I too know my sins**

**A ribbon on a gift of satin**

**And a Love that forgives**

**“Stand, woman. Be not afraid.”**

**After removing the scaffolding, he realized**

**The figures were too small, and I cried too.**

**And we stood at the back**

**And John took off his hat**

**And I wanted to stare at the wall.**

**My soul needs a mother,**

**Like my heart needs a mother,**

**Like my mind,**

**Like my strength**

**Escuchar al dolor**

**But that day I had joy**

**My back to Athena’s chair, I looked Southwest**

**To a column of Herodotus**

**And I wanted to know-**

**So I waited**

**And I stared**

**And I returned**

**To sit for awhile**

**To read Poetics**

**But I found no peace, except across the lions, Northwest**

**Where I found a priest.**

**And my Beloved sits even now**

**Within the tabernacle down 114th**

**“Be still, Be still, Be still. She is well.”**

**And it was the Poetics that gave no peace,**

**Because I did not wait and listen**

**Apollo was not there**

**Neither was Dionysus**

**And neither was my mother**

**And “Let the good remain and stay.”**

**Because we read, and we are touched by Light**

**And I worked in the theatre at a university**

**And he stared at the palm tree and thought about his wife**

**In an office, where I made coffee**

**But I didn’t stare, and I sang**

**And we thought about lovely,**

**wonderful love**