Sharon Musgrave "Selah"

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Selah

When you look into her silence you will find a little

The water trickles on the opals and the pebbles comfort her feet

The forest trees chant melodies of bright ancestral songs

She smiles to herself pleasantly, in that place, where she belongs

Inward sings the sparrow dedicated and carefree Here you have solved all else this your discovery The velvet air breath speeches precious words that must be said

The message is clear, sincere, simple, and so her mind is fed

Enter with discipline renders the buttercup guarded by her bitter beauty

Your utopia is vulnerable, beware, this your duty Render to us your motherly urge, to encourage and to care

Women of great ability speak, while they're here An excursion to this place of hers, ordered by her temperament

Is like a temple she built meticulously with love her only sentiment

Telepathy, soul, nature, a forth a sixth sense This forms the composure of her temperance This delicate reflection is the strength of her forbearing

This in all it's magnificence, is the euphony we're hearing

How did it internalize, this blessedness, haphazardly? Tuneful are those notes, and chords and all those living harmonies

Promptly urging the childish clouds happy as they gaze To send a few drops of secrets, this their gift, her praise,

In this her backdrop, a picturesque location of content With love, bliss, without malice, this the place she's sent

A freedom, so far away from scientific measures

There is stored her life, her dreams In all it's earthly treasures.

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