

hiss sizzle
mist burns, rises back to father
I on my way to nowhere, stop to watch.

grandpa sun is rising
[excuse me: grandfather]
his son the sky
his daughter mother earth
the wisps are *their* children

lingering long on her shores
drifting round her peaks
floating above her waters
[— ~~hovering over the face of her waters~~}
clinging to her valleys

caressing *their* children
the grass
the leaves
the clover

the dew is their twin—opposite yet same, fraternal,
mother-father

they linger, kisses on their mother's face
till father comes to chase.
(~~them faraway~~)
father's kisses warm and burn
and mother squirms beneath him

the mists they linger last
a glance behind
father's mother is a very different lass