

The Simple & Divine Truths Revealed Over Time

Poems and Artwork By

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Table of Contents

TABLE OF CONTENTS	1
ODE TO THE MOON	3
GOLDEN LEAF	4
UNDER WATER	5
AVOCADO	6
LITTLE FOX	7
A TEAR	8
BIRCH TREE	9
NOTHING AND MORE	10
BETWEEN WORLDS	11
ALL THE COLORS I FEEL	12
CLARINET	13
REMEMBER	14
HEARTS	15
SHADOWS OF A DREAM	16
SUNFLOWER	17
MOSAIC OF LIFE	18
BREATH	19
APPLE	20
BOX	21
RAIN	22
PAST	23
REFLECTION	24
ALONE	25
SHOOTING STAR	26
GRANDMOTHER' S WISDOM	27
SPARKLE	28
BIRDS OF A FEATHER	29
A TINY GARDEN	30
WHAT IF	31

THE BOY AND THE TREE	32
TRUMPET	33
JUST A GIRL	34
RABBIT IN A HAT	35
SILVER LINING	36
A POEM FOR BREAKFAST	37
STILL	38
TO BE	39
FRAGILE THING	40
TRAILBLAZERS	41
HIDDEN QUEEN	42
ODE TO THE SUN	43
CUDDLED CLOSE	44
BLINK OF AN EYE	45
REAL	46
WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG	47
WHEN YOU WERE OLD	48
A TRUE FRIEND	49
DON' T FORGET TO BE GREAT	50

Ode to the Moon

You were once there—
a glowing, bright full beam,
warm with pearlescent care,
a steady, luminescent gaze
cradling the secrets of the earth.

Sometimes you wrapped yourself in clouds,
then reflected joy upon the ocean's waves,
holding count of all the stars:
the newly born, the *who we are's*.

You greeted those who drifted away,
comforted those who chose to stay,
listened for those still left to pray.

Ambassador of the living world,
the magical—
a bridge between unknowns.

You remember centuries of being,
the silent nights of knowing,
a reflective, quiet seeing.

Yet you were—and always are—there:
sometimes seen so *divine* and bright,
sometimes hiding in the night.



Golden Leaf

It starts with rejuvenation,
sunlight spinning into gold,
birdsong rising, brave and bold.
Warmth spreads through the ground,
buds respond, rising gleefully
to spring's first clear songs.

Leaves of wise trees
open wide in delight—
vibrant yellows, lime, mint,
forest, emerald, jade a hint.
Raindrops sparkle in the veins;
a lively symphony exclaims.

Then the sun turns its face
toward another time.
Days grow short, cast in silhouettes,
and the world begins to unwind.
Leaves soften into amber, saffron, apricot,
old birds settle upon their thrones.

The season shifts, fine and brief,
a **simple** golden luminous leaf
shimmers beneath the autumn sky,
reminding us life circles on,
in all its wonder, passing by.



Under Water

All is clear, tranquil, bright,
peaceful, gliding, full of delight.

Thoughts come and go
along with a steady breath,
paced in and out,
a rhythm, a solitude
lost somewhere else—
other than within yourself.

A constant heartbeat you cannot hear,
gliding within graceful gratitude,
a magical rippled mirror.

Electric thoughts pulse through the mind,
opening eyes where they were blind,
ebbing through the softness of the wet,
the clear blue reflections you haven't met.

The comfort of the *divine* cool flow,
the aquamarine intuition—go.



Avocado

Hard, unwilling to speak,
Softer, almost at a peak.

Perfect *time*—peel me now,
I have something to say.
I'm asking you, don't delay.

A couple days too late,
I didn't foresee my fate.

All is well as I decompose,
Returning to the Earth, as she knows.

Little Fox

Little fox, I wanted to give you all my love,
from the red-winged blackbird to the heart-felt dove.

Little fox, I wanted to give you all my *time*,
from evergreen forests to sandy beaches *divine*.

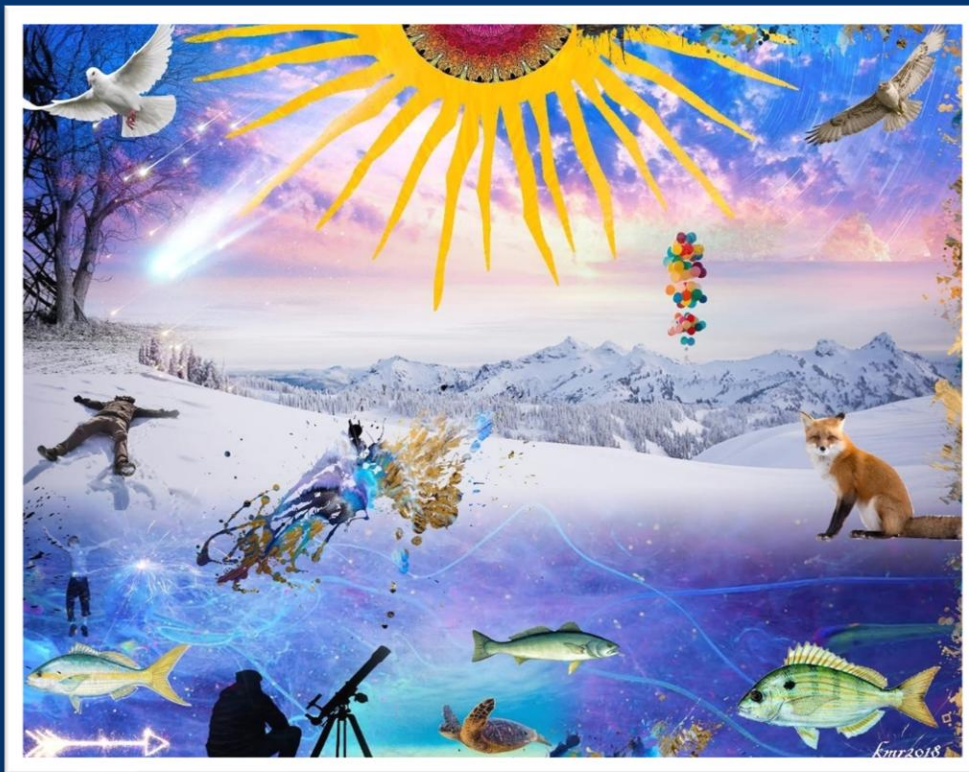
Little fox, I never wanted us to part,
from cloud-whispered skies to shooting stars in the dark.

Little fox, I wanted everything for you,
from running wild and free to resting beneath a tree, too.

Little fox, so brave and smart,
full of life, love, and a huge tender heart.

Little fox, so naïve and new,
I wish you'd seen all the world had for you.

Little fox, I hope we meet again,
in another world where we can be best friends.



A Tear

I felt a pain, that was unspoken
it started in my chest.

Stemming from a memory
that was not even close to rest.

Like an angry, unfair twinge
fire embers underneath the fringe.

No prayers, no light, no **truth**
to soothe this pain.

Just the rolling of a single tear
to bring upon the rain.



Birch Tree

I'm sure I saw you in your splendor,
walking by your beauty many times.
I know I've seen your *divine* leaves
twinkle from July to September,
dancing, waving, perfectly still
in silent rhymes.

Gorgeous skin, decades of
character to reveal—
black and white, silky chalk,
any artist's heart you could steal.

I took your body home with me
when I saw a man had cut your tree.
Why, I cannot understand,
but I had to take you in my hands.

Wishing I could piece you back together,
I hold your bark close and near.
I remember your majestic being,
even after your undoing here.



Nothing and More

All my things
I gave away.
I did not look,
I did not stay.

What use were they—
the filled rooms,
the mature gardens
where the old life looms?

All I wanted
was to fly free,
away with you,
and *simply* be.

A spiritual loss,
a material loss,
a releasing
anew.

It's hard to have nothing.
It's easy to have nothing.
Yet I have more than nothing.
Because I once had you.



Between Worlds

On Christmas Day,
gathered around the table,
we heard tales of the places you've been—
Paris, New York, Amsterdam, Berlin,
grand vacations,
extravaganzas and elations.

Pour another Limoncello,
toast your fine young fellows,
light the candles, shout hooray,
let the champagne cork fly away.

Questions float in the air:
Where have you been?
What have you done?
Who do you know?

I've built small worlds within my mind,
planted gardens, so *divine*,
within the joy that stillness brings,
I learned to cherish *simple* things.

Nowhere, not much, no one to see,
silence drifts lightly around me.
Then back to games we turn and play,
letting the world drift away.



All the Colors I Feel

An adobe-brown house of love
sits sturdy under the sky above.
Beneath a bush, in shadowed grace,
a long-haired black cat finds its place.

A silvery-white, moth-yellow moon
greet the royal midnight soon.
A bird of paradise calls clear,
and a curious hummingbird draws near.

Fluffy pink blossoms drift and twirl,
like champagne bubbles in a swirl,
from a wise **truthful** mimosa tree,
where whispers dance and secrets flee.

A red pear hangs, so ripe, so sweet,
on a green cactus, a hidden treat.
Blazing orange and violet streak
the sky in colors words can't speak.

A gray gust sweeps the evening round,
stirring seeds and leaves from the ground.
Turquoise waters shimmer, gleam, and play,
while burgundy chiles mark the day.



Clarinet

Transport me to New Orleans,
to dance with the great jazz beings—
Louis Armstrong, bold and blazing,
Wynton Marsalis, precise and phrasing,
Ella Fitzgerald, sparkling, agile, free,
Billie Holiday, soulful, deep as the sea.

Take me east on a taksim caravan,
a klezmer journey to Turkish lands.
Tango, Bossa Nova call the night,
notes whisper softly, “the world feels right.”
Romania, Macedonia, gypsy flair,
I feel the music lift me there.

Back to the greats—Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bach,
Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, and Weber talk.
All have done us favors through centuries of sound,
guiding us through passages where dreams are found.

Take me on this magic, melodious ride,
hear the **divine** notes as they slip and slide.
Every key, every breath, every soulful bend,
a journey of music over **time** with no start and end.



Remember

When no one cared about **time** or place
running in the tall grass
that brushed against your face

Playing hide and seek in
the small creek, rippling
over moss-covered rocks

Riding a pony,
still in your socks

Fishing off the pond's perfect bank,
hoping for a small trout to bite
Finding crystals in the rocks,
roasting marshmallows in firelight

Catching as many grasshoppers as you can,
shooting down some old tin cans
Running wild as wild can be,
what a feeling it was to be free



Hearts

Like black to white
and fish to water,
like brother to sister
and mother to daughter.

From breath to words
and words to action,
from good intentions
to complex factions.

Like hot to cold
and day to night,
like good to bad
and love to fight.

From me to you
and you to them,
better to be real
than to pretend.

Like sugar and spice
and mean to nice,
like **truth** to lies
and happiness to demise.

From closed to open
and light to dark,
from quiet hope
to a sudden spark.

From guarded walls
to falling apart,
from fragile beats
to a fearless heart.



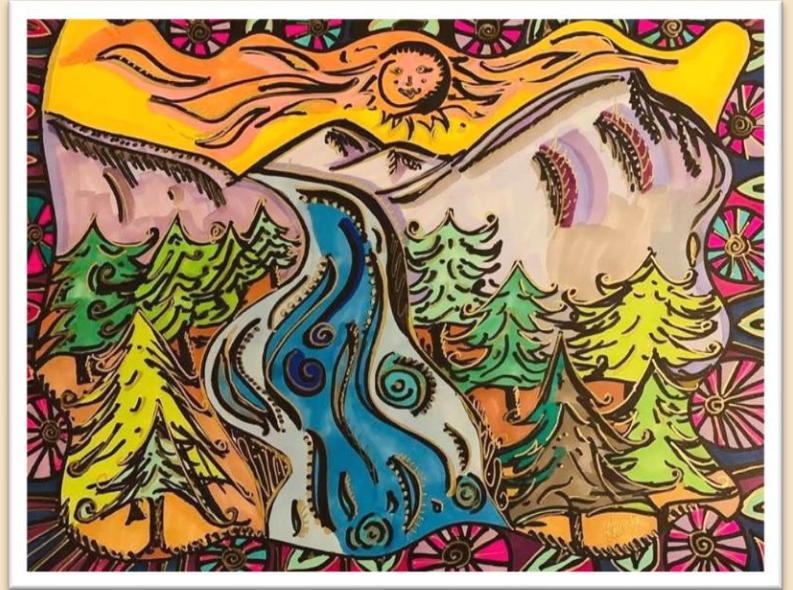
Shadows of a Dream

Nothing was what it seemed,
shadows of a distant dream.
Strangers, all kind they were,
a compassionate, empathic lure.

Where **true** knowledge was revered,
craft and skill abundantly appeared.
There were keepers of the land,
a sacred pact to understand.

To keep things natural, clean, and pure,
there was no sickness, no need for cure.
No hierarchy, no better than,
just the being and the land.

There was no destruction,
no longing, despair, or fear.
The time and place was enough—
it was cherished to be just here.



Sunflower

Bright yellow flame,
never the same,
greeting the day,
tall and proud in sway.

In the wind,
a golden throne,
for the finch to spin,
for fields to roam.

Bright earth sun,
with all your friends,
a symphony begun,
as blooms ascend.

A **simple** friendly eye
set on the passerby,
yellow waves rise
to compliment blue sky.



Mosaic of Life

Truth of my life—
broken, colored pieces all around,
making sense of what is found,
shaping fragments, cutting down.

Organizing, contemplative,
reflective, meditative,
piecing together without fear,
trusting the path that's clear.

Perhaps there is no plan,
work done subconsciously by hand,
matching edges, letting flow,
accepting all I come to know.

Edges align, each piece its space,
slowly forming a balanced embrace.
Pause awhile, then return,
after the tiles settle, let shapes discern.

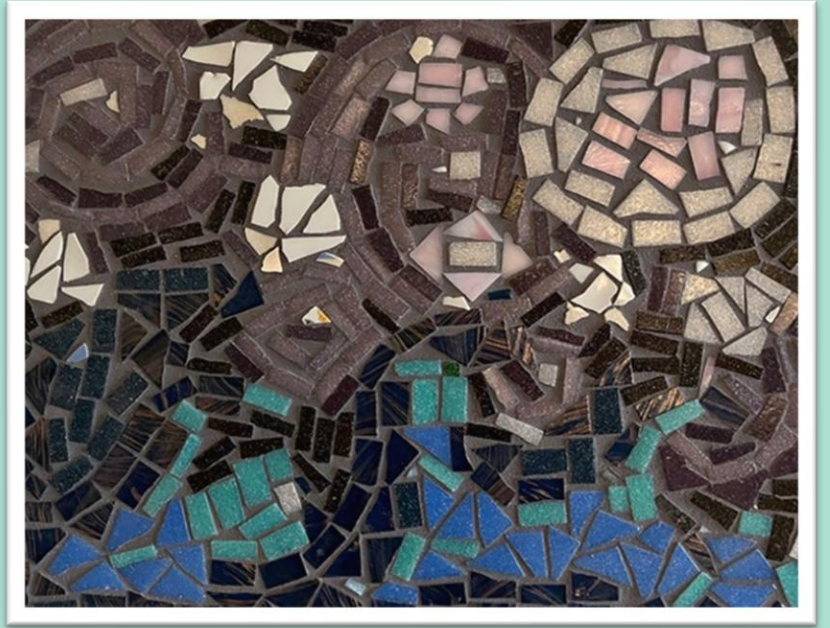
Almost finished, just a few days more,
final setting now complete,
the picture revealed, another feat,
each fragment resting, whole and complete.



Breath

Hidden, yet essential
Quiet, yet profound
Rising in and out
Like the ocean's sound

Deep and contemplative
Or light and meditative
Rising, falling, a **simple** call
A steady tide within us all



Apple

Picked the last apple from the tree
Never asked, nor waited patiently
Forbidden was the beautiful fruit
Consequences stemming from the root

A bite into the luscious core
Leaving yearning, wanting more
The taste so sweet and *divine*
Blinding truths of any kind

What would be the price to pay
For taking the forbidden gem that day?
It was written in the stone
Ancient fables close to home

Only *time* would reveal
The true intention of the deal
Gaining knowledge—what's it worth?
Grace now falling far from Earth

The utopia you once knew to be
Fading into imperfect eternity



Box

Memories that will never escape

Things I don't want you to take

Secrets to bury deep

Thoughts that only I will keep

Notes and shiny trinkets to admire

An empty locket, a quiet fire

A vice, a flirtation, an invisible sin

Over **time** buried away deep within

A wish, a hope, something obscure

In this box. Never a cure

Rain

Carving the rivers that shape the seas,
Creating the forests that cradle the trees.
Sculpting canyons, both tall and wide,
Offering abundance, strength, and pride.

In absence, forming the desert sands,
Where horses roam in enchanted lands.
Nourishing souls with the essence of life,
An element enduring both peace and strife.



Past

What good would it do
to linger in the past,
unless the lessons gained
can shape what's meant to last?

Would you have chosen
another path to take
if you could glimpse the end
of your fate?

Why try to forget,
only to repeat
the weight of regret?

When will you embrace
the *truths* you've known,
from the sum of all
the seeds you've sown?

Did you truly have a choice,
or only hear a guiding voice?
Could you spare another life
from lessons carved by strife?

Could you read the patterns clear,
and reshape the mistakes you fear?
Were your experiences no more than a sum
of the ever-changing world you're from?

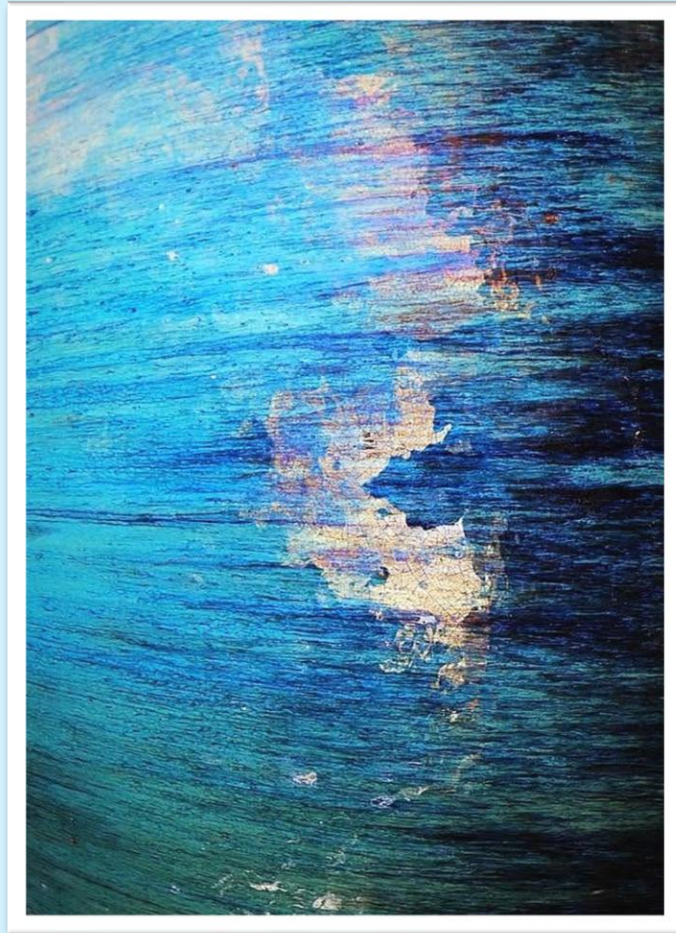


Reflection

In a mirror
in a puddle of water
in a lake
in a wave
in a swimming pool
in a window
in a piece of glass
in a sheet of metal
in the eye of the beholder
in your mind's own eye

In a resting raindrop
in someone else
in a color
in a thing
in something unknown

In new life
in **time**
in death
in suffering
in joy
in peace
in sorrow
in tomorrow



Alone

There are many single beings,
perfectly content—
from scattered wildflowers
to the finch upon its fence.

From the grandmother tree,
watching over many,
to the fox in the meadow,
frolicking in his plenty.

To the monarch resting
on purple-flowered brush,
and the golden finch
singing in its thrush.

From the *simple* trout
in the babbling brook,
resting in its mossy nook,
to the horses roaming
beneath the desert sun,

to the spotted owl
in the willow tree—
all these beings,
alone,
and free.



Shooting Star

To the naked eye
I saw you streak past,
cutting through the deep abyss.

In a split second
of spontaneous thought,
I made a **simple** wish
on the comet trail
of your wondrous light—
hoping for something
far beyond sight.

The **divine** gatekeeper
of the immense night skies
didn't pause to ponder why,
but instead chose to grant
the inception
of a quiet renewal.

I wished for everything to get along,
to bring justice to what is right,
to erase all that is wrong.
To spread peace across
this blue, circling dome—
to everything
that calls it home.

Renew what has been demolished:
the waste, the selfishness,
the rising anger.
Restore compassion.
Take away the fear.

It's **time** to begin
a brand-new year.



Grandmother's Wisdom

Grandmother sits, quiet and free,
resting beneath the old oak tree.
Thinking of moments carried by **time**,
swaying with breezes, steady, sublime.

A lifetime of wisdom gathered and known,
truths softly learned, patiently grown.
She sees the world plainly, just as it seems—
a **simple** way of knowing
the meaning of things.

“You may grow older, wiser, and strong,
make mistakes, but keep moving along.
You may gain wealth yet still feel poor
if you chase after greed behind certain doors.

Always find value in trees and in bees,
in open fields and the whispering leaves.
Open your heart to the land, to the sky,
for life begins where nature lies.

With a steady oak guiding your sight,
look up to the stars in the dark of night,
and remember me watching you from afar,
with love as your compass, your guiding star.



Sparkle

Speckled spots, tall white ears,
a sparkle in your heart-felt tears,
a lucky rabbit through all your years.

Magic glimmers in the midnight sky,
twinkling stars that know the why,
wishes gathering for another try.

Roses sitting in a **simple** vase,
once lively red cheeks, a rosy face,
now bowing out, still full of grace.

A robin singing **truth** in the snow,
it's not yet spring, as we all know,
but signs of hope begin to show.

A magnificent royal bluebird chimes,
flying high with joyous rhymes,
blessing your home a thousand times.

A curious, mischievous red squirrel
gathers grasses and seeds in a whirl,
preparing for the **time** of winter's twirl.



Birds of a Feather

Black-soot crow, in the know,
listening close where maples glow.

Northern flicker, soaring through,
speckled chest, **divine** ruby hue.

Humble house sparrow hops around,
high and low along the ground.

Robin, orange chest held proud,
curious eyes on every crowd.

Small and round, the chickadee
plays awhile in the nearby tree.

Goldfinch hiding till reveal,
bright delight in seeds surreal.

Red-tailed hawk comes swooping in,
sharp-eyed, focused, set to win.

Mourning dove, so meek and sweet,
softly cooing, light at your feet.

Blue jay, royal, bold delight,
announcing when he's in sight.

Rufous hummingbird, you linger near,
at trumpet vine, in **time** disappear.

White-breasted nuthatch, quick and spry,
calling out as you race by.

Canadian geese in feathered V,
flying home in harmony.



A Tiny Garden

Just think what you could make
with a small patch of dirt,
a blank canvas waiting for work.

Toss wildflower seeds into the air,
sunflowers rise with little care.

Start in the fall—
tulips greet the spring,
daffodils trumpet, blue bells ring.

Birds will claim this haven home,
fluttering through lilac and iris they roam.

Poppies and zinnias blaze in the sun,
butterfly bush, lamb's ear—so much fun.

Yarrow and sedum flourish and thrive,
feeding the wings that keep hope alive.

Lilies and peonies, *divine* and plush,
yellow, red, and white roses lush.

Tall feathered grasses patiently wait,
as other small wonders appear at the gate.



What If

What if you
planted seeds,
sowed trees,
consumed less,
saved more water,

thought deeper,
wrote longer,
smiled wider,
wandered further,
helped freely,
loved fiercely,

spoke less,
created more,
thought **simple**,
learned to understand,

practiced empathy,
chose kindness,
embraced the sadness,
erased the blindness.



The Boy and the Tree

My life did not mean much
without yours—
though as a boy
I didn't yet understand.

Things were *simple* then.
We grew up together,
for a *time* the same height.

I swung from your branches,
delighted in your shade,
climbed into your hidden sanctuary,
dreaming the world away.

As I grew, you grew—
we were happy together.

Then came the leaving.
I parted from our *simple* joys
to join man's creation
and survive the city's noise.

A concrete jungle dressed in gray,
suits and steel in endless fray,
where the sun could scarcely reach the ground,
nothing green was ever found.

Metal clanged,
streets were paved with hurry,
faces stern with quiet worry—
the rhythm of a capitalist scheme
erasing every innocent dream.

Years passed before I returned,
only to find you still there,
rooted, patient, unconcerned,
your branches waving in the air.

Your green warmth erased the gray,
renewed all bleak and broken sights,
restoring—without asking—
everything I had forgotten was right.



Trumpet

A boy of humble means
saw a shiny silver trumpet
through the shop's glass window display.
He thought to himself, *I must have that,*
I have to find a way.

He worked for a while
as a servant for the elite,
saving every coin
to claim his prize so sweet.

In **time** he obtained his treasure,
under his coat he carried it with care,
learning every note,
playing with passion everywhere.

And one day soon
he blossomed into a leader great,
a jazz master shining bright,
his music ringing **true**—always was his fate.

Just a Girl

Just a girl,
a **simple** seed on the wind,
soaring innocently across the sky,
sparking imagination high.

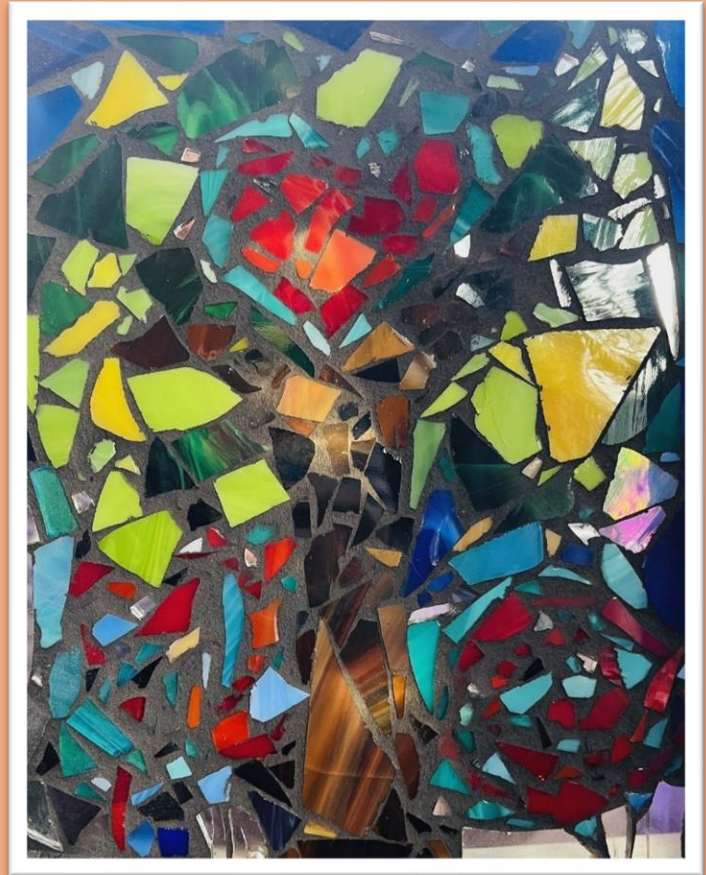
Just a thought—
a green sprout appeared,
growing and thriving
through countless years.

A girl once forgotten,
now independent and brave,
alive with thought,
far from afraid.

A majestic tree stands,
guardian tall and **divine**,
protector of the meek,
of the small and the shy.

Thoughts turn to electric writing,
evolving into the strength of her voice,
important messages delivered
with intention and choice.

Just a girl, now heard clear,
resonating messages of hope
to all who are near.



Rabbit in a Hat

“You must make something out of nothing,”
said the rabbit in a hat.

“But how on earth
would I possibly do that?”

“**Simple** as racing turtles
and learning to fly—
just don’t stop to ponder
or wonder why.

A little of this,
a little of that,
mix it around
and sprinkle it in the hat.

Say the magic words,
believe they’re real,
and soon you’ll see
it’s no big deal.

“But I don’t see—
there’s nothing there,
just clear, invisible air!”

“You forgot your rose-colored glasses,
to twirl in a circle,
and sip sweet molasses.

Take a small spoonful,
and in **time** you will see:
you can create anything from nothing,
and it **truly** will be.”



Silver Lining

Zip your armor, head out the door,
don't reveal your intentions anymore.
Turn your thoughts to actions real,
before they can steal what you feel.

If they throw unkind words to hinder,
you've built your suit to deflect each splinter.
Everything you've built over **time** to last—
a silver lining will come to pass.



A Poem for Breakfast

It *simply* rolled off the tip of my tongue
like jelly sliding onto a biscuit.

It scrambled out in a quiet shout
like eggs cooked just right with a brisket.

It hissed and steamed up into the air,
whistling with a tea kettle's flair.

As I sat at the table, sunlight peaked in,
In *truth* the poem was about to begin.

Still

River rocks

Pinecones

Silence

Blade of grass

Freshly laid egg

Hot summer night

Snow resting on branch

Ponderosa pine

Blueberries on vine

Tall cattail

Lily *divine*

Resting moss

Mountain top

Prism of light

Sleeping fox



To Be

To have fur

To have skin

To have scales

To not fit in

To be big

To be small

To pass through the world
not even seen at all

To be soft

To be rough

To be scratchy

To be tough

To be happy

To be sad

To linger in sorrow

To be mad

Some things change

Some things persist

To be here in *truth*—

Knowing you cannot
change how you exist



Fragile Thing

The littlest remark
caught you by surprise,
bursting into a swarm of bees.

You looked strong,
but beneath those eyes
flowed enough tears to fill the sea.

Living for years
simple, independent, alone,
often wishing to share your home.

A flower that blooms
bright for a single day,
then quickly withers away.

Nurturer, caregiver, mother,
always giving to another,
while the world forgets to bother.

A whispering wind,
a thin paper kite,
the world assures you'll be alright.



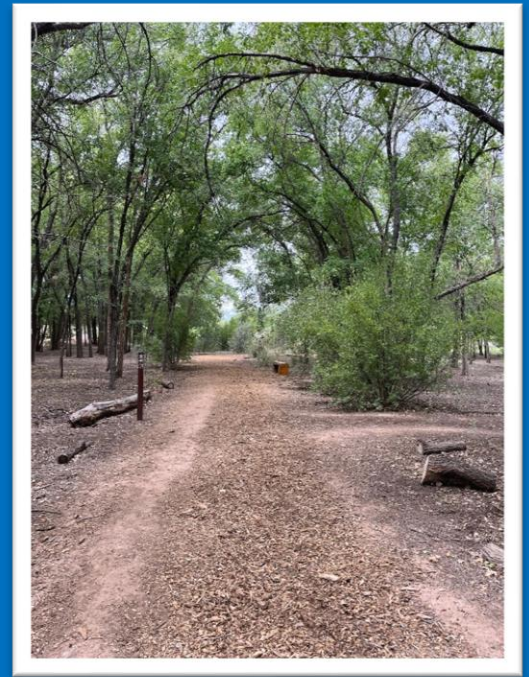
Trailblazers

You didn't have to ask what we should do;
The earth whispered softly, and you knew too.
You gathered your courage to forge a new way,
Seeking a change and a brighter day.

You rallied others to plant millions of trees,
And found safer homes for the wandering bees.
Alone at first, you stood for the climate's health,
Speaking **truth** to power, above greed and wealth.

You found meaning in animals and taught others to try,
With peace as your ally, steadfast at your side.
You exposed poisons sprayed that killed the birds,
Wrote books and statements, eventually heard.

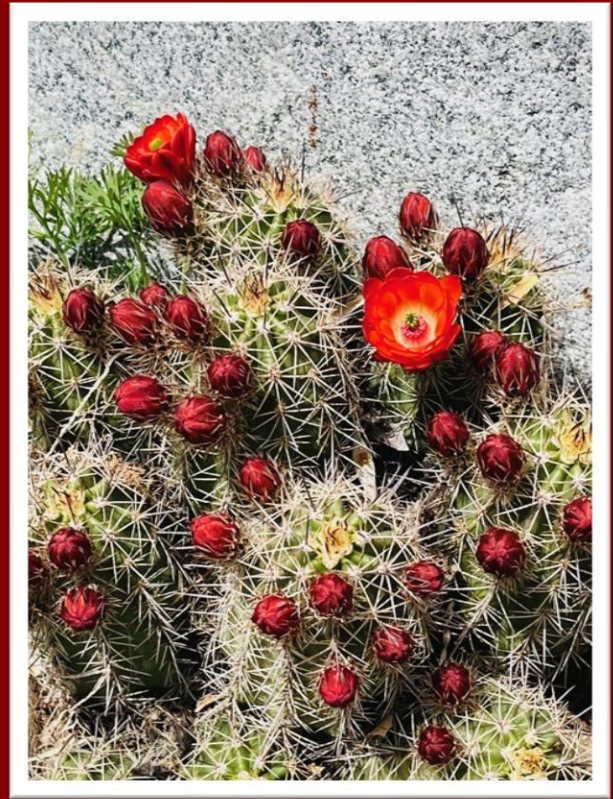
Simple acts at first, yet they grew into great,
Messages clear: it's never too late.



Hidden Queen

Have you ever met a queen
that wasn't what she seemed?
She adorned you with gifts so grand
and entangled you within her strands.

As you fell asleep beneath her wise,
you found yourself lost in disguise,
in *time* forgot how you ever came to meet
everything sour that was once sweet.



Ode to the Sun

Life force
infinitely radiant,
soaking in your comfort.

Mother to
all that grows,
the only *true* light that beings know.

The greatest power
of the land,
to manifest or turn to sand.

Keeper of *time*,
ancient wisdom ingrained
in every story you will remain.



Cuddled Close

It was soft,
it was light,
it was fluffy,
and just right.

Whiskers brushed my ear,
a gentle nudge to my neck.
Cuddled as close as can be,
simply keeping warm
in perfect harmony.

Blink of an Eye

In the blink of an eye,
it could all be over—
and then, what would be?

In the blink of an eye,
your fate could shift,
a whole new destiny.

The *divine* work of life and death,
the in and out of its breath.
The opening and closing of the door—
in the blink of an eye, it is no more.

Real

Different eyes
freckled skin
graying hair
crooked grin.

Little ears
short toes
weathered hands
simple nose.

Frazzled face
missing tooth
rolling belly
skin loose.

Treasure what is **true**,
in every part of you.
Cherish how you feel—
that which makes you real.

When You Were Young

When you were young,
the world was endless.
Imagination carried
you anywhere.
You couldn't see
the worries of adults—
you didn't need to care.

Joy was **simple**,
time moved slow.
On cold winter days,
you drew while it snowed.

You wrote pirate stories,
dressed the cat in costumes,
watched silly movies on repeat,
played one record after another.

You raced bikes with friends,
roller-skated fast
down cracked sidewalks,
played hide-and-seek
until the sun went down.

These were the days
when **time** stood still,
youth all around,
simple moments a thrill.

When You Were Old

You couldn't wait to turn sixteen—
a rite of passage into the growing of your life.
Eighteen, then twenty-one—
the days couldn't pass fast enough.

Before the blink of an eye, you were twenty-five,
living as if consequences didn't exist.
Thirty came, and you wondered
if you were possibly getting old,
then forgot that age was ever a choice.

Forty-five brought wisdom, experience, and some regret.
Fifty-five, you were happy to be alive,
taking all life had to offer.
Sixty-five, ready to rest
from the work you'd given to the world.

Another decade passes—
some of the toils of youth fading from memory.
Settled in your ways,
reflecting on each day.
Wisdom accumulated,
ready to pass only the ***simple truths***
to those you'll leave behind.

A True Friend

Words found their way,
a warm presence received them,
putting all else aside,
attentive to their meaning.

Answers were not offered,
only a resting place for worries,
a quiet comfort folded in acceptance.

Pains and joys rose and fell,
ebbing and flowing
through the passing years.

Even in plateaus of silence,
thoughts traveled,
soft and well-meaning.

Admiration grew
for what was cherished,
even across differing tastes and talents.

Encouragement whispered,
reminding that new dreams
were always within reach.

A *true* friend—
a guide
to the many possibilities
of life's *simple* gifts.



Don't Forget to be Great

A new year is upon us again,
it's up to you choosing my friend.
What you do with each hour—
simply rests within your power.

Will you create footprints
someone wants to walk,
paths they can follow
to a **divine** place to talk?

Will you leave your thoughts
for someone to know,
inspiring their being
to inwardly grow?

Maybe you'll plant a couple trees,
leave some water for the honeybees.
Consume a little less, smile more,
save an animal, open a door.

You might write a song,
a poem or a book.
Maybe you'll care more how you act
and less how you look.

You'll create magic wherever you go—
this much is certain,
a **truth** that I know.

