

## February Birthday, 1974

Warmth in a cold winter,  
The February birth  
Of a magical copper-haired girl,  
Whose eyes changed colour with  
The season.

A secret spell  
Of ceaseless wonder;  
From a child's *If I had....*  
To "*Tea Coloured Water*",  
"*Charango*", "*Quena*"  
And then back  
To *The Lakes of Pontchartrain*.

Learning to always and forever seek  
Her little Silver Cord of truth;  
To place a gentle palm on a troubled cheek  
And to calm the passing storms of youth.

She gave to one shy boy  
His first dance  
And the wisdom to love naively;  
One of many met by chance  
And then left changed completely.

Then one last smile from a freckled lip,  
And the moor lines slip.....  
And she is gone.

And then the comfort sought  
In those who say,  
That love and magic bind forever;  
The tangled strands never grey  
But keep us still together.

Each life's visit that we mourn  
Is but a fleeting hour.  
One bloom, then reborn;  
As sister petals on a flower.