

You

Russia

Fire

of

in your eyes

steppes

like the wild horses

on the

of the Cossacks

Hair

swaying in the wind

like black gold

like the wings of a

raven

talons

to seize

that

which you

desire

at the ready

Life

that is

punctuated

by moments of intense effort

and solitude

you look to the past like the great wide open Steppes
filled with events like a rich tapestry
colors of good and evil

all part of a mosaic you
love
that makes you
who you
are

you look to the future

with the eyes of an eagle
piercing the clouds of eternity
you see the veil lifted your vision
of
Heaven clear
you know what is coming what you will do

your dreams overflowing images
images
images

wild horses running free

the brilliant sun

the untamed wind

sounds smells tastes

all are known

to you

at times

you feel

outside of time

you feel

the unity

which binds

us all

then you slip

you fall

back to the world

where few have

eyes

that see

over and over

you climb back up the mountain

where you can see infinity

you are

alone

this is the price

of the eyes that see

and you
and your
fiery eyes