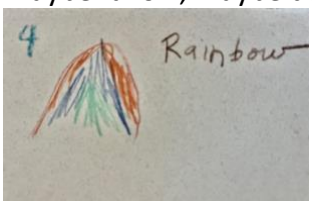
Collaborative Poem created at GCPC's Advent Formation on Poetry, Sunday, December 4, 2022

In my dream



Maybe fallow, maybe dead



Why begin this sweet tinsel journey
to Christmas morning
in the jarring glare of
such challenging, stark clarion call.
All that we
will become
Creation flourishing
fully alive
Empathy
Waiting while feeling
the fire of knowing
something to be true.
Rainbows are
God's promise
Reminded.
Mysterious cloud
tornado!
Of a world in full color.



Leaves on a tree
Feel
look and dream enough
and there is color
and hope for all



Wizard
Mother
illumination
dazzle us in full color.
The night rainbow
I can feel the
strength of my
convictions
Repercussions
of
Redemption
Veneer
Dead but we couldn't
part with it.



Clouds in my brain
Spidering along the horizon