

In the dream she is wearing a backpack,
proud bangs, reddish brown toned,
curly ringlets and waves cascade long over her shoulders.
A yellow shawl, long jean covered legs.
I know the eyes, the chin a little down and angled, the
eyes looking up, shy, yes, but blue sky joy.
I stroke that hair and kiss those eyes.

She is seven and defiant, proud, I can do this, don't mess
with me. Yes, you are determined, and I will hold you in my
arms and protect you even though you are the protector... I
know you don't need this hug, it's for me....little girl

I stroke my hands through her greyish dark hair and
hear her purr ummmm; short bob cut, cute, stylish,
knowledgeable, weathered, seen too much, yet so wise,
compassionate, emotionally open, on the surface, the eyes
always a little moist

I caress her when she's not looking, playing the jazz
Bolling piano, her short hair nodding, aroused, trying to be
the good girl and get it right, to find the beat;

She gives herself a hug through a painting...she is a danc
ing flower and music followed her wherever she went; and I hug
her when she is assured, effortlessly singing, ahh, the
voice the soul, the shekinah pouring out, bathing me in the
divine tune of her dancing notes.

we are Hansel and Gretel she writes, holding hands, trying
to find our way from and to home in a sometimes so dark
woods.

At night I stroke her hair while she sleeps and sometimes
she rolls into my arms to be caressed. Then there is the
silent signal when my arms open and she returns to her side
of the bed. Each caress is a note of music, heard and felt
in the moment, echoing beyond the moment.

Each hug is a hug of the moment and of all moments in the
past, all pieces of the river that are her life;

Each hug is a hug of the moment and all moments in the
future; where we will be together soundlessly and in song.

The hug sounds it's melody in the here and now; containing
all notes past and future. It is the content and the context,
surrounding both of us, holding both of us. When we hug,
music notes are left in our wake, music notes are sent around
us into the world, music notes are sent into the future.

Sometimes I run into those music notes, and the hug I gave
her, hugs me back.