

INSPIRATION OF JIM KIDD

Resonate, Reverberations, Repercussions,
he utters in a vibrant tone of red
He tries to unshackle my mind
Vowels and consonants dance
and words begin to swirl
They call hither to smell, sound
and objects of before.

Released from the burden of societal restraints
Luminescent in the chaos of his blossom
How and when did it happen?
Years have worn him well
Childlike hope glistens
feverishly in his eyes.

Resonate, Reverberations, Repercussions,
he declares, as his voice finds its beat
Providing glimpses of misty revelations
My feet are firmly planted in a fluctuating now
and tomorrow beckons my mind
Many waves are we with wonder
How many did he catch — one, a few or more?

Resonate, Reverberations, Repercussions,
he pleads, with reaching arms filled with gold
He stays the course turbulent and transfixed
The words hover in a purple field of flowing dreams.

My dust is sleepy with weary
Stay I say, resonate, reverberations, repercussions,
awaken heart and head, as one
My dawn will beam a new.

Resonate, Reverberations, Repercussions,
he whispers, from a warm soul of blue
As intuition begins to navigate
and courage pilots the momentum
They ascend and soar

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to get with their own
creative dimensions.

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