Green Pearl

I hear the question, And she speaks the truth, A phoenix, reborn, Undeluded by youth.

She looks in the dark, And I see the light, A dragon, uncaged That compels me to write.

She breathes the flame, And I feel the heat, A lost one, now found, With a muse to entreat.

A test, a tester, A queen holding court, A strength, a defiance, A temper that's short.

A love, a lover, A saint with a cause, A grace, a forgiveness, A definer of laws.

A drive, a driver, A spirit unchained, A life, a journey, A strong will ingrained.

A dance, a dancer, A fairy in green, A struggle, a definition, A sickness unseen.

No test, no tester, No queen takes our place, No strength without challenge, No fear to embrace.

No love, no lover, No saint to march in, No grace for the sinner, No yan and no yin.

No drive, no driver, No spirit to free, No road to be lost on, No flaw left to see.

No dance, no dancer, No fairy who flies, No life without struggle, Yet love never dies.

- Maurice London