



## Rite Time

Ariana Ananda

Nothing was the same  
Now that it was  
Spring  
First rite...  
Emeralds in sight.  
Lost diamonds,  
Found jasper  
Pearls buried in  
Snow  
Slowly melting  
In the light  
of blinding  
Golden rays.  
Sapphire skies.  
Infinite mercy.  
Broken glass,  
Mended amethyst heart  
Last rite.