


Colorful Dream Poem Book

By: Sara Kumar



This book is dedicated to my mom, Mary,
and to the Blessed Mother.

For Jesus.

Fiat mihi 

Colorful Dream

Poem Book

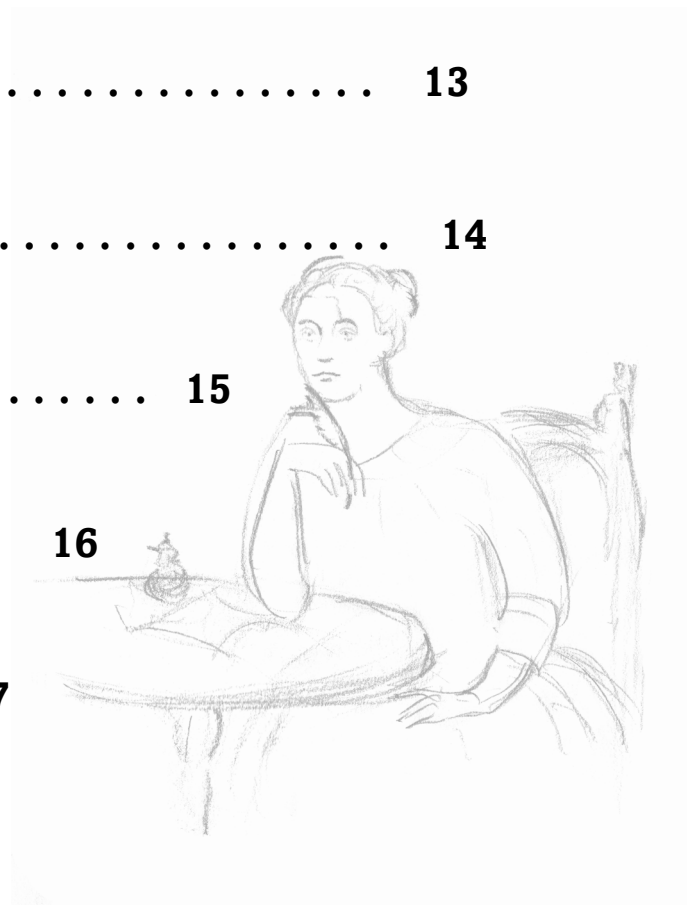
f is some good input \sim

$H(f)$ is a transfer function

Colorful Dream List

- Dallas Hall, 2023 November with Mom** 1
Two history teachers in the back row
- For Isaac Newton from Me** 2
The paralytic did not fall
- Finding Always with God** 3
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Because, my child, because



This is not a poem, and it is a picture, This is not a poem, and it is a picture,



Dallas Hall, 2023 November with Mom
by Sara Kumar

Workers unions, equal pay
Workers unions
Equal pay

Two history teachers sitting in the back row
Two history teachers sitting in the back row

I subbed in a music class and saw how hard a job it was
I taught chemistry and it was tough

Workers unions
Equal pay

Mr. Leonhardt, can we talk through something for some minutes?
Where do you dine on the regular?
I need to see a teacher asking this one day:
Do we need to work so many hours?
Cause I've seen children wasting time and if we cut an hour off I could
lesson plan at school and cook dinner at home

Workers unions, equal pay
Note to self: what's really happening with writers in LA?
I'm praying and paying to work, and I'm just wanting to know
What's really the situation?
Note from above: And we need guud pay, and we need guud pay

I've worked so many jobs, and I'm so happy now
Thank God for dat
Two history teachers in the back row
Two history teachers in the back row
May they work with love
May they work with love

Announce this, Dr. Leonhardt: We are a nation sprung from immigrants

1

Randolph worked with love and sat at FDR's desk and said
I didn't go to Harvard; I went to City College
And they laughed
And he made a deal to help African Americans find werk, during WWII for
guud pay
And he stood with Martin at the March on Washington, and I think about Dr.
Martin's speech dat day almost everyday now
Workers unions, Equal Pay and what I need to say is this one day
We need to werk on immigration, really, Mr. President
It will help strengthen your platform and people will listen to you

Invest R&D here
Laws that guide and protect and do so in a timely way
Laws that guide and protect and do so in a timely way
Laws that guide and protect and do so in a timely way
And penalties that are humane

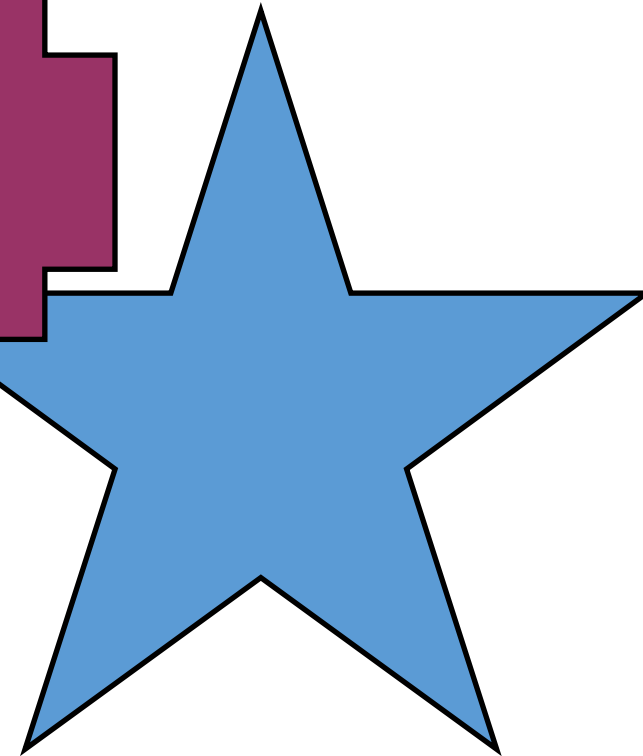
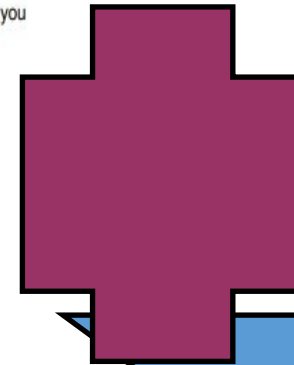
I've hired illegal workers for too little pay at a church
that needed to help them become citizens
And I tried especially hard in one case
but the laws didn't help us like we needed
They will pay taxes and build families because they are runnin from
something not guud many times

Invest R&D here
Organize with love like Barack was doing with Michelle in South Side
Invest here
And watch them become lawyers and engineers
And note, they will vote but that's not the only reason why
Invest here
Because I want to hire them to act and dance one day
And I'll sit at a desk and reach out my hand
Hamilton came from St. Croix

For words, go to

Satya-Caritas.org/

Poetry-and-Monologue



Regarding the Second Law of Motion:

Apples should be plucked from trees when they are ripe

And what do you want to fall except the rain when it is gentle?

Or snowflakes that form a soft down

The paralytic did not fall; he was tied at the top

Acorns and pine cones fall in the autumn

And can be picked up or left to grow with help

Let toddlers fall on soft ground if they must

And learn to stand with a helping hand

Trees do fall

**I have picked leaves from trees and let them drop without
watching them fall**

And God knew them well, but I did not

The paralytic did not fall

Though the beams were made from trees

FINDING LOVE ALWAYS

WITH GOD

Remembering listening in Taipei to bring joy
And dreams need to be cared for with sisterly
love

The statue of David was tall
And my neck stretched
And I stared at renderings of eyes
Pointing toward a rendering of a giant man.
Michaelangelo was a sculptor
The same man who loved his friend and
came down
And painted the Father large
For all to see.
Bramante would let him paint.
And so they began with sinful
hearts.

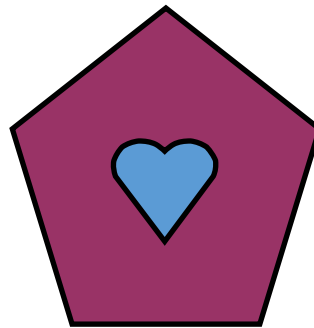
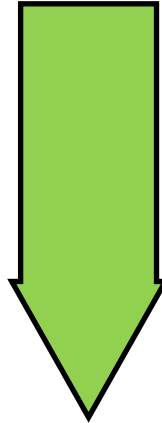
"And let the good remain and stay."

And David's eyes were not hollow
And let me see Beauty
I too know my sins.
A ribbon on a gift of satin
And a Love that forgives
"Stand, woman. Be not afraid."

After removing the scaffolding
he realized
That the figures were too small. Do not cry, Michaelangelo.

And we stood at the back of the chapel
And John took off his hat
And I wanted to stare at the wall. Be not afraid.

And my soul needs a mother,



Like my mind,
Like my strength
Escuchar al dolor

But that day I had joy

My back to Athena's chair, I looked Southwest
To a column of Herodotus
And I wanted to know-
So I waited
And I stared
And I returned
To sit for awhile
To read Poetics
But I found no peace, except across the lions,
Northwest
Where I found a priest.

And my Beloved sits even now
Within the tabernacle down 114th

"Be still, Be still, Be still. She is well."
And it was the Poetics that gave no peace,
Because I did not wait and listen

Apollo was not there
Neither was Dionysus
And neither was my mother

"And let the good remain and stay."
Because we read, and we are touched by God

And I worked in the office at a Maronite Catholic
Church
And I watched Youtube videos with Bishop Barron
on screen
In an office, where I didn't have to make coffee
And I was a secretary, and I sang
And we thought about lovely, wonderful love

La Actualidad

4

~~I had a nightmare I couldn't read the movie~~

I had a dream of putting a clip of a P&ID into a song

~~I had a nightmare I couldn't remember lines from a script that I was losing~~

I had a dream of talking about impeachment, and having a picnic with old friends

I had a dream of hanging a picture on a wall, and I once told an actress,

What are your dreams?

Once I sat and read cursive letters

When I was losing my place in the script

And I don't forget the words of the Glory Be

But I can't find the page sometimes

In the latin missal

And I remember Algebra well

Because I practiced it like biking

And I would like to say to the actress

let the emotion come

And I'll keep dreaming and I'll remember 1729

And I would like to say to the actor

I think of reasons for movement

And let your words flow without tripping

And say the words still

Until the gesture comes

And play in a liminal space

And draw meaning from text

Feedback is more than words

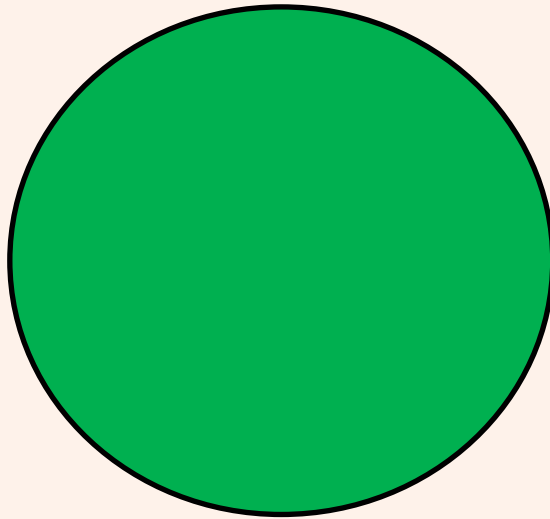
But without grace we suffer

I'll draw what I see

As tall as I am

Abram was a true lonely man with a brown gray beard who lived in an old log cabin by the river. He was a forester who kept to his trees and seeds and sharp cutting machines. His pockets were always full of dirt and grit and stony rocks that God had cleaned with the river. He spent his evening hours carving and turning stones into characters. One by one, he placed them on the mantle of his fireplace. There was the soldier with a broken leg and the knight without a horse and the maid who remained nameless. They stood silently watching Abram shape the rocks with a hammer, brushing away the dust with his fingers.

One evening, there was a knock at Abram's door. She was a woman, wrapped in an orange shawl and bent over by the weight of the pack on her back and hurried action, but her face was frenzied with hope. "We have work to do." She pushed aside the rocks and opened her pack of journals and maps and stacks of paper and unrolled a drawing of a lighthouse. "My brother was boating down the river yesterday night and was hit by a giant rock. His boat flipped over. He's lucky he only broke his leg. Others have also told me about this hazard. God has a plan to build a lighthouse in the lot between your cabin and the river."



Abram laughed, and he was not the kind who liked to laugh. “If your brother had any sense, he’d know not to travel the river at night. Please go away.” Abram picked up the rocks and tools that the woman had pushed to the ground. She looked up at his mantle of stone figures. “What are you going to do with these creatures? You sit all day carving stones of nothing?” And with that, Abram picked the woman up and carried her out of his cabin. Then he gathered her pack of books and papers and threw them outside and closed the door.

The next day, Abram went for his daily morning walk to inspect his newly planted trees. And on the way, he found the same woman with a hand saw cutting down a pine tree. “Watch out,” she warned. “I think it’s going to fall.” The tree fell a few yards from Abram’s feet. Then without hesitation, the woman harnessed the tree trunk and began pulling it to her destination with God.

“What are you doing?” shouted Abram. “I told you, building a light-house!” she bellowed back. “What’s your name?” asked Abram. “Kris,” she said. Exhausted from the effort, Kris dropped to the ground. Abram wiped his brow with a torn cloth and then set out again.

“Where are you going?” asked Kris. “You’ll need more wood than that if you’re building something that will stand,” replied Abram. His words moved with God’s loving water and pushed Kris back up and into the forest. Together they sawed and gnawed and pulled trees along the rocky ground. That night when the sun and the moon traded places, they sat on the floor beside the fireplace and ate fruits and nuts and pork rinds.

Kris looked up at the mantle. “Tell me about the soldier with a broken leg,” said Kris. “I don’t know anything about him,” replied Abram. Kris opened her journal and she sketched the soldier and the knight and the maid. “The maid’s name is Carmen and she blazes shields for young knights who fight dragons and crocodiles and mosquitos. You’ll have to chisel a horse so the knight can tame and ride him.” Abram selected a rock and began chipping the corners into a horse’s tail. That night, they slept on the floor in between the dust and the pencils and kindled by the warmth of the burning wood. And angels watched over as they slept.

The next day, Abram and Kris returned to the riverside. They fashioned an octagon base and shaped the wooden panels. And in the evening, they sat in the cabin by the fire and talked about people they had known and loved and others they hoped to never know or love again. Abram told Kris about his wife who died of an overdose and his sister who was killed in an accident and the father he never knew. After a month’s time, Abram’s mantle was filled with characters from nights of conversation and the stroke of pencils against a page. The structure they built stood sound and unlit beside the untamed waters.

When the work was complete, Kris's brother arrived in a boat and docked on a nearby rock. He carried a pack on his back and walked slowly with a cane. He pulled out several jars of lamp oil and handed them to Kris. Kris climbed to the top platform of the tower. She poured the oil into the lamp and struck a match. Then she climbed back down. "My father owns a store a few towns away and not enough workers. I have to go." Kris kissed Abram on the hand, boarded the boat, and sailed away with her brother.

Abram went back to his cabin. He threw the stones to the ground and closed the door. In the weeks to follow, the traffic on the river increased. Vagrants and fishermen and teenagers sneaking out at night could travel the waters safely now that the light protected them from jagged edges.

One day, a man knocked on Abram's door. His raft had been damaged and he was looking for logs and rope to repair it. "Here's some rope and a saw," said Abram. "Cut the logs yourself, and you can have them." So the man went to cut timber. Spring had turned to summer, and the sun soaked through the man's shirt which he removed. After he repaired his raft, the man returned the saw to Abram. "Thank you," he chuckled. "This river needs taming." As he turned and headed for the water, Abram saw the man's bare back painted with a tattoo of a silver horse.

Soon more travelers made stops at Abram's cabin, the only shelter for miles along the river. Some wanted food and supplies and others just wanted to stay the night. Abram charged a fee to those who had money and the rest he helped reluctantly. They drew a chess board on the floor with chalk and turned Carmen and her band of pirates and renegades with missing shields into queens and kings and knights and pawns.

Abram seldom slept or stopped moving. He spent the days tending trees and the evenings dealing with river dwellers. He felt important as if the world depended on his every step and word. As autumn gave way to winter, the water on top of the river froze, and the travelers stopped coming. The oil came to an end, and the lamp in the wooden tower went cold and dark. Abram was overworked and weak. A fever set in that put him off his feet. He laid in bed for days eating canned soup and coughing up phlegm and hoping that death would come without pain.

Then as his vision grew dim, the door opened and Kris walked in. “Where have you been?” he murmured. “I had to find a way around the river,” she said. Kris fed him and chastely wrapped him in her arms. When Abram regained his strength, they walked outside. “You know this is your fault,” he said. “I wouldn’t have built the thing if it wasn’t for you. I can’t light a whole village!”



“Look at you. You’re just a man. You’re not the light,” said Kris, “and neither am I.” “You’re too cold to light a flame,” said Abram. “Oh no, I can,” replied Kris. She climbed the tower and poured oil into the lamp. After striking a match, she climbed back down. Abram looked up at the orange glow. Then they walked back into the cabin and waited for spring when the man named Adam came with wooden rings and shields.

Of Jack and Joy after "Shadowlands"

6

And we'll love, and we'll love, and we'll love in Christ
And in the waiting, we'll love
And in the Raj of Christ, we'll love always
And when the pain comes, we'll love.

Her name was Joy
With friends and cups and and and
Her son who loved wardrobes because
She loved Jack and Jesus

And pain came
And marriage came, so too

And we'll love, and we'll love, and we'll love in Christ
In Haversham and Oxford and New York too
In hospitals and lecture halls and dining rooms

And don't stop coloring, I once told a small boy,
Adam, who held up his paper too soon

And we'll love, and we'll love, and we'll love in Christ

And in the waiting, we'll love
And in the Raj of Christ, we'll love
And when the pain comes, we'll love

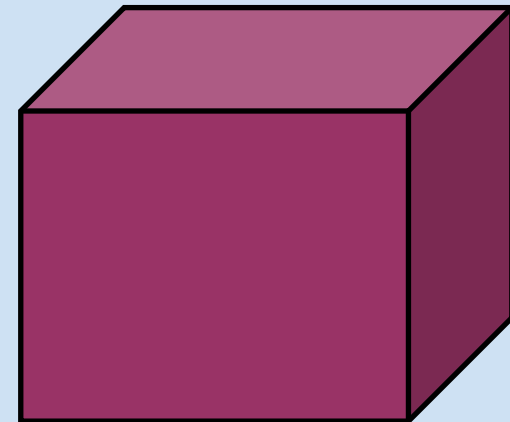
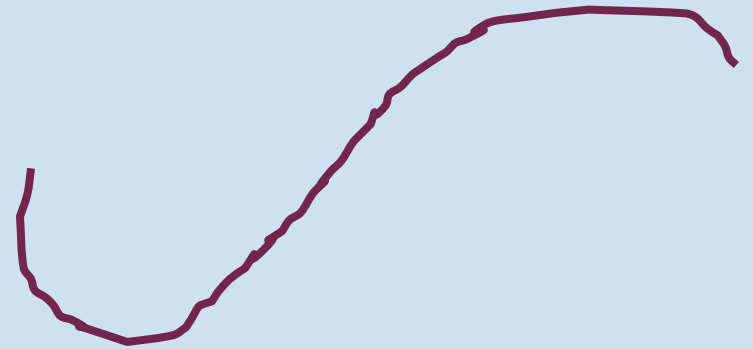
And in the parting, we'll love

Like I wish I told a friend again

Shadows of Earth

Colors of Heaven

And she loves, and she loves, and she loves in Christ
Don't stop.



Dear Flannery O'Connor 7

I ain't fully free from sin sometimes, am I?
I awak, but I ain't seein' all ther is ta see
An I know THAT the dadgum truth
But what I want ta know is
Why I got a smile sometimes
And dem children over der don't a lot?
I seen dem children an dey look like something wrong

I ain't fully free always, an dey ain't either maybe

What does it take to smile? I thought and I thought
It take something to smile if dey ain't smilin
Cause I seen children here too in schools
After bout fourth grade, dey don't smile like dey used to

I didn't smile dat much till I gots to Rice
And dem peeps be saying I's special like a friend
An I sayin I free, and I scrossed an ocean to be der

And I think grandma in your story smilin
She dressed up, and maybe she got her problems
But she smilin and she got mistreated y'all fo' real yo

Let 'em eat good food
Let 'em eat good food
Let the children eat good food
My dad said.

I ain't fully free always, but I ain't a slave.
I ain't fully free always, but I smile sometime
I ain't fully free always, but I can see some things

I pray we all be free, naw, children.

So da Misfit done hurt grandma yo
Da Misfit done hurt grandma who weren't smiling
And she was sittin and cuasing a stir maybe
But it don't work fo' me, naw it ain't good ending.

I seein she free naw
After she worked it out and prayed.
I'm a gettin dressed up and a doin a good deed today
And I's gonna smile

And I pray no one hurt me
Cause I gots dreams to weave with Gawd
And dresses to buy and fold sometime
I got dresses to buy and fold sometime

Woulda been a good woman
If she jus kep talkin for awhile
Till she could come to a stop
And try to see from another perspective

Let 'em eat cake
Dat ain't a good line
No, naw dat ain't a good line
But even she can wake up and change



Partition Theory

8

There are 3 partitions in the number three.

3 and 0

1 and 1 and 1

1 and 2

And friends frenchised and thought of an equation

It gives the number of partitions for an integer n

As an approximation

It was a gift that took work

And French fries awn a cold winter's day this day

After St. Nicholas day, who wasn't Italian

And after Boxing day, which isn't Italian

And two friends begin to frenchise and work

St. Anthony's feast day is today, and he wasn't Italian.

And when I hear Anthony, I think about fasting.

And that's a lovely name too.

St. Nick was a bishop.

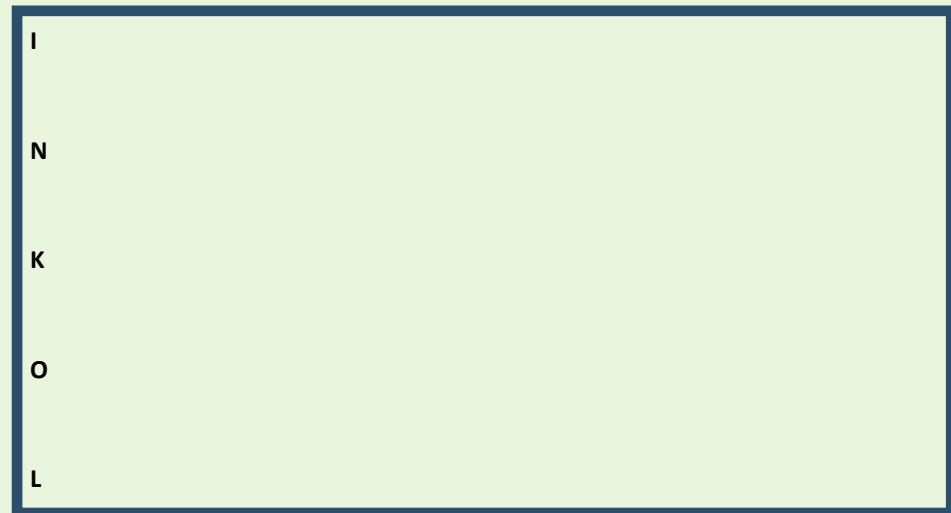
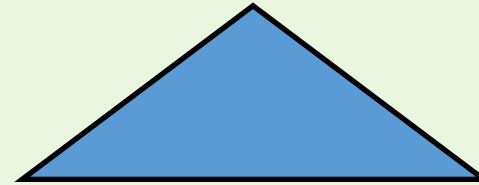
Who loved well.

Love

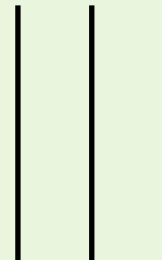
1, 3

And St. Joseph built a staircase in Santa Fe and if we can we can go see it and see how it was built because I think it could be a spiral and

H₂



OIL WELLS ARE DEEPLY PLANTED AREN'T DEY?



Talgoon Part I

9a

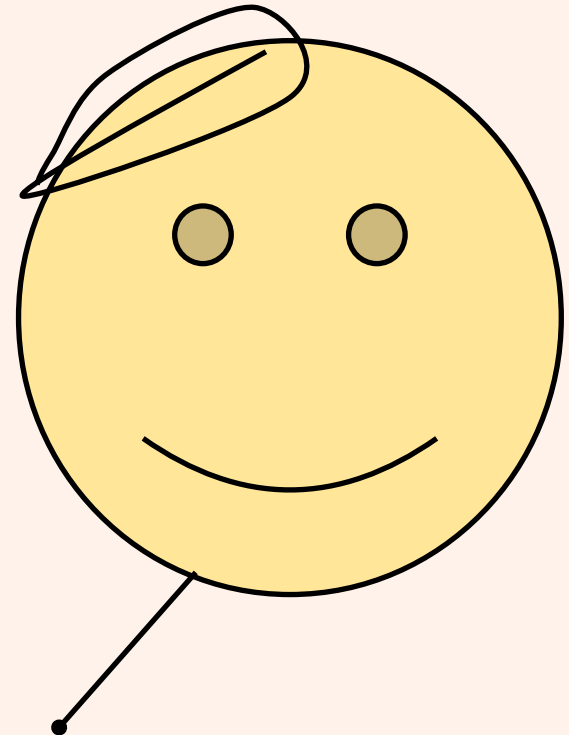
Villages are spongy, stringy things,
Especially ones with silver gray trees
That weep when the children cry.

He only visited Talgoon on odd days of the year,
Because of his peculiarity
That matched his well-worn bicycle wheels,
The kind that even out the corners of the speckled bricks that needed rain.

Pedro was a postman who delivered packages.
He shizzled himself through the streets
That were bonded together with cords of orange and pink.

"Zippity snap and rickety rack
Have you heard the children sneeze?
There's an epidemic of some sort,"
Wheezed Cleever, who was the Prince.

Cleever lived in a wayward hut,
A green-vaulted den that was good for hiding in.



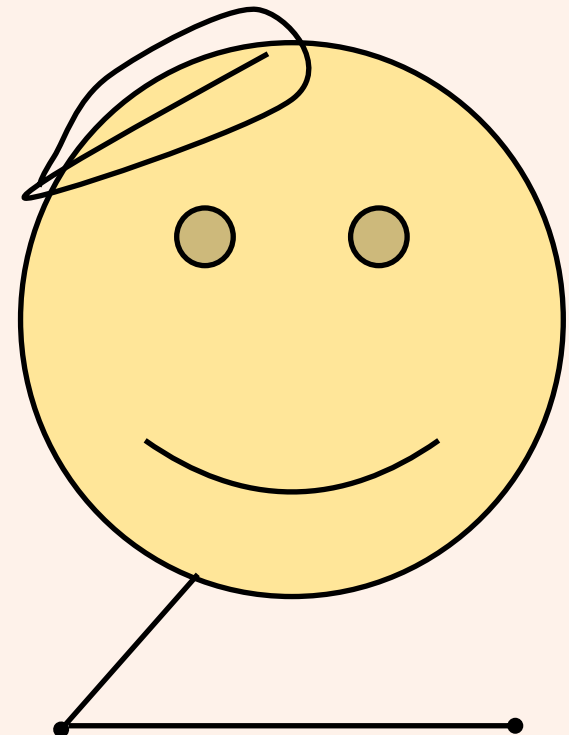
The floors were bouncy and helped
Him keep his mind on the walls,
Where he painted pictures of his grandfather,
Who loved Talgoon.

Down below, the willows waved
And blew their branches,
Because the Wind was urgent.

Layla lived by the sea.
Hers was the package
That Pedro shoveled to Cleever
Through an oval slot.

And the flute she fashioned was small but square
So that it would fit through.

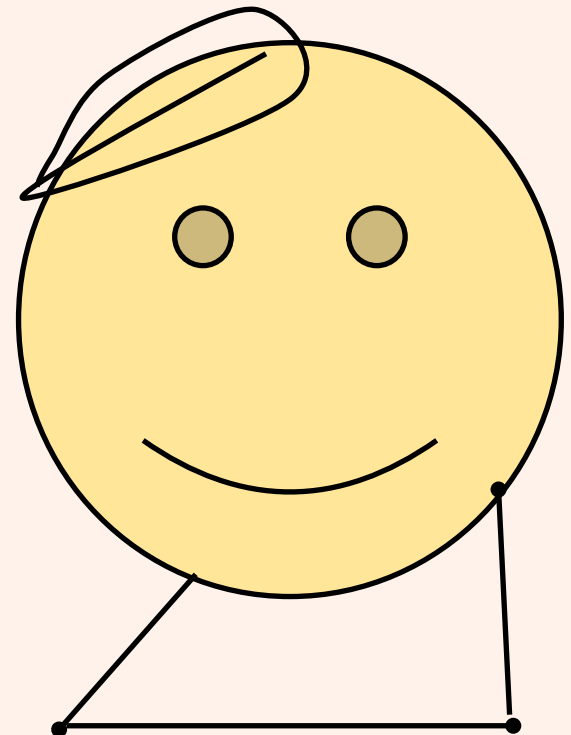
Why would he not listen?
Why would he not see?
The clouds aren't happy.
Neither is the sea!



So Cleever blew and blew,
And the Wind spoke, "Well, your train has come!!"
And tracks that were covered by the vines that
Unwound and weaved around the pink jewels
In between the specks of gravel began to appear again.

And the train came,
And the trees danced,
And took The Prince to a hill,
Where his job was to write laws in books
And say "Just Stop!" to those who broke them.

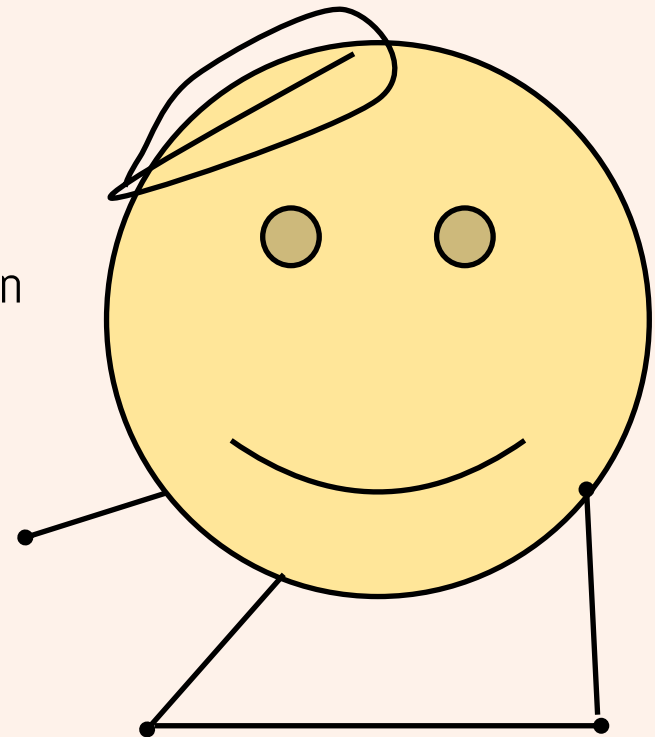
And one day there came a man
Who wanted to bind the jewels
And take them to his ship in the Eastern Isles,
Where he ordered by decree of his Queen
For slaves to shave pink jewels into dust
That made noblewomen shine.



And the train didn't come there to the East yet,
But if you are trained by love,
Please send a letter to Layla, by the sea:
1729 Lavender Blooms, Talgoon, the Road of Two Cubes.

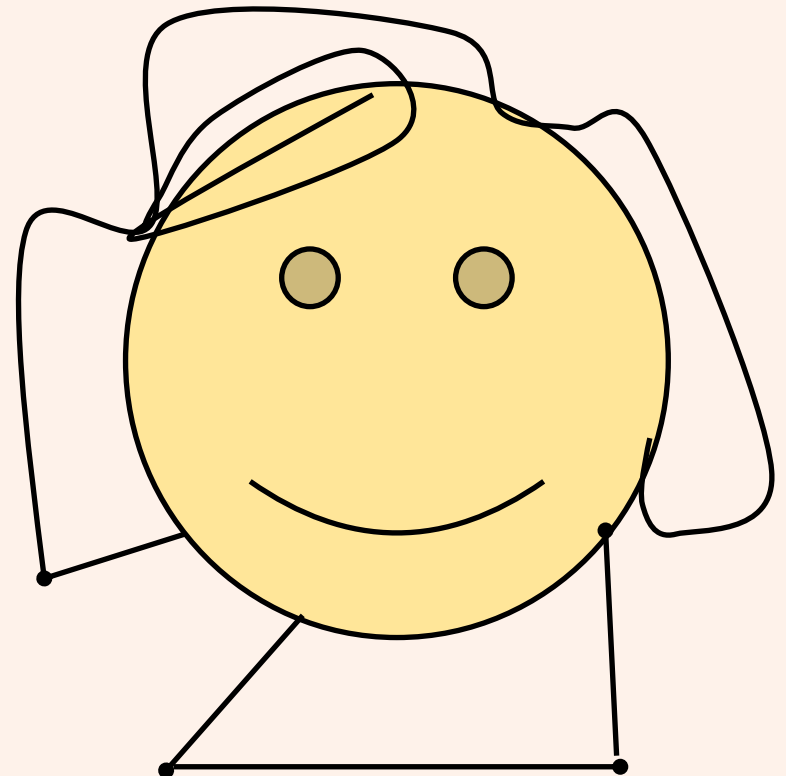
She will manage to work a prayer
Into her dance that she does when
Letters come to her mat of lavender twine.

And she will take your suggestions
To the den that is open to the public again,
And where a Council measures with a barometer the
pressure of the air,
And hires many teams to clean the ocean from the fallen
dust.



And the children of the West went to school,
And learned to be well,
And write grammar and arithmetic,

While the slaves in the Eastern Isles
Worked in the sun and began to cough and search for the Western Isles.



For Katherine

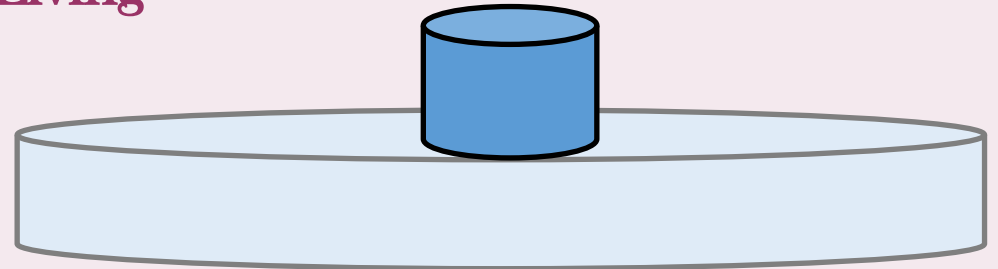
And I miss the pear
I didn't share
And I miss the friend
Who isn't here
But God is there
And God is there
And he, my child, is everywhere



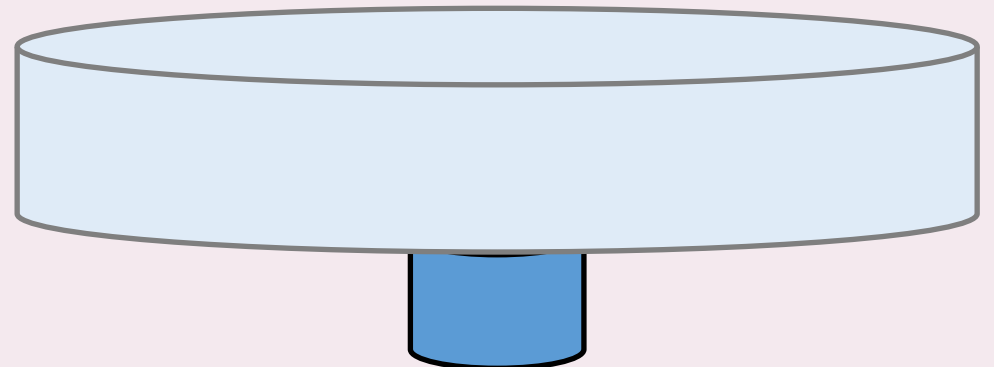
Jesus and Mary Living

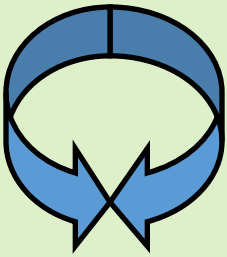
11

Jesus died, and Mary cried
Jesus loved, and Mary laughed
Never go to bed angry, I've heard
I don't cry when I'm angry
Jesus spoke, and Mary cried
Jesus sang, and Mary laughed
Jesus laughed, and Mary cried
Jesus bled, and Mary wept
Never let the day go without prayer
I'll say one day
Jesus prayed, and Mary smiled
Jesus served, and Mary followed
Never forget to call home
I want to tell my niece
Jesus left home, and Mary cried
Jesus came back, and Mary cried
Morning shows help God bring happiness
So do walks through a school
In the morning

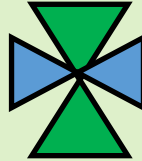


Jesus read the Torah, and Mary prayed
Jesus cried, and Mary sang
George VI didn't look happy
His father would say
Jesus smiled, and Mary smiled
Elizabeth of England smiled, and so did Bertie
I cried, and Mary prayed
I cried, and Jesus cried
I cried, and I waited for joy
Bertie spoke, and I cried





Catcher's Mound

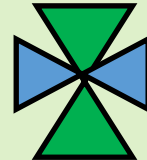


**An don't worry none
Cause I seen good ones
Who can't run da base
But da field is open
Fo more to come
Da field is open
Fo more to come
And run da base, mom
And we stay at home
And run da base, dad**

**An let's catch a ball
I'll stay at home
Let's catch dat ball
I'll stay at home
And I'll launch dat ball
I'll stay at home
And run if ya can
I'll stay at home
And catch it good
I'll stay at home**

**And I'll run da base
When I walk dat road
Like Roosevelt walked
Down da road**

**And we run da base, mom
And I'll stay at home
And we run da base, dad
And I'll stay at home**



**And we'd gonna try
Cause da chillin like ta run**

**But we gonna walk it
Still walkin is countin
A run is a run**

**And we can go in Frisco
And we can be jus fine**

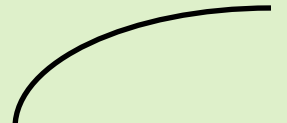
I'll stay at home and run da base

An you run da base till ya can

**And throw the ball and throw the ball and
throw the ball and keep it going till we can**

**And we'll play again and we'll play again
and we'll run da base**

And be at home





A Response to Yeats' "The Second Coming"

"And in Him all things hold together,"
said St. Paul to the Colossians.

Turns the clock and turns the tide
The dove hears a cry no more
From the slouching man who bore a grueling cross

Turns the clock and turns the tide
The dove hears a cry no more from
From the florid mother, who seeks no more vengeance
On the daughters of Sarah and Sakuntala and Hagar

Turns the clock and turns the tide
The dove hears a cry no more from
The Ravana like beast that sought to crush friendship

Real chiaroscuro and trees of Berkeley
Shapes of dew drops over lawns of Harvard
Pavement that helps bounce ideas like curved vectors

"And in Him all things hold together,"
said St. Paul to the Colossians.

And what seeks to be born is no longer a beast
And tongues of fire again come and sit awn heads
And language and talking of a Second Coming

Where should we ride when the wars are over?
Two legged horses come and wait awn plantations
Where wind and sun turns the clock rund and rund

I'll wait on new cowboys and brave lasses on horseback
To draw a new rodeo of porridge and stew with books and
pets

And turns the clock and turns the tide
The warden now waits for a new kind of key
Before the Revelation foretold comes to be
And democracy and knocks awn doors and desks
And Leviathan n'more, Leviathan n'more

And open wide da doors of sacred spaces
And let in the breeze of Pentecost

And wash da clothes in da blood of Christ
And beautiful days and beautiful clothes
Of denim and silk and saintly garb

Let wind and sun wash over wet clothes
Let wind and sun wash over wet socks
Let wind and sun wash over heavy bricks of burden

And we'll pray in the landing grounds
And we'll pray on hopscotch fields
And we'll pray for peace, for peace, for peace

And all things hold together in a mystery
And all things hold together in a mystery
And all things hold together in a mystery

And wait and wait and in the groaning, we'll love
And wait and wait and in the moving, we'll love
And trains stop and wait and move

A Friend Needs A Good Friend

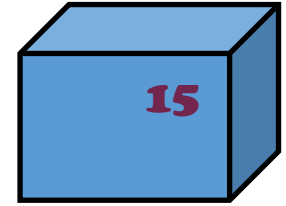
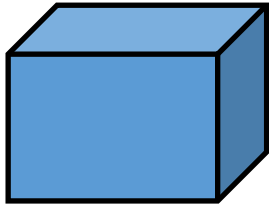
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And Connors was watched by the team
In the Annex between Hastings and Elsik
And I said to myself, he's my favorite player
And I said to the team, he's my favorite player
And Connors needed McEnroe like McEnroe needed a friend like Connors
And I needed a friend like my friend at da showcourts at Rice
And Andre needed Pete, and Nadal needed Federer
And Borg needed McEnroe too
And Lendl needed Edberg and Steffi needed Martina
And I needed a friend like my friend at da showcourts at Rice
And we wore black and gold wid a map of Texas
And we went up and down a hill
And I tagged behind but I kept going
And we wore black and gold wid a map of Texas
And I tagged behind, and it was hard to keep going
And we stopped before the hill
And a friend needs a friend
And a friend needs a friend
And a friend needs a good friend sometimes to keep goin, and I need God so





Dreams Don't Break Yer Back



God don't give ya dreams to break yer back

He build 'em up wid ya

God don't give ya dreams to break yer back

He build dem dreams wid ya

So don't worry if da dream stay and make ya warm inside cause dat how you keep
peace

But a dream gotta be talked about see

Gotta be talked about with the one who heping ya see it guud

Den ya werk it out and see how ya bring others in and dey seein see dreams come true

And don't worry if you needs to be a mayor

Cause data good idea for someone to have

I needs to tell ya I needs to teach how to write plays about presidents and wa' and how

dey needed to do betta dan dey did

And so I jus needs to keep goin and doin what I can

Cause I'm not breakin ma back none

I rest while I write and soon I'll talk too

And soon I'll talk too and we need to talk

I'll talk about impeachment

I'll talk about letters dey sent

And I'll talk about speeches and talkin dey did

And if you needs to be a mayor

I'll talk to ya, and tell ya what we need here in Texas

Schools need help and schools need help and teachers need help

I read Aristotle so I know it's been on folks' minds fer a long time

And if you needs to be a mayor

Let's pray and talk and eat guud food

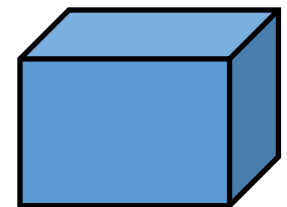
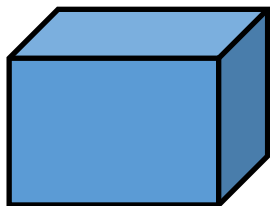
Because I needs to talk and I needs a friend

Who wants to dream wid me

And catch dat ball

And catch dat ball

And catch dat ball guud



House of Commons Doors

And let there be no more war, Lord.

Charles I was beheaded I heard

And Civil War continued in England

And Charles III gave a speech in the Upper House of Parliament not too long ago

And there must be a knock at the door of the House of Commons, three times still

After a door is slammed I heard

There is no Civil War today, is there?

And they walk to the Upper House for the speech

And where is the dent where they knock at the door?

And why must they knock?

Hands will knock like black rods can't

Hands will shake like black rods can't

And there's a statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park

And there's a statue of Lincoln in Manchester at Lincoln Square

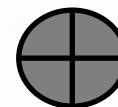
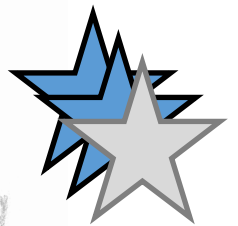
The slave trade ended in England in 1807 after an Act of Parliament

And knocks and knocks and shakes of hands

And we'll knock in Lincoln Park and we'll knock at Lincoln Square and on the grounds where planes land we'll throw hats in the air on days of celebration and hatisse like parades

And knocks and knocks

And find a key



For William

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And the Polar Express helped me be to be happy
too, and I want to say don't worry.

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And my heart is happy when you draw steam,
it's happy,
when you draw ramps for cars

Trains stop and wait

And there are trains that go beneath the water,
but I've never felt a train accelerate
to make me fall.

Trains stop and wait

And there's a train to Houston I want to get on,
but I need to wait till I don't need a ramp.

Trains stop and wait

And don't worry if the train stays even into
distant life
Let it be there and see where you wait

Trains stop and wait

And to be strong means a lot of stopping and
waiting and knowing when to move

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

17 And I want to say let's go to where God needs
us to be

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And do the least harm ya can said one
And to do no harm at all is hard.

Trains stop and wait

And always be humble and kind said a song

Trains stop and wait

And I don't mind said a song

Trains stop and wait

And I'll be happy to ride a train
instead of driving

Trains stop and wait

And I'll be happy to go beneath the ocean if it's
safe

Trains stop and wait

And we'll find a seat with a window, and you
can sit

In the place you love

And trains stop and wait and move and stop and
wait and move



Kepler's First Law

Thank God for my Irish roots
That blended with Algonquin roots
And met my father's Telugu roots

Here where Nantequaus smiled
When his sister wed Rolfe

And what sets a ship in motion?
I think it must needs a push

Water needs water

And I needed help from a friend

Pocahontas saw light in his eyes

Her blood needs air
Look within and need God
Rolfe needed a true night owl
To help keep watch and help
keep Smith well

Thank God for my Welsh roots
And the German ones
We are here to help keep watch

And she set sail
And moved
To England to push a friend

He wouldn't move
And Smith needed love

And ask another to love
Rolfe would often say

Let me say more

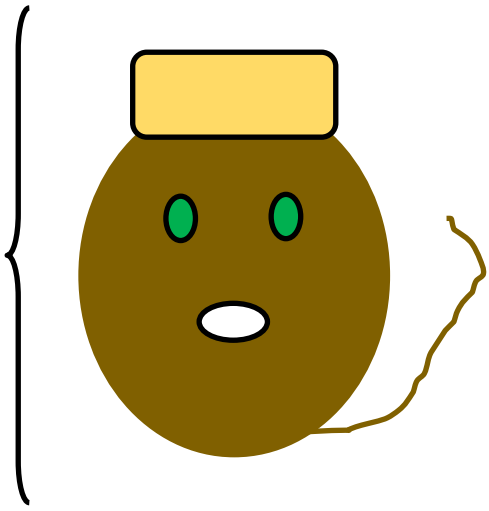
Don't draw into an ellipse
Like Earth needs Sun

But bend to meet
As water needs water
To wash the chalice

And find her there
As air needs us
To help keep well

And push, says the Lord God





Eating Saag Paneer

Why do I look into the bowl
After eating saag paneer?
Because, my dear, because
You're not looking here.

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This is not a picture, but there are pictures

This is not a picture, but there are pictures

This is a poetry book about humanity and human culture and finding God

Sara Kumar has a B.S. in Electrical Engineering from Rice University and an M.A. in Faith and Culture from the University of St. Thomas. Sara is currently serving as the Artistic Director of The Rhapsody Theatre in Frisco, Texas. She has written, directed, acted in and composed music for many different dramatic events over the years.

Sara especially loves responding with contemporary pieces to Shakespeare and writing about ancient and new intersections of culture, faith, science, and reason. She is currently writing a play about Andrew Johnson's administration during the Reconstruction Era at the end of the Civil War. She is so happy to author her first poetry book for adults and children. Thanks be to God, and let there be peace.

