

## 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.

Sharon Ferguson Hendley  
4/3/00