


FROM the very first moment her garden heart,
Made dreaming wonders into art,
I wouldn't try to change her mind –
Down to earth committed, more than kind.

Certain spring has come around –
Deep roots long time underground,
Lifting spirits, making connections,
Petaling possibilities, green affections.

She shifts horizons with a single look,
Sings softly of what time forsook,
Sweet arias that awake the moon –
Reply the robin, owl and loon.

FROM libraries and lecturehalls she's learned,
Every story, every gold star earned –
Now she has only to be fearless,
Careful, organized and mirrorless.