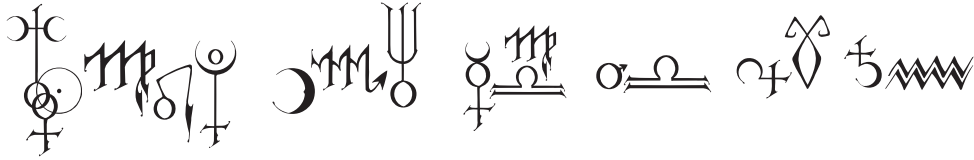


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Eyes in which a child delights,
Wings to follow new moons flight,
Heart embroidered morning gold –
Spun from a secret wisewoman told.

Oh Tigridia this worlds in a spell,
You're the truth that rings those bells –
Deep in the politics of burgundy rose,
Oceans blues blackness of crows.

In your dreams and coincidence,
Time courts your ancient innocence,
For in paradise made dreadful strange –
Your gifts your kindness the keys to change.

So do define and tell us true,
Your honesty can pull us through –
The last act is no tragedy,
Your magic will bring love to be.