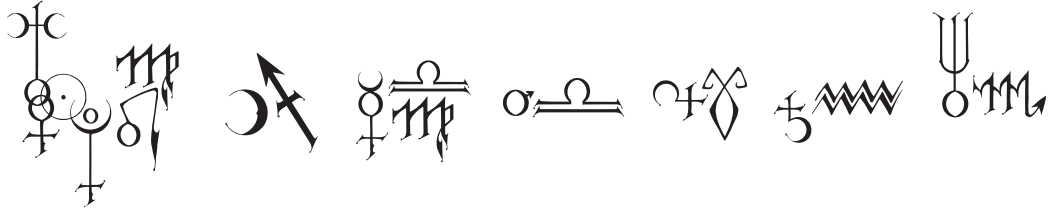


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Sun glittering on an inland lake,  
Painting chaos for the evening's sake –  
Brushes of evergreen, palette of woodlands,  
Wild pink clouds lavender head bands.

Creatures know you guardian spirit,  
Winged gather round you, all can hear it –  
Counting on your inventive presence,  
Careful creativity Motherly essence.

More than novae, nebulae, shooting stars,  
Dropping through the night you are –  
Wonder running through human veins,  
Would you please unlock these chains?

Down to business she asks, "Who pays?"  
"To clean up the mess," she says –  
Here to restore her island to kindness,  
A love revolution just to free us.