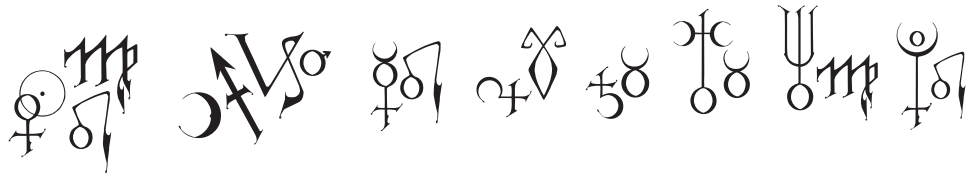


T\*\*\*\*



You'll find her in a deep woods,  
Otherside the field of coulds –  
A mother's sister's caring eyes,  
And a sprinkling of fireflies.

Unfolding the tapistry she wove –  
Of symmetry and painstaking love,  
And every moment gathered round,  
From ivry tower to edge of town.

Blooming in the snow,  
In black and white you know –  
They'd been asking Mother Earth,  
For someone of the human's worth.

Finally morning waking trees,  
Baby bird feathers hard mysteries –  
Her help's needed in practical ways,  
Orchestral nights, gardener days.