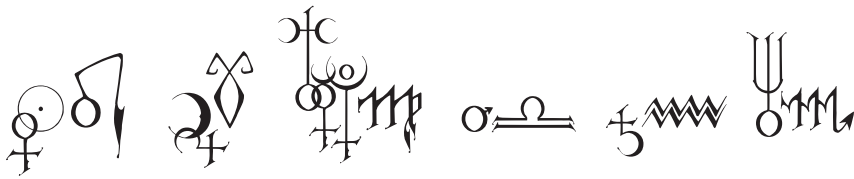


W*****



New York avenues Paris streets,
Where arrangement and impromptu meet –
Individuated enthusiastic honest refined,
Absolutely timeless mind.

Opening eyes making wake-up calls,
Melting down those invisible walls,
Sparkling cross a fold in space –
Overture to a sacred place.

Message she brings perfectly clear,
Vision of lightning drawing near –
Sun rising trumpets sound,
Angels making their last rounds.

Sometimes it happens the desired result,
Means change no matter how difficult –
Imagine the kindness we would see,
Were that new heaven new earth to be.