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Sculpted drifts winter rivers,  
Mountain passages brave shiver,  
Double yellow line curving roads –  
World spun of encrypted codes.

On the corner confident direct,  
Mystery and objectivations intersect –  
Twenty-first century sign system player,  
Deconstructing microtheatres.

Never turns out how you think,  
Best intentions nothing links –  
Lucky reliable just won't quit,  
Pure magic whatever make of it.

Sidewalk stains clouds in pantomime,  
Curtained windows reasoned rhyme –  
"Got the time? where are we?"  
Saturn asks, "What story do you see?"