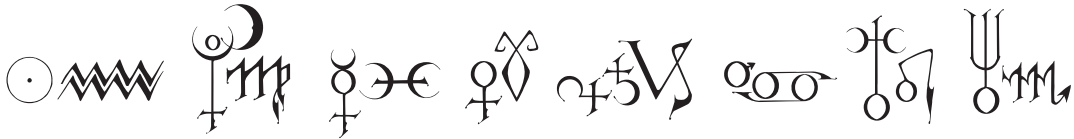


C\*\*\*\*\*



There in the swaying of lakeside willows,  
The stretch of shadows, flight of swallows,  
Goodness mixed with a sprinkle of stardust –  
A voice the voiceless trust.

Imaginative Soul, river mind –  
Helping others, gift giving kind,  
Turning corners with utmost care,  
Elegant scarves few would dare.

Get ready now for when she says, “Change,”  
She may not intend a rearrange –  
The curtains, the furniture, ceiling, the walls,  
It’s whatever the situation calls.

Mountain climbing is never easy,  
Were ever things not this crazy –  
“Good news, one more mile,”  
Gatekeeper tells you with a smile.