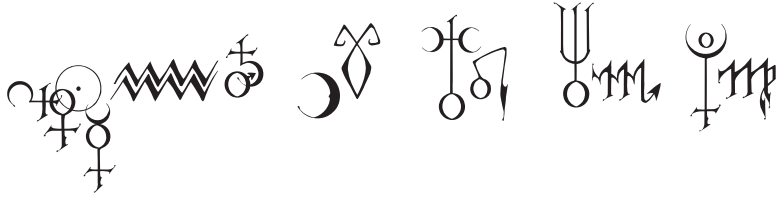


G\*\*\*\*



Nothing we were led to believe,  
Nor the story we received,  
His not e'en remotely the same –  
No thought no word no single name.

Wind comes closest to his soul,  
Dynamic integrated intrepid whole –  
Butterfly wings in ascending cascade,  
Networking cosmic serenade.

Kind expert at untying knots,  
Answering Marlon's "What'cha got?"  
Human being says we are –  
Meant to serve Life near and far.

From quark beginnings of altruism,  
To evenings quit of egoism,  
Reasoning with God to open the gate –  
Changing things at any rate.