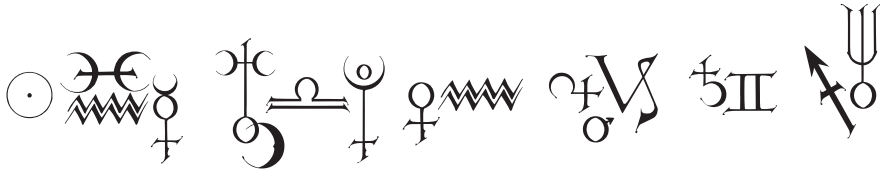


K ***



In a mixed up time a place made strange,
By sign system chains that get real strained –
He wanders down where the shoreline rocks,
Ocean waves break, heaven still knocks.

In rain washed sands and misty conditions,
A ship in a storm then a dreamy vision –
Love carrying water in trembling hands,
Peace spilling out across the lands.

Does he dare give word, believe the wonder –
Of African rhythms, Mother's thunder,
Sparrow songs, high leaping frogs,
Chrysalis sleeping neath fallen forest logs?

He has to adapt or not get through –
Adjust a bit that everyone knew,
This kind spirit with something to say,
This father and brother could model the way.