

R\*\*\*\*



Lakeside lily ponds wooded lanes,  
Pathways down the window pane,  
She has lots of favorite places –  
Wherever fairies leave their traces.

Dancing falling river dreams,  
Sparkling with what they might mean –  
Mystic forests amethyst rings,  
Seashell treasures evening tide brings.

Wild pink purple painted clouds,  
Way past what words allowed,  
A helper a healer a changer a changed –  
With her it all gets re-arranged.

Suddenly Cinderella the hours late,  
The carriage the horses the driver wait –  
There was something not to forget,  
Was it kindness is your best bet?