

# Bob



Late one hour full of signs,  
A mountainpass for many a kind –  
Summer moonlight winter shadows,  
Spirit crossing windswept meadows.

Shelter kindness that you know,  
One more moment before you go –  
Flakes of snow love in drifts,  
On the road silver river shifts.

Forests dying ice caps melting,  
Fields of lambs in need of sheltering,  
Odds have it you'll come through –  
Simply keeping on being you.

London blue topaz platinum setting,  
One long night never forgetting –  
If you can imagine the impossible,  
That's the feat you're capable.

