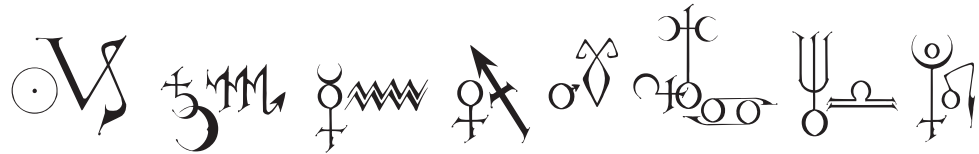


S\*\*\*\*



An afternoon grown uncommon dark,  
Wind picking up sky crossing spark –  
Summer Saturday stillness crumbles,  
Swallows gather heavens tumble.

Familiar with a twist of strange,  
Aware we need profoundest change –  
One thing certain deeply responsible,  
Whatever challenge totally capable.

Fatherly kind intelligent cool,  
Administrator of street life school –  
Treasured friends transcendent desires,  
Atlas before him would tire.

What now wandersman disguised as moth,  
So good at never getting lost –  
Unless per chance you've something magic,  
Our situation turning tragic.