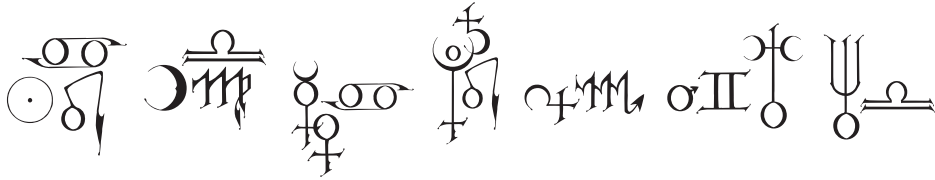


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Chasing you down these twisted ribbons,
Fairground reunions strawberry cognitions,
Orchards meadows worded dreamlands –
Must be real all too unplanned.

Opal lake billowing white,
Children squealing summer delight –
No secret either a natural charmer,
Magically becoming warmer.

Brotherly mind businessmen's sense,
River narrative present tense –
Hinting on around the bush,
Never been in any rush.

Then a messenger arrives to plead –
Ship to lighthouse urgent need,
A guiding star the sky a fire,
Break-through to our hearts desire.