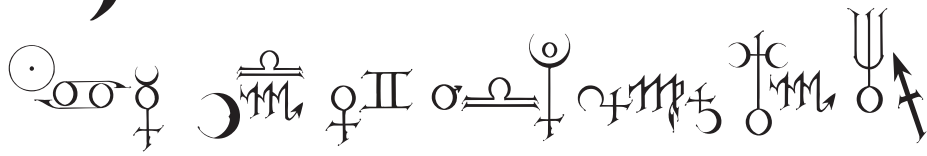


G * * * * *



Meadows where she oft goes,
Sun and just a few clouds know –
Fields whisper moons roam,
Indigo bunting call their home.

Makes her way across the stream,
Hand in some hand unseen,
Stepping stones a jeweler placed,
River smoothed lichen laced.

Galactic child summer daughter,
Warm earth life giving water,
Hint of magic a human heart –
Her world the edge of falling apart.

her mother fevered a poisoned sky,
Story to make the angels cry –
If you bring nurturing cooperation,
Out of chaos comes organization.