



Not too much she finds frightening,
Master narrative to ragged lightning –
Wastes no time discarding baggage,
One day Phoenix next in Anchorage.

Makes you wonder who she could be,
Goddess One part of the totality –
Or someone whose subscription expired,
With whom a summer rain conspired.

She picks up on the subtlest meaning,
Probably been heaven's library gleaning –
Once she was a tool maker,
Now an unwritten rule breaker.

If she can clarify what she's saying,
Heard she said she might be staying –
And to her ideas give brilliant voice,
Whatever wish she gets her choice.