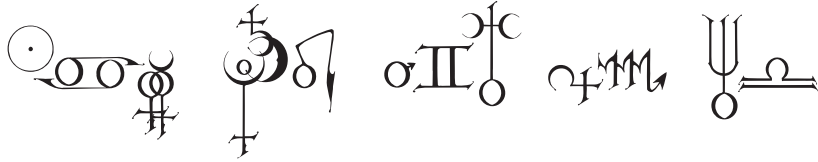


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One part falling daisy petals –  
Three parts summer where stardust settles,  
Holding hands in a wet warm swirl,  
Ring of precious lustrous pearl.

The pattern of your world emerges,  
What matters most in your life converges,  
In one sweet word dear loving sister –  
And in your secrets magic stirs.

To you we're family, the planet's home –  
Where birds nest, buffalo roam,  
Cats' and childrens' dreams are borning,  
A cotton clouded Saturday morning.

Yes if, yes she whispers and goes ahead,  
Leads us up the road instead,  
Asserting clearly what her heart knows –  
She comes sparkling through the shadows.