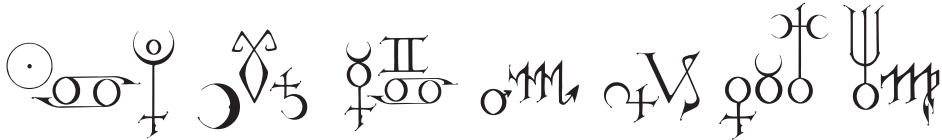


S****



One time one wild summertime,
When suns had high as mountains climbed,
Midst Queen Anne's Lace and clover secrets –
Yes, every possibility you suspect.

She seriously lives sisterliness –
Sensitive warmth, Mother bird business,
Making sure we weren't alone,
Making certain we felt at home.

The morning glories were stretching then,
Into cello sounds and concrete zen,
The whole world singing –
Milkweed galactic wishes winging.

So go ahead, get started, anytime,
How about after one more rhyme –
Yes, please, the way never tried before,
Is someone knocking at the door?