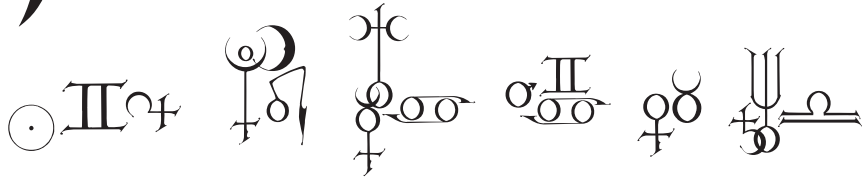


J * * *



holding cards from another world –
Where the whole in every parts entwined,
A wordless land of superlatives,
Trump to the master narrative.

Traveling on said road to freedom,
Forty miles more and dreamin,
Dialoguing with the yours she meets –
Must be Home she says so sweet.

Double checking with the flowers,
The amphitheatrical air-water crawlers,
And trusting cipherous circumstance –
The Universe calls a communicator's chance.

If let's be honest Time replies,
With rainbows crossing mythic skies,
Music incense wishes come true –
Smells like revolution stirring round you.