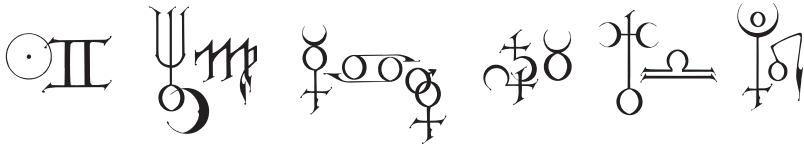


K \*\*\*\*



Oh to sit with her and chat,  
Sun glasses and summer hat,  
In river time our words would wonder –  
Soft music over distant thunder.

She offers topics, interesting slants,  
Maybe talks about her plants,  
A handful of sky in poetry –  
Perfect asymmetrical symmetry.

She's careful with her heart of hearts,  
Motherhood and home her art,  
Plus a natural business sense –  
Sensitive, adaptive, intelligent.

Then gently, she gets practical,  
Loves morning dew more than theoretical –  
"Okay," she glances at the clouds,  
"Since when is what's needed not allowed?"