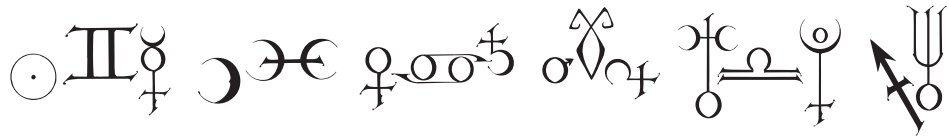


K****



Much to say, a story to tell,
Traveled the highway between heaven and hell –
Learned what's up, knows what's down,
Not about to sell her Angel gown.

Written letters in the sand,
Silver beaches elegant hand –
Kept a journal in her mind,
Every raindrop ever fell in time.

What dream the question to make real,
What present, what bring to the meal –
The books on her shelf, those yet to read,
Taught her well the whole world's need.

Endless possibilities press upon her now –
Her intelligence brings her through somehow,
A telephone call, a bright spring day,
A new beginning, another way.