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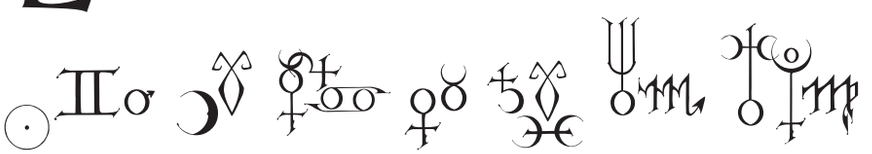

Mist rising from an inland lake,
Her reasoned words reflections wake –
A world in pain with silver thorn,
Mind with story pages torn.

Grim fairytale unsure how come –
Elephants, frogs all on the run,
And scholars swear for knowledge sake,
But none the letters' seal dare break.

Meanwhile she picks up Infinity's text,
Skilled at imagining what could come next –
With every tool to fix what's broken,
And every gate just seems to open.

Forest spring summer voice,
Sparrows sing for you your choice –
Only one more chapter you need to know,
Where to pick up how to let go.