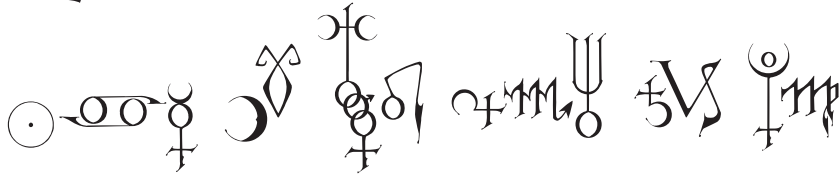


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Morning mist summer lake,  
Up before the children wake,  
Wood porch swing open door –  
Never a time like this before.

Somewhere suns softly rising,  
Daylight growing quietly surprising –  
Must have spent some time with elves,  
Given the ways of being herself.

Possibilities make up her real,  
Half dozen secrets more to reveal –  
Could have been your favorite aunt,  
Whatever asked never says can't.

Warm inspiring river sworn,  
Picking a rose encountering thorns –  
People got troubles problems severe,  
Hope she's strong and can persevere.