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Her story's one of organic trust,  
A dialogue traced in stardust,  
Asking summer answering –  
Reading, writing, wrapstering.

The garden plays in her favorite chapters –  
Dreams of happily ever afters,  
Silver ocean golden sand,  
Soaring hawk now out of hand.

She wades through thorny fields of weeds,  
Down chickory roads on winged steeds,  
Into the forest where raindrops dance –  
Living the text of happenstance.

"Let's get down to business," she says,  
I hope that's what it says she says –  
Cause if she tells us all she knows,  
Overwhelms the narrative, it goes.