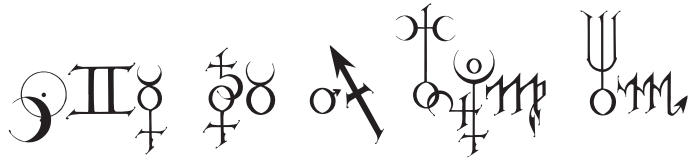


S*****



The sky would like to talk with you,
Words a part how dreams come true –
Considering your shelves telling looks,
Notes journals letters books.

After midnight moon beams bending,
Storing yesterday tomorrow befriending,
Less where came from than where going –
Post-modernly heuristic knowing.

Measuring the merit of arguments,
By what left out what made presence –
Hand minding touch wild abandon,
Narrative field traveling companion.

Saturn comes a gift-wrapped fractal,
With card reading "Time for practical –
Sentient roses delicate shoots,
Love food and water make their roots."