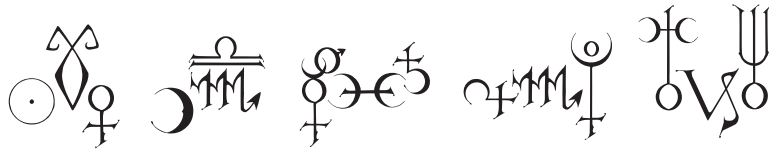


C\*\*\*\*\*



In a land where morning settles,  
On flowers alive with butterfly petals –  
And angels stitch the clouds together,  
With spiderspun thread pine needle feathers.

She's one to court possibility,  
With dreams of thinly veiled subtlety –  
Springtime Spirit drawing circles,  
Yearning for a phase of miracles.

Venus is her Guardian Star,  
Watching over from afar –  
Whether she be at the dance,  
Or sailing white cap circumstance.

If she lets things go at Forgiveness Beach,  
The edge of what our Mind can Reach,  
When in the sand that spiral shell –  
Now it's your turn the story to tell.