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Oceansides where we saw you last,
Intensely thinking in the future past,
Mixing wind with crystal waves,
Raising dreams from watery graves.

Soul full of blues and reggae rhythms,
Wheatfields, vineyards, chaotic systems,
You've a habit of forgiving transgressions –
No mistaking a sailor on mission.

FORVER INTO getting across,
Redeeming paradise Life somehow lost –
Mythic soul, legendary kind,
ALTRUISTIC TRUE Loving mind.

Compassion and empathy in a world gone mad,
With an eye for the good somehow gone bad –
Like to lead us out the quagmire?
You got the stuff just add fire.