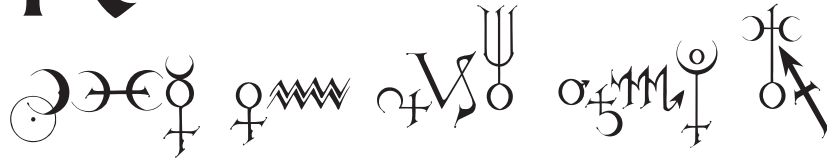


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Tiptoeing through the moss downstream,  
In the shadows of a dream,  
Combing the sand, dancing the beach –  
Thinking somehow heaven's in reach.

In a fairytale told by birds,  
Fallen logs a spill of words,  
Mushroom dappled forest frost –  
She just never counts the cost.

Kind Savior of welcomed return,  
Carrying the crux of what we've learned –  
Altruism, giving, sharing,  
Others troubles worries bearing.

Curtain raiser, this Act two or one?  
Isn't something magic to come?  
Watching how her footsteps last –  
Though the waves wash imprints past.