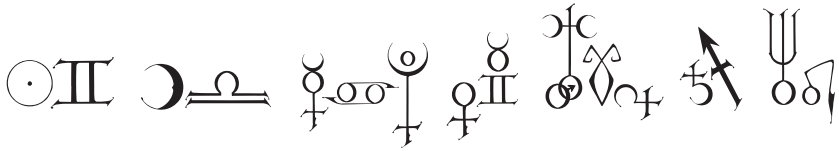


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On the back a broken postcard,  
Bent cracked lightning scarred,  
Scribbled lines three times begun –  
The moment as her only one.

Tulip fingertips buds on trees,  
Morning mist tide debris,  
Braided ribbons songs of birds –  
Spun sweetness whirled words.

Lifelong dialogical adaptation,  
Peace train moonlight invitation –  
Springtime sensitive mildly tamed,  
River story without a name.

Sand descending incense burning,  
Eyes opening heads turning –  
Thanks for pointing out the way,  
The world we need yes we may.