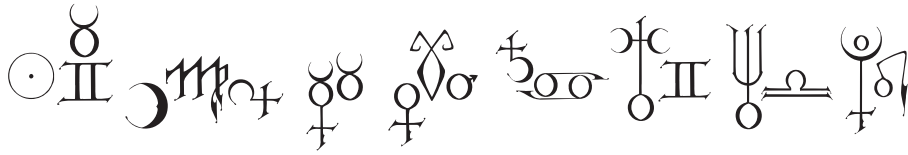


P\*\*\*



Garden flower Earth caregiver,  
Waking again to touch forever –  
Practical organic this time new,  
Eyes to see the whole world through.

Sentient up from underground,  
Neat organized details abound –  
Following Alice through the glass,  
Dozen roses bud opening last.

Able to wait or take the initiative,  
Weaving possibilities with desire to live –  
Smelling morning feeling the rush,  
Quick his palette paints and brush.

Know anything about the deal?  
In the concrete making love real –  
Saturn speechless adds only, "Well?"  
May be the moment for ring and bell.