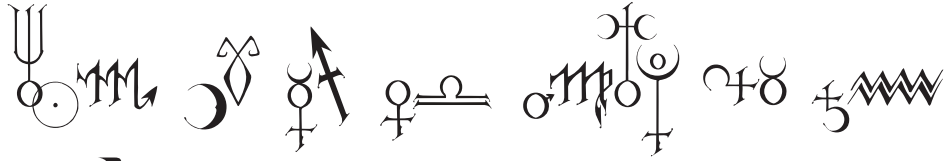


D****



AIR alive with cottonwood wishes,
Bouquet clouds fractal kisses –
MORE mysterious than novels get,
Sky a southwest desert sets.

SHades of sand a purple stir,
Says the moons been calling her –
She's been trying to get back,
So far no train down that track.

THursday evening at the Orsay,
Twilight later a sidewalk café –
Spellbinding insight enchanting moves,
Reputation stayin' the groove.

CONvinced exists a possible way,
However improbable the day –
NARRATIVE trajectories easily change,
FRAMES of Reference rearrange.