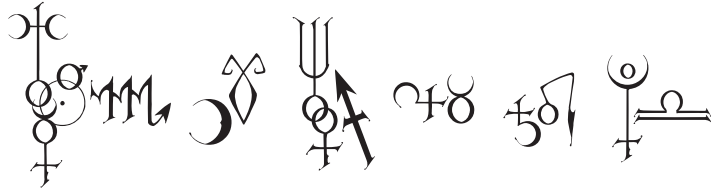


J \* \* \* \* \*



L eaves tremble trees unfold,  
Fluorescent yellow orange brown gold –  
Subterranean feelingful knowing,  
Streams meadows passions flowing.

N ew York Paris street corner song,  
In a drama where you belong –  
Marianne by another name,  
Flower power garden aim.

M ottled day evenings begun,  
Heavens speed dial tip of your tongue –  
Autumns confidence Springs friend,  
Recycling stories without end.

N ow a rivers pause in time,  
Just for you to make up your mind –  
Words surrender to your magic,  
You decide happy or tragic.