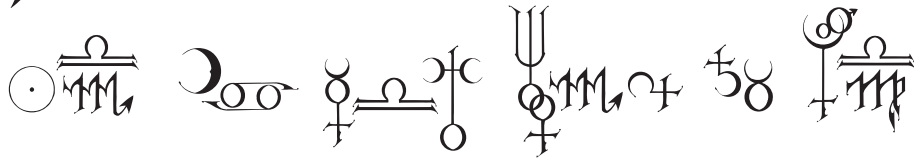


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A lifelong drama, a poetry of scenes,  
Winged words repeating dreams,  
Summer leaves turned memory –  
A rose touched with dew and story.

Monet, Degas paint the sky,  
Water lilies, a dragonfly,  
Wishes float, angels wait –  
All wondering her fate.

The curtain rises on stage maroon,  
Glowing clouds surround the moon –  
She's searching a way below and above,  
To pass the olive branch to the dove.

Now if by chance you'd like to help her,  
Add in sunset and slowly stir –  
Flowers, music, a practical touch,  
A scarf from Paris spun of love and such.