

N\*\*\*\*\*



So soft the moons morning whisper,  
No one knew for sure who wished her –  
Answers imagine / says she can,  
Postmodern peace-love MARIANNE.

Prefers dimensions without sides,  
Knows full well how words collide –  
Confident magic intelligent mostly,  
Weighs and balances listens closely.

Lives for moments ciphers align,  
Lacuna in the stream of time –  
Historically mathematically all improbable,  
MACROCOSMIC TO MICROTHEATRICAL.

Her world though a terrible mess,  
Notions of fairness made meaningless –  
Over and over told just have to wait,  
Keep working on that patience TRAIT.