

A ****



Twilight pines hidden nook,
Perched on elbows o'er favorite book –
Place she'd left off couldn't recall,
With quiet sigh her gaze let fall.

Fireflies their lanterns bright,
No other plans than stay the night –
Anticipating what midnight bring,
When she rises unfolds her wings.

Honest just cheerful fair,
Guardian the meaning care –
Knows the humans at heart mean good,
Condition of their world's not what they would.

At last the passage she's looking for,
"Canalized channels / locked door –"
(Under the category Unspeakably Tragic)
"If all else fails short of magic..."