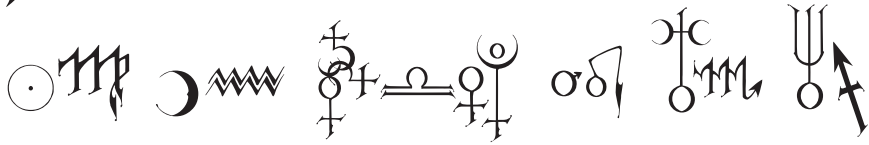


J * * * * *



Sunset delivered a pillar of gold,
Rising to heaven a moments hold,
Layers of gray and lavender cloud –
Edge of what the world allowed.

Precious cascading grains of sand,
Passing through enfolded hands –
Perfectly honest angels report,
Matter for the highest court.

Fulfilled complete near magic order,
Waiting patiently south of the border –
How she fit the pieces together,
Only the moon and wind remember.

Storyline with a mother's sense,
Trellised roses present tense –
Saturn says regarding trust,
To tell the truth an absolute must.