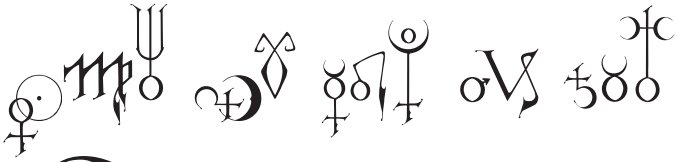


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SUMMER hillsides counting STARS,  
SORTING through pEARLED memoirs,  
Nothing you say can HURRY her –  
On time never EARLIER.

Defining how the dots align,  
Possibilities livening designs –  
Every pixel not a STRAND out of place,  
Motherbird more than a TRACE.

Moon as metaphor life as ART,  
Perfection loving from the START –  
Knots untangled favorites ARRANGED,  
Drawing order from DERANGED.

Would you Mozart OR a quiet HOUR,  
NestEd dolls OR wild flowers –  
Will it be the garden gate,  
Where so patiently you wait.