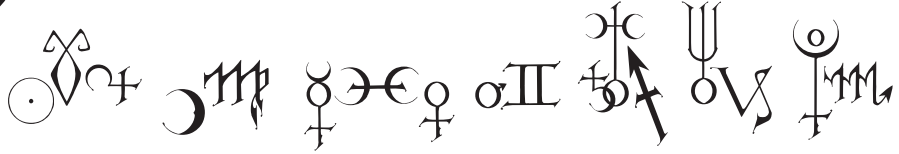


Joss



MOROCCAN window seashell room,
Telling curtains morning soon –
Throws wide open double doors,
Welcomes oceans breaking roar.

On the balcony dreams with you,
Memories fantasies wishes new –
Sending heaven makeshift prayer,
Long her list of worry and care.

Rainbows wonder safely kept,
Cynics doubts transgressions leapt –
Knows redemption softly calls,
As many ways a teardrop falls.

One thing never understood,
Why not the world all know would be good,
Especially when a crisis looms –
Why not begin this afternoon.