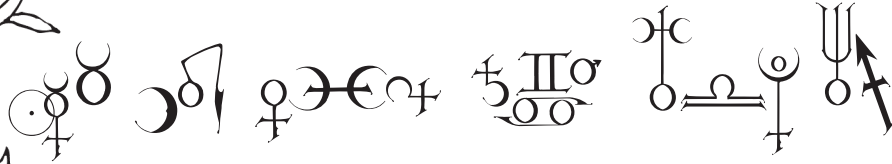


Jamie



MORNING played on spider webs,
PEARLS on silver knotted thread,
EARTH SPIRIT FROM a sparkling sea –
PURPLE lightning breaking free.

BORN an orchid I would guess,
By how you listen, look and dress,
DANCE and decorate your world –
ROSES climbing columns twirled.

TAKEN to heart the garden's real –
FLOWERS trees all appeal,
BIRDS woo with a jazzy tune,
WORLD with notes Clair de Lune.

GATES open with a word,
Your song sweet hummingbird –
STIR the forest air for miles,
EVERY step pine carpeted aisle.

