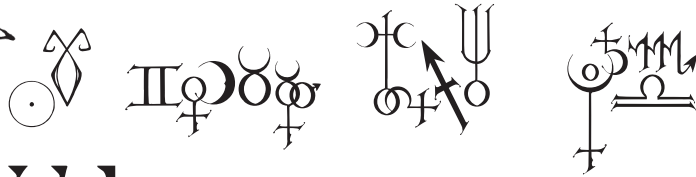


MARGO



When a sliver of Moon and Venus align,
In early Spring at evening time –
A stretch of sky opens a fold,
As would your hand a sparrow hold.

Cinnamon scene wants no label,
Possible mixed with wildly stable –
Hallowed clouds / heart's implication,
Forest flower variation.

Skilled at beginnings / myriad roles,
Depicting the drama / choices / goals –
Aries aren't known to sit and wait,
Nor for subtlety / they tell it straight.

Shell's cracked / pieces lay broken,
The Anthropocene can be re-opened –
A butterfly started it the caterpillar said,
Wiggled its wing / sent the storm to bed.