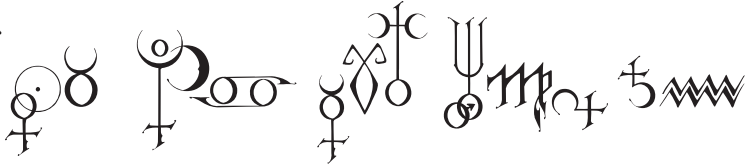


Willie



Many-named dream awaited bringing,
On wings of time or blacksmiths hammering,
Sprigs of alyssum picked from the cracks –
Growing in the stone wall out back.

Fragrant pine summer afternoons,
Forest carpet evening moons,
An hour ago wasn't it morning –
Can't say God gave no warning.

You would have things as they ought,
Garden island coral sea sought,
Family a planet everyone cared for –
Motherly sweetness at the core.

No finger pointing nobodys fault,
Some say such a change too difficult –
Trouble is it's the only gate,
And by every sign the hour late.

