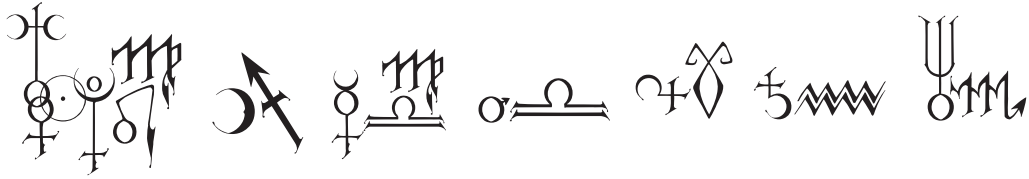


Laura



Sun glittering on an inland lake,
Painting chaos for evening's sake –
Brushes of evergreen palette of wood,
Lavender pinks as only clouds could.

CREATURES know you guardian spirit,
Winged gather all can hear it –
Counting on your inventive presence,
Careful creativity Mothers essence.

MORE than a passing shooting star,
Dropping down goodness who you are –
Wonder running through your veins,
Would you please unlock these chains?

Gets down to business asks, "Who pays?"
"To clean up this mess change these ways –"
Here to restore island to kindness,
Never imagined how ill she'd find us.

