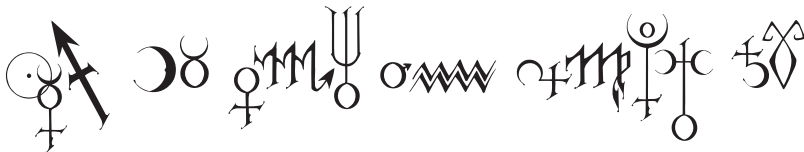


Jamie



Orange mauve desert dunes,
Sky the host a garden moon –
Distant mesas / buttes / canyons,
Stars in tens of thousands billions.

All say you're going somewhere,
The look in your eyes already there –
Scanning / soaring infinity's shore,
Someone earth's been hoping for.

Intuitive / careful / laser precise,
Understanding / firm / nice –
Whisps of evening clouds take wing,
Caught in the sparkle your ruby ring.

Possibilities passed to counted in,
The play's Act III waits to begin –
End of a pathway getting late,
You've the key to the golden gate.