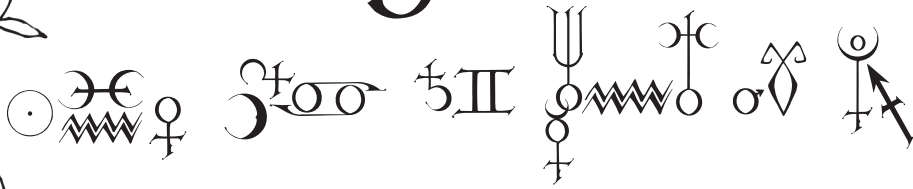


Abigail



Always will be a few raindrops,
Long the edge where the moon stops –
Sandcastles melt back into beaches,
Gulls sail past language reaches.

You've the soul of morning deer,
In mystic farmland forest clear –
Eyes of love heart of forgiveness,
Fulfilling sacred Promises.

Now if you do your homework well –
Study, say, write and tell...
You never know in a story like this,
You could get your favorite wish.

Perhaps a dream only you could bring,
Alive with bells lilies ring –
Rivers wheat fields hillside vine,
A world of goodness everyone kind.

