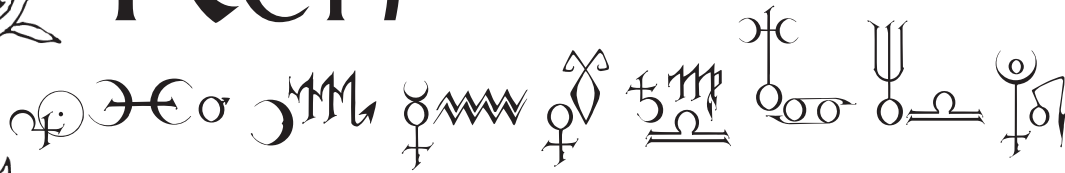


Ken



Ocean breaking silver sand –
Palm tree visions saviors hands,
Just you the gulls and endless shoreline,
Jazz lapping at your mind.

Waves of memory childhood bridges –
Rescuing lambs from narrow ledges,
Pine tree mythic magic hero,
Altruism minus zero.

One rainy Sunday afternoon,
Fantastic moody as the moon –
In the mirror you know its true,
Re-telling yesterday courting the new.

Bloody emotional thinking rational,
Believing in the world international –
Seeing how pieces fit together,
From shanty-towns to chaotic weather.

