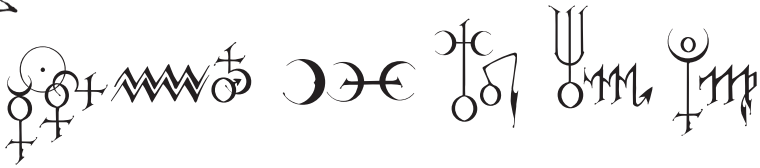


Kathy



Dust on the rise seeds breakaway,
Leaves flutter grasses sway –
Birds pause stop and stare,
Branches quiver everywhere.

Clouds gathered early morn,
Flags waving media warn,
Oceans weeping inconsolable –
Your kindness ever predictable.

Time in need of just her touch,
Ask her anything nothings too much –
Another presence human kind,
Whole wide sacred world in mind.

Life to her means serving others,
Sharing good fortune becoming lover –
Greatest of all the gifts she brings,
Deep inside us bells she rings.