



# Raine



Lakeside lily ponds wooded lanes,  
Pathways down the window pane,  
She has lots of favorite places –  
Wherever fairies leave their traces.

Dancing falling river dreams,  
Sparkling what they might mean –  
Mystic forests amethyst rings,  
Seashell treasures evening brings.

Wild pink purple painted clouds,  
Way past what words allow,  
A helper healer a changer changed –  
With her it all gets re-arranged.

Suddenly Cinderella the hours late,  
The carriage horses driver wait –  
Was there something not to forget,  
Besides kindness your best bet?