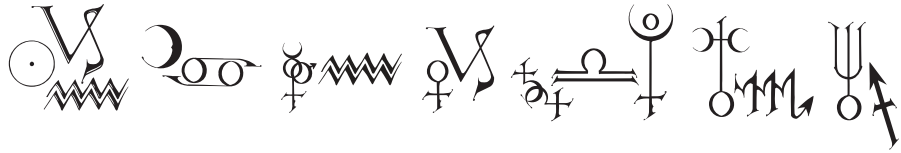


Audrey



All night the wind kept the trees awake,
Sculpting drifts snow and darkness make –
Inside stayed as Summer would warm,
Quiet ceiling beams like stone charm.

At the window to the storm's delight,
Knowing we can do this if we get it right –
Beyond the Self-as-Separate introspective,
Flakes in chaos from a different perspective.

Words, a look, hearts remember,
Stand-by-you Love that doesn't surrender –
Parsing the Narrative, changing Minds,
Forever like Matter, Sharing, Kind.

Without radical honesty the role falls apart,
Taking on challenges, Venus says is your art –
Turning to the room, setting down the script,
Thought of the Children, stiff upper lip.

