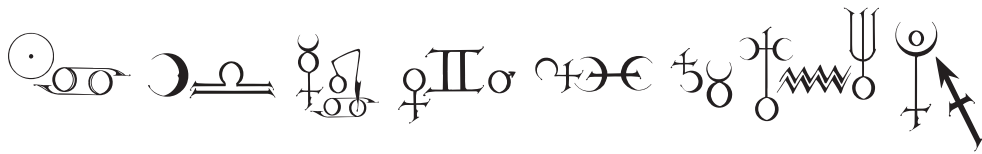




Chlöe



How more wondrous the River whispers,
Than fated to have you for a sister –
Spun from infinities, woven with real,
Everywhere, all the time, the actual deal.

In your hands our Living Nest,
Billions of years, to be this blest –
Wandering forests, narrative lands,
Upper hourglass dwindling sands.

Summer Spirit, Time recalls,
Hallowing dusk at waterfall –
Gift for writing, feelingful knowing,
Informed reasoning, resolve growing.

Demanding honesty, equality, respect,
As being humans we would expect –
Balancing between heaven and, “well...”
The Story we continue to tell.