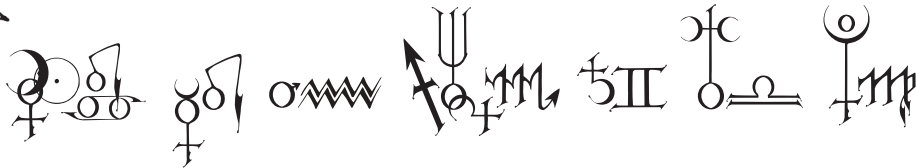


Charlotte



Sunday morning isle quay,
Soft drizzle mask the way,
Trees walls cobblestone walk –
In a dream a place to talk.

Clearly wild your own mind,
No umbrella broken time,
Hands in pockets love and art –
Kind warm companions heart.

Summer eyes escaping imaginary,
Galactic entanglement self-discovery –
Home and family sacred dear,
Yesterday a sea of tear.

Wonder mystery enchantment grow,
Things only the moon could know –
Would the play one adaptation,
What thought tomorrow your invitation.