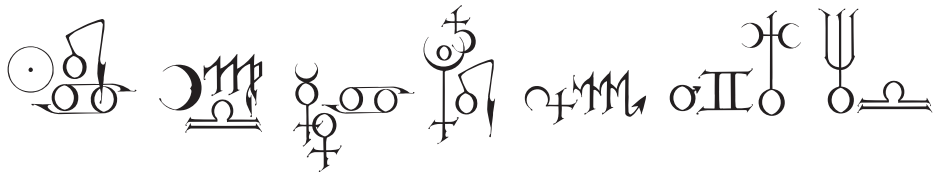


Don



Chasing you down these twisted ribbons,
Fairground reunions strawberry cognitions,
Orchards meadows worded dreamlands –
Must be real all too unplanned.

Opal lake billowing white,
Children squealing summer delight –
No secret either a natural charm,
Magically becoming ever more warm.

Brotherly mind businessmen's sense,
River narrative present tense –
Hinting on around the bush,
Never been in any rush.

Then messenger arrives to plead –
Ship to lighthouse urgent need,
A guiding star the sky a fire,
Break-through to our hearts desire.