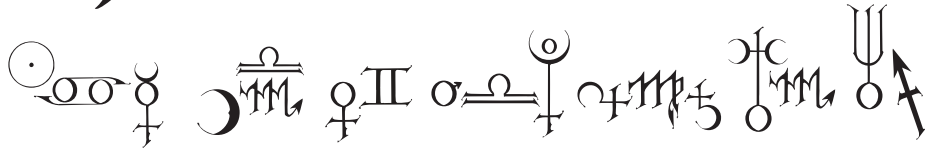


# Gisele



Meadows where she oft goes,  
Sun and just a few clouds know –  
Fields whisper moons roam,  
Indigo bunting call their home.

Makes her way across the stream,  
Hand in some hand unseen,  
Stepping stones a jeweler placed,  
River smoothed lichen laced.

Galactic child summer daughter,  
Warm earth life giving water,  
Hint of magic a human heart –  
Her world the edge of falling apart.

Her mother fevered a poisoned sky,  
Story to make the angels cry –  
If you bring nurturing cooperation,  
Out of chaos organization.