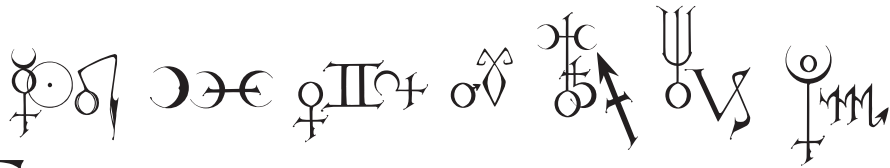


Ruston



Forehead pressed to the windowpane,
Sun shining through a pouring rain –
Why all the on-going / conflict / fears,
Hunger / destruction / endless tears.

Clouds pass / we're out walking,
Streets steaming / waking / talking –
Into a late hour dusk delivers,
Lights come on along the river.

In your biography ribbons mark,
Before and afters / contrasts stark –
What picture seeing / story in mind,
As what we look for sometimes find.

Answers you wouldn't get from the devil,
Intractable problems require a new level –
So then the question can we move this space,
Put ourselves in Nature's / Another's place.

