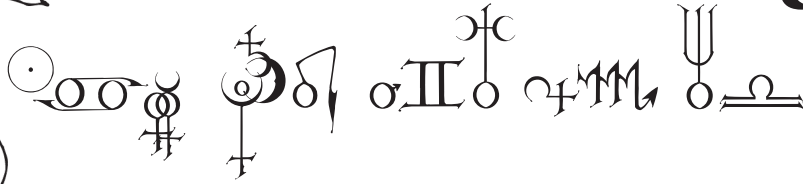


# Rosemary



One part falling daisy petals,  
Three parts summer stardust settles –  
Holding hands in a wet warm swirl,  
Ring of precious lustrous pearl.

Living pattern world emerges,  
What matters most grows converges,  
In a word one loving sister –  
Must have been magic wished her.

For her life's family, the planet home,  
Place birds nest, buffalo roam,  
Forever children dreams are born –  
Cotton clouded Saturday morn.

Yes if, yes she goes ahead,  
Leads us up the road instead,  
Asserting clearly what her heart knows –  
Love sparkling through the shadows.

