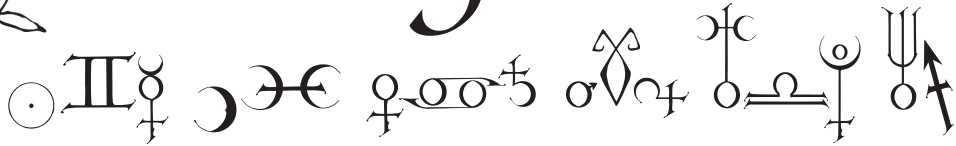




Kelly



Much to say, a story to tell,
Traveled the highway twixt heaven and hell –
Learned what's up, knows what's down,
Not going to sell her Angel gown.

Enscribing letters wave wet sand,
Silver beach driftwood in hand –
Keeping a journal in her mind,
Every raindrop fell in time.

Endless possibilities pressing now –
Intelligence brings her through somehow,
A text call a bright spring day,
A new beginning another way.

What dream the question to make real,
What offering bring to the meal –
The books on her shelf, those yet to read,
Taught her well the whole world's need.