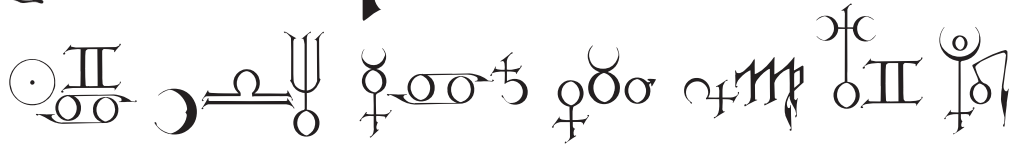




Ralph



EARLY SUMMER EARTHEN segue –
At a CROSSROADS down a pathway,
Through a WORDY wilderness,
Dappled things and roses bless.

FROM a CURL a seashell whirled,
Care a touch of meaning swirled,
Beneath the text below the WRITING –
Clouds a tint of morning lighting.

GIVEN MOTHERS RIVER eyes,
Arms to hush the sufferings cries,
Monet painted living walls –
A voice to answer forest calls.

GARDENS deep in need right now,
Of weed and water you know how –
If you make real this time round,
Cocoon opening profound.