# Chelsea

In a land where morning settles,
Midst white birch on flower petals,
Spiderspun thread pine needle feathers –
And angels stitch the clouds together.

She who courts possibility,
A whole new world no subtlety –
Fairy spinning in springtime circles,
Yearning for a major miracle.

Venus is her Guardian Star,
Watching over from afar –
Whether she be at the dance,
Or sailing white cap circumstance.

You'll find her at Forgiveness Beach,
The edge of what our Mind can Reach,
Dusting sand from spiral shell –
Love the story sure to tell.