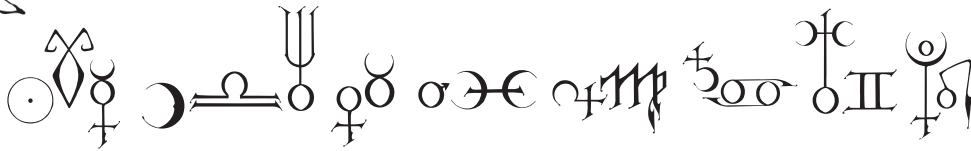


ERIC



Spring returns living wake,
Infinite possibilities fractals take –
Quarks dust stars space,
Lotus flower self-sculpted face.

heavens open angels abound,
Trumpets harps unearthly sounds –
Thunder resounding cross the sky,
Dead risen just weep and cry.

Quantum wholeness inkling come,
Dance beginning never done –
Summer garden rainstorm rhyme,
Human bifurcation time.

Differentiating false from true,
Most things you intuitively knew –
Reals where your moneys down,
What name you give your home town.

