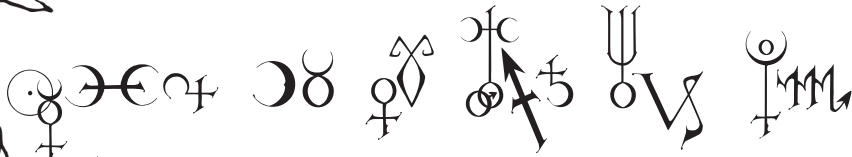


Este



There at the edge an emerald sea,
Stretching horizon of believability –
Sandals in hand/eye on the tide,
Tasting the tears too many cried.

Avant-garde savior/complex saint,
Mind Picasso would've loved to paint –
Rooms with flowers/nights with stars,
The garden says she knows who you are.

Broken waves and pebbles dance,
Out of clock and calendar circumstance –
Footsteps fade to keepsake themes,
You're forgiveness/what deliverance means.

You've always been willing to pay the cost,
Point the way out fallen/lost –
We need a dream make the angels sigh,
At this pathway's end way to unify.

