



Nancy



Spindle pierce a world of tears,
Forest of thorns a hundred years,
Seems eternity that beauty sleep –
Until a teardrop go more deep.

Turning in dream across the room,
En pointe a Tchaikovsky tune –
Waking a story love entwined,
The moon chose the sea designed.

Altruism the gift she brought,
Postmodern connective thought –
Compassion redemption a savior's eyes,
Sign system mastery spirit wise.

heals your sorrow with her words,
Call her crazy undeterred –
Was it magic brought you here,
Or some sacred quantum sphere?