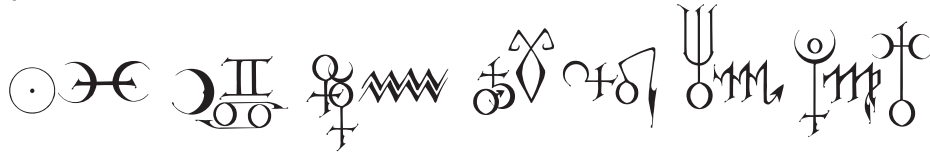




Rhonda



Golden wheat fields sky a billow,
Pine trees hushing weeping willows,
FORGIVES TRANSGRESSIONS NEVER COUNTS COST –
CORAL REEFS FOR WORDS A LOSS.

Dancing down sandswept beaches,
Neath cliffs where language reaches,
MESAS CANYONS DEJA VUS –
HORIZONS ANGELS RENDEZVOUS.

Sparkling moonlight RIVER eyes,
RAINDROP DRIPPING FOREST sighs,
OPAL MINDED CHANGING DREAM –
WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT SONG CAN MEAN?

Slipping cross the edge of conceivable,
If only you could believe it possible –
THE WORLD TURNS LOVE IN SHADES OF LAVENDER,
AND THAT ONLY BEGINS THE WONDER.