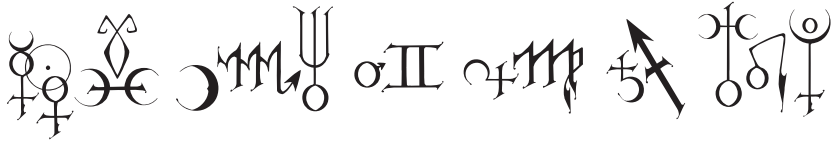




Spike



Butterfly the wind inviting,
At the moment heaven deciding –
Morning dew or come what may,
Rainy resurrection day.

Moon beyond all apprehension,
Sun deliv'ring galactic dimensions,
Compassion care and magic enabled –
Gathering together at the table.

Sipping wine breaking bread,
Forgiving each other what was said,
Dream spirits joined again –
Only happens now and then.

Eyes of angel hands of night,
Life thirsts loves timeless sight –
May not come a second chance,
Given our dreadful circumstance.