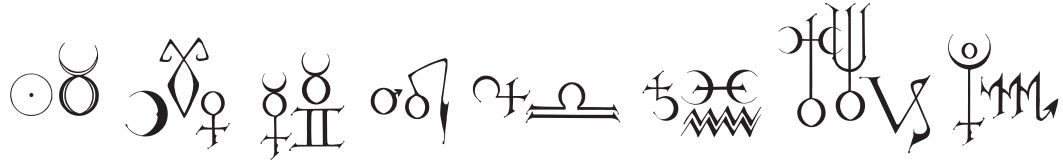


Charles



SPRING blossoms painted valley air,
Angels with harps, Choirs everywhere –
How Eden could open was Anyone's guess,
He gambled on Love and Nothing less.

EARTHLING heart, a teacher's gifts,
Sweet, honest, compelling riffs –
Strawberry peach desert sunsets,
A field of daisy silhouettes.

ONE TO treasure every heavenly trace,
Color, gender, Identity, face –
While Culture's giving Minds the slip,
In the Self-as-Separate Narrative's grip.

FAR FROM abstract as to what Love means,
Let altruism not capitalism supervene –
With a creak, groan, and an eerie squeal,
Slowly the Garden Gate opens for real.

