Evelyne

Strolls the leaves enchanted mists,
Ancient mysteries modern twists,
Minds things more than what they seem –
To every fact adds a drop of dream.

Bastille Algiers heaven's door,
Feels like she's been here before –
Rainy evenings lovers know,
Lingering firelight's flickering glow.

Careful with her inmost feelings,
Compassionate in all her dealings –
Well kept secrets dramatic dimensions,
Creative patient salvific intentions.

The theme her storyline's about,
Utopian future kind cynics doubt –
Each person serving the common good,
As humans in heart of hearts surely would.