

# FABRICE



**F**ields turn gold/sumac bleed,  
Can't measure some things skeptics concede –  
The bard would smile to see your stars,  
On time's stage bearing history's scars.

**F**iercy perfection/irrepressible feeling,  
Soulful imaginary/cathedral ceiling –  
'Twas at you Cupid carefully aimed,  
Quiver of arrows each with your name.

**E**nchanted mindscapes/natural pizzazz,  
Brilliant spell caster/classic jazz –  
Deep friendships infectious intentions,  
Playful access to other dimensions.

**M**eanwhile Earth's fever getting worse,  
Some believe in freedom/others blame a curse.  
Equality/honesty/no one escapes,  
Truth gives the story its concluding shape.

