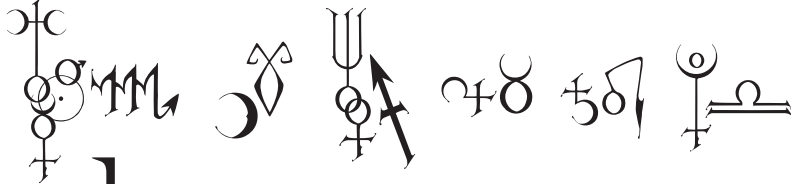




# Justine



Leaves tremble trees unfold,  
Fluorescent yellow orange gold –  
Subterranean feelingful knowing,  
Streams meadows passions flowing.

West 3rd street corner song,  
In a drama where you belong –  
Marianne by another name,  
Flower power garden aim.

Mottled day evenings begun,  
Heavens speed dial tip of your tongue –  
Autumns confidant Springs friend,  
Recycling stories without end.

Now a rivers pause in time,  
Just for you to make up your mind –  
Words surrender to your magic,  
You decide happy or tragic.