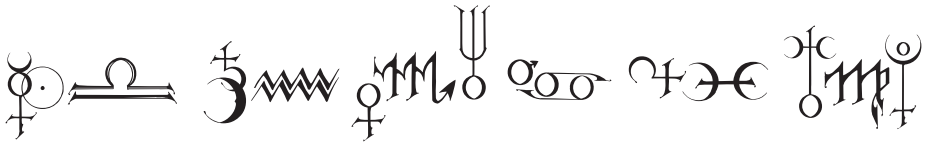
Heather



Where Space is something and Time bends,
Language rules and narratives contend –
A lot of lit seems not to doubt,
Before the end, the Truth comes out.

You like closure, things finished, done right,
Committed to honesty each line you write –
Informed, compassionate, strictly logical,
The gift of rain, a sea of mystical.

Absolute presence, at home on stage,
Chronicling humanity coming of age –
At a tipping point even skeptics feel,
Poetic Justice segues into real.

The Change calling us from cultural sleep,
When Hume woke Kant it didn't go this deep –
Because you chose to help with the mess,
Life's a step closer to supreme success.