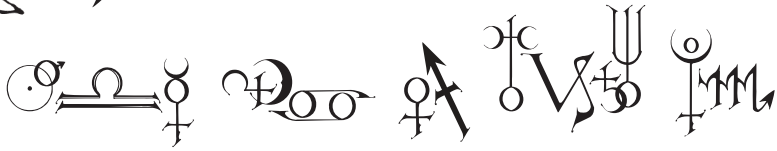


Jess



On every side pine valleys bend,
Into feelings twilights send –
Down where sky and ridges meet,
Edge aglow/day complete.

Feathered brushstroke accent clouds,
Would stay the night were that allowed –
Telltale priorities/spiritually serene,
Invites inside nested dream.

Moist eyes intellectually inclined,
Warm presence self defined –
Honesty's fairness friendship's laughter,
Equality electrifying every chapter.

Paradise chills/stars appear,
Evening inscapes far and near –
Such the mountains come at last,
Where coincidence offers time a pass.

