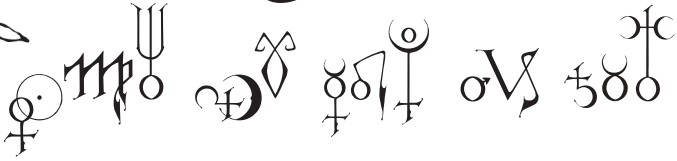


Lily



Summer hillsides counting stars,
Sorting through pearled memoirs,
Nothing you say can hurry her –
On time never earlier.

Defining how the dots align,
Possibilities livening designs –
Every pixel not one out of place,
Motherbird more than a trace.

Moon as metaphor life as art,
Perfect loving from the start –
Knots untangled favorites arranged,
Bringing order from deranged.

Would you Mozart or quiet hour,
Nested dolls or wild flowers –
Will it be the garden gate,
Where so patiently you wait.

