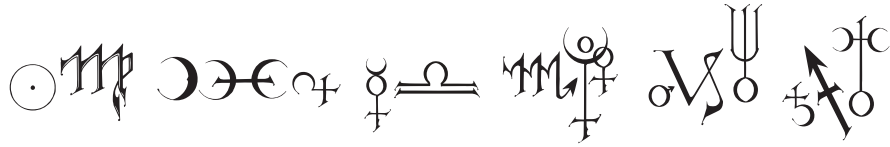




Roman



At dock's end with dusk descending,
Heaven and Planet moment mending –
A near full Moon, a gentle Heart,
STRIVING FOR perfect, superlative ART.

Years composing your Life hymn,
Forest, orchestra and seraphim –
Each detail, every granular note,
Some lines rainy days half wrote.

Venus added to your theatrical charms,
Mother Earth shelter in Your arms –
A Mind that insists on Honesty,
Descendant the Quarks Pascal couldn't see.

Odysseus class Seafarer's story,
Not about money, neither power nor glory –
More about history, what we've got to lose,
Where we came from, the goal we choose.