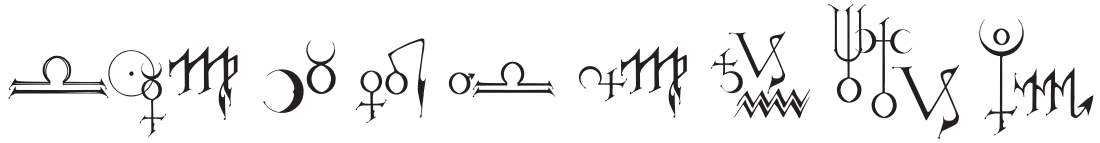


SIERRA



The black Iris bloomed for days on end,
Creating a place where hearts could mend –
A fold of night not meant to touch,
Hallowed inscape if ever such.

Rampant beauty/contagious Zen,
Balancing Eternity and never again –
Complex, delicate, not a cell simple,
For O'Keefe, maybe, a living temple.

Candlelight dinners, iced tea sweet,
Talking, listening, the picture accretes –
Driven by honesty, pragmatist mind,
Organized, careful, worry inclined.

Ready to hear both sides of a story,
Seen plenty of cases post factum sorry –
Unafraid of what it would take,
Transition to a World Love would make.

