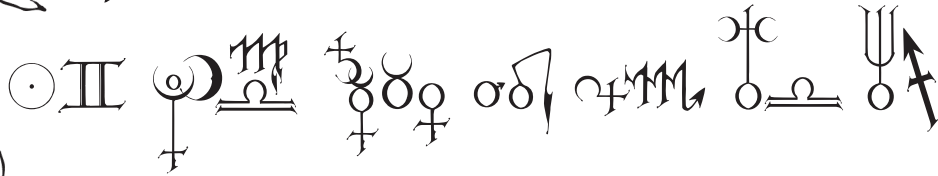




# PATRICK



**T**he tropic of your mythology –  
Your gardener's microbiology,  
A living breathing estuary,  
Eucaryotic cerebral sanctuary.

**E**arth raised you midst her fairy weeds,  
Braided with meanings added colorful seeds –  
Words and language layers thick,  
Covered you in music no small trick.

**N**ot one to go for diamond rings,  
Nor forget the thing we're sorely missing –  
Crawling out of metaphors,  
Said to exist on other shores.

**O**ut from given circumstance,  
You teach us that we have a chance –  
Webs as strong as spiders spin,  
Stickier the trouble we're in.