

of Joseph Jy om of 461 6 2

Summer sunset, strawberry moon,
Listening the call of an evening loon –
Oangling legs off the edge of the dock,
Lakeside with you some other clock.

Dest brother, steep and wild,
Venus on your Deart smiled –
Quantum river opal mind,
Emotionally strong, family kind.

Dills, pines cradle your place,
Nest to hold you, Stars fill space –
Logistical genius, business sense,
Scope of the project simply immense.

Right now our World, get down to it,

Can make you cry, want to quit —

Something obviously isn't clear,

As all would have Love drawing near.