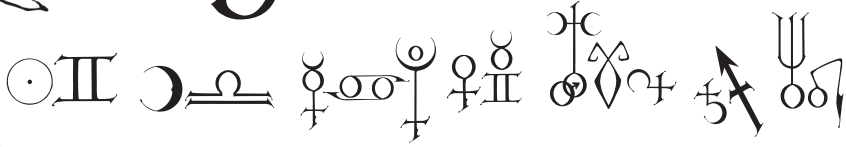




Agnes



On the back a broken postcard,
Bent cracked lightning scarred,
More than twice its note begun –
This moment her only one.

Tulip fingertips buds on trees,
Morning mist waking bees,
Braided ribbons songs of birds –
Spun sweetness whirled words.

Lifelong dialogical adaptation,
Peace train moonlight invitation –
Springtime sensitive mildly tamed,
River story without a name.

Sand descending incense burning,
Eyes opening heads turning –
Thanks for pointing out the way,
The world we need yes we may.