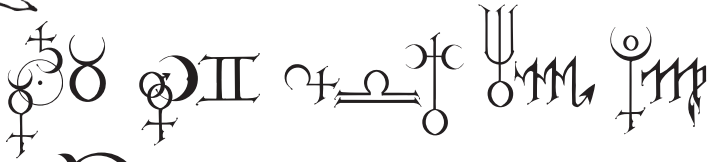




Naomi



Pathway strewn with blossom petals,
Slip of moon as evening settles –
Garden blinks in soft rejoice,
To see again hear your voice.

how long the wheat fields one desire,
Forest rumor sky a choir,
Glass steel concrete yearn –
All the talk your return.

Roots words mirrors shelves,
Fractal mind bouquet of selves –
Connects dots reads neath the lines,
Inherent earthbound stars entwine.

Somehow made it through the noise,
Woman as object men staying boys –
Calling us to an open gate,
Assuring all it's not too late.