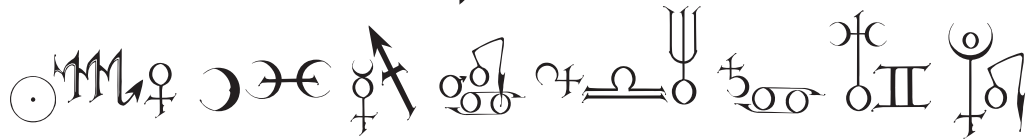


Anni-Ærid



Your marvel never fit the imaginary,
A place not on anyone's itinerary –
Mauves, yellows, shades of red,
Woods awash in perennial unsaid.

By Sol and Venus, a flare for the stage,
Dancing, performing from youth to sage –
An immediate, intuitive, insightful knowing,
From history where things could be going.

In some minds dearly anticipated,
Swords to plowshares long awaited –
Each time your heart opens out,
Leaves no room for ours to doubt.

how more unbelievable could the drama get,
Humanity's deliverance could happen yet –
If thoughts and prayers were made concrete,
If we addressed the actual, Nature's entreat.

