



i sit in the
gentle silance
of your company

our conversation is
the whisper of the grass
the patter of spring rain

your gaze
passing over me
soft and warm as a
summer breeze

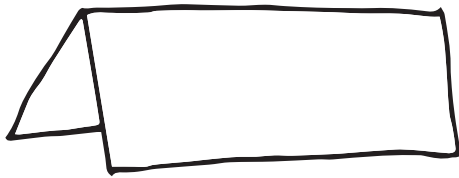
a thing beloved
for its transience

the sower cares not
that his garden
will pass
with the seasons
he rests easy knowing
his labor is a labor
of impermanence
and it is
beautiful for it

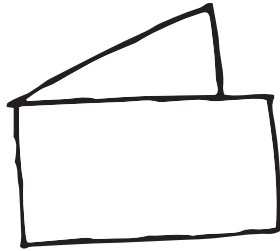
the clouds above
shifting and changing
beautiful
in their fickleness
a thing unquestioned
in its impermanence

an image of the self
never set in stone
rather carved
into the furrows
of soft earth
to be tenderly worked
by the sower

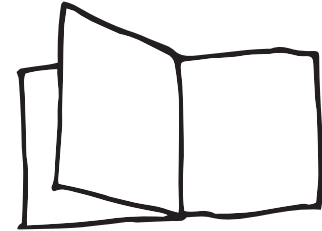
a muse
of the most selfish kind
no truth to be taken
than one already known



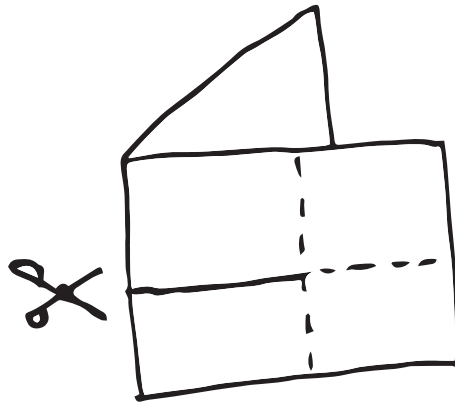
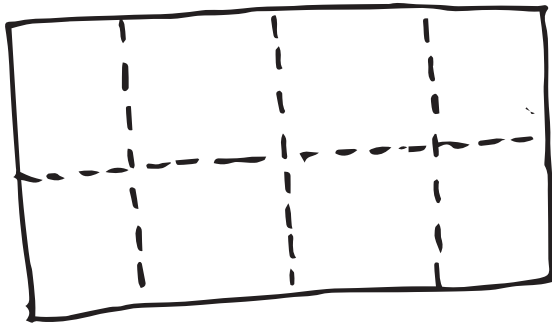
fold



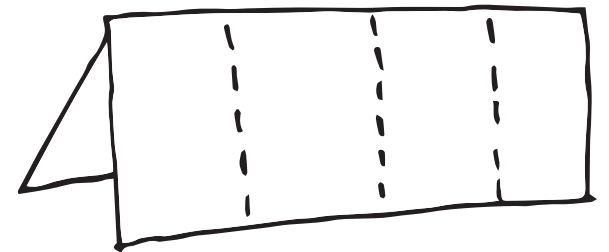
fold



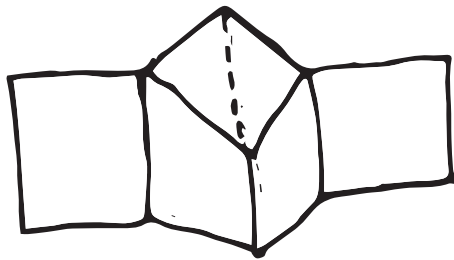
fold flip and repeat



cut solid line



fold



pop out



fold