

# The Lake by Bristol Cottage

~A Poetry Journal



*grapevine wreath*

2nd edition

Allyson Rose

Chandler



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First published in the United States in 1996 by Allyson Rose Chandler Designs Publications

Reprinted in 2004, 2005 (twice)

Second edition 2008

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Less, Deborah 1967-

*As an artist I am always striving to create "atmosphere" that is intimate and genuine. Paint glimpses of an illusory world that has real texture, shape and authenticity. Sometimes if I am very lucky I can fleetingly capture the landscape of "perfect fantasy". I hope my verses will encourage, provide a moment of tranquility, and entertain you. Most of all I hope my words will impart a starting place to rekindle your dreams and offer a sanctuary from the storm. Best wishes and sincerest regards always, to my "friends" in words. May all Your beautiful dreams come true!*

**Allyson Rose Chandler**

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## **HUNTER FAMILY TREE**

**Chapman Family Genealogy:**

<http://genealogy.riddel.com/family.php?famid=F486&ged=riddel.ged>

**Hunter Family Genealogy:** <http://trees.ancestry.com/tree/20309974/family>



# NATURE

## *Spanish Moss*

*A pastel Summer breeze fans a sun washed beach,  
Where sand as perfect and white as granulated sugar,  
Reclines splendidly beside shallow wading pools, sparkling &  
turquoise!*

*A graceful stand of trees towers spectacularly where the  
earth meets the sky,*

*Draped with Spanish Moss which hangs beautifully  
suspended,*

*Spilling over branches as it cascades to the ground in  
willowy wreaths of gray.*

*The honeyed fragrance of Magnolia blossoms fills the air  
with luxurious perfume,*

*Spectacular white blooms opulent and silken and as  
delicately alluring as Southern charm,*

*Are showcased with gracious elegance, thick with foliage,*

*Against colossal leaves of poetic & glossy, Everglade green.*

*Southern nights, lingering and sultry,*

*Whirl beneath a velvet sky opulent with stars,*

*In a leisurely promenade across sea and shore,*

*As spellbinding and softly glowing as Summer dreams!*

## *Container Garden on a Wind-swept Sun Deck*

*My miniature lily pond-container garden spilling marvelously  
over the sides of my sun deck,  
Began one rainy day with a lone terracotta pot of incredible  
proportions,  
With its multi-tiered steps for planting individual plants,  
It was a treasure unearthed by chance during a shopping  
expedition at the "Salvation Armani",  
Even then I recognized a comfortable old friend and the  
miracles of design possibility it presented,  
Seeing it overflowing with greenery in my minds eye long  
before it became a reality,  
It is a miracle when life exceeds our brightest expectation!  
But I must admit looking at my simple clay container now,  
Like my fantasy Sun Deck,  
It is so much better than I ever imagined it to be.  
So many shopping expeditions later, and hundreds of  
cuttings contributed by devoted friends,  
My whimsical little garden has grown to be my favorite  
reading spot,  
Where hummingbirds and butterflies abound,  
A beautiful terrace for intimate dinners or sharing a cordial  
pot of tea.  
A place of lily pads, wind chimes and gurgling fountains,  
Where love glows in the sparkling twilight!  
And dreams renew beneath a canopy of stars.*



## *Dried Hydrangeas*

*When I first discovered the irresistible handicraft of drying hydrangeas in my sunlit Artist's studio,  
I never dreamed at the time how the ambience of the timeless blooms would fill my day with gladness as they take on an enchanting vintage appearance,  
In awe, I watch gentle tea green blossoms turn to enticing shades of burgundy and pink,  
Looking their finest when dehydrated gradually on the blooming plant before I begin the extraordinary marvel of the drying process,  
Like all things wonderful, it is best to wait for just the perfect moment when nature will surprise you with spectacular effects!*

*In the cooler climes, as the crispness of Fall camouflages the world in glorious red, flame and plum,  
Northern Hydrangeas, on the contrary, prefer to develop a stunning patina in intriguing shades of blue, raspberry and purple,*

*To take on a powdery "Summer" appearance,  
I love to purchase bunches of flower-covered stems from northernmost growers to see the exquisite variances in color,  
That contrast beautifully with the burgundy and pink varieties grown in the South.*

*Both looks an inspiring wonder!*

*Especially when draped with looping bows of shimmering iridescent ribbon and arranged artistically in a tall cut crystal vase,*

*My romantic stems of dried hydrangeas are as graceful and lovely as those purchased from an exclusive florist,*

*Or an upscale Interior Designer's perfectly merchandised boutique,*

*I always experience my dried bouquets as an astonishing miracle!*

*Thrilled at how easy it is to create such a stunning effect,  
-Hydrangeas like the ones from my glowing memories of  
childhood,  
When spectacular globes of deep blue and lavender, graced  
the enchanting greenery next to my Grandmother's spacious  
front porch.  
Blooming with breath-taking elegance!*

## *Daffodils*

*Planting daffodils in my garden,  
Where pretty buds bloom everywhere around me,  
I feel my inner woman start to flourish, with a gentle  
radiance,  
Like white lace. All sunlight and airy,  
As beautiful splashes of fragrance and color, renew the  
romantic lingering inside my heart,  
There is something spiritual about growing a garden.  
It is a feeling. A perfect miracle!  
Like springtime. And laughter,  
The earth resplendent in a veil of daylight.  
As butterflies flit and bob across the lawn.  
Gossamer images etched forever on my soul,  
Leaving behind glowing sensations.  
That will glisten and sparkle long after I go indoors.  
Lingering remembrances of sunshine and flowers.  
Drawing me somehow closer to M' Love!*

## *Water Lilies*

*After the rain.*

*Breathing in the effervesce,*

*Like the sensation of inhaling pure exhilarating ozone with a  
hint of lavender lingering on air,*

*The soft pastel sun a glowing halo above a spectacular pond  
of water lilies.*

*Delicately outlined in glistening silver!*

*Recalling a painting by Monet.*

*The effect exquisite, Sparkling!*

*Like "romance" distilled in lovely glass decanters,*

*Liquid crystal and luminous,*

*Beautifully transparent to the light,*

*A shimmering dream caught between panes of  
gleaming pastel amethyst,*

*Capturing the softness and elegance of summer.*

*It is then, strolling by my beloved pond,*

*After the rain.*

*When the world is fresh!*

*I experience the wondrous nature of Love.*

## *Peacock Valley*

*On a day glowing with sunshine, along a tranquil garden path near picturesque Peacock Valley,  
Where an attractive menagerie of Rose bushes gather in perfect rows around our cozy cottage home,  
And a spectacular series of tiny white footbridges spill beautifully across the lakeside lacing island to shore,  
Breath-taking landscapes with manmade lily ponds sparkle in the sunlight!*

*And amethyst wisteria flows elegantly all along the water, trimmed by neat multi-hued flowerbeds,  
We wander hand in hand elated, as an easygoing gazebo invites us to linger and share an impromptu picnic,  
Packed elegantly into my mauve leather Picnic at Ascot shoulder bag,*

*A stunning gift you gave me for our three month anniversary!  
Laughing we throw stones into the lake above a secluded cove where a quaint little boat landing traces the coastline,  
Natural cobblestones create an appealing network of walking paths, that meander intriguingly from pond to wood, and garden to waterfall,*

*Creating a tranquil sense of continuity as You pass from one delightful scene to the next,*

*Leaving you to wonder what exquisite views would be seen around the very next bend in the breath-taking islet trail.*

*It is a place of passionate surprises!*

*Like the lingering scent of roses wafting on the air,  
With just a hint of ozone, ethereal and bewitching,  
I love the intriguing mossy fragrance of nearby woodlands,  
Which shelter our sunny garden meadow from uninvited guests,*

*Under the bluest skies imaginable, the beautiful sounds of a babbling brook can be heard,*

*Mingled with the white noise of a cascading waterfall,*

*And the happy gurgling of the many marvelously designed  
water features, both manmade and natural that flow  
gorgeously toward the lake.*

*It all creates an astonishing collage of sight and sound that is  
at the same time captivating and compelling!*

*A stone's throw away from our beloved lake, wild deer can  
be seen plunging through the undergrowth,*

*Across the steep mountain pathway that is dripping with  
overripe berry vines,*

*Perhaps startled by an unfamiliar noise, or a resounding  
echo,*

*Sensing the evening's approach, watchful rose bushes draw  
close to the inviting sanctuary of our cute garden bungalow,  
surrounded by charming wraparound decks,*

*And whisper a prayer of peace and consolation to the falling  
night,*

*Their intermingled perfume wafts on the air of our beautiful  
Summer retreat,*

*Imparting an ambiance that shimmers everywhere around us  
as we relax in our oversized Jacuzzi tub*

*Sipping wine that sparkles like the myriad of stars above us!*

## *Dune Crest by the Sea*

*I remember long breezy days strolling down Sky view  
Highway as it traces the coastal headlands overlooking  
Starfish Beach,  
Where windswept sand dunes lounge by towering cliffs and  
sparkling crystal water,  
And blue skies clear as a turquoise jewel hang in the air like  
a canopy that billows on the wind,  
As I near the boardwalk I hear the sounds of skaters skating  
on the winding sidewalks,  
That slope with a thrilling pitch to the closed off streets  
below,  
Where a collection of tiny boutiques and designer shops,  
meander impressively all along the waterfront,  
Their fashionable displays of hand painted kites, stained  
glass art, smart consignment clothing, and exquisitely crafted  
leather goods,  
Beckon convincingly to tourists in brilliantly colored Hawaiian  
shirts and Bermuda shorts,  
Everywhere street cafes and open-air bistros offer intimate  
levels of casual seating where tiered waterfalls, gardens and  
butterflies abound,  
On the boardwalk the scent of French fries waft on the air  
and hotdogs sizzle on a vendor's grill.  
Children with snow cones of red and purple drift like  
dragonflies, skimming the waterfront,  
Tiny faces stained with berry juice smudges,  
As a colony of sunbathers on rainbow striped towels, skin  
shiny with Islands of the Tropics suntan oil,  
Laze in the sun baking to a golden bronze, as the sunlight  
paints their hair with glints of shimmering blonde highlights,  
Smiling you embrace me, taking my hand as you guide me  
toward our light-hearted picnic for two,*

*As our hearts pound in a synchronized rhythm!  
You lead me to a blanket with two lounge chairs in the  
shade,  
Where a willow basket overflowing with Shrimp pasta, Pizza  
Rustico and an exceptional local wine awaits,  
Happily I take my place in the sun where the enchanted  
kingdom of Dune Crest meets the sea.*



## *Vikingsholm*

*From stately cliffs overlooking the lake above Emerald Bay,  
We descend on the pathway toward Vikingsholm,  
Through woods so thick and opulent we can barely see the  
glimmer of crystal green water,  
Sparkling through occasional spaces in the trees,  
Trees the fragrance of heaven!*

*Where far below us a Scandinavian castle of magnificent  
design rises above the water.*

*Vikingsholm!*

*The creation of some mad architect at the whim of a solitary  
dreamer.*

*We walk hand in hand on the glistening strand of deserted  
beach,*

*And ponder the mystery of this hauntingly beautiful house,  
Built on the edge of a fairy tale lake!*

*So many shades of turquoise and blue it can dazzle your  
senses with it's brilliance,*

*But here in this magical "Emerald" Bay,*

*Set with one perfect tea house island the water is crystalline  
and green,*

*And so translucent and clear you can see every rock on the  
bottom,*

*Such a view excites the imagination!*

*Spectacular, too pale a word to describe the impression it  
etches forever on your soul once you've seen it,*

*An awesome creation sprung from one woman's dream!*

## *Eagle Falls*

*Chasing waterfalls through the woods,  
I Fall in Love with You again and again,  
As breathless we climb the narrow pathway winding through  
the trees,  
That leads from Vikings Holm up the steep mountain canyon  
to Eagle Lake,  
To a place where our path converges with magnificent cliffs  
overlooking Lake Tahoe,  
Spectacular falls spill dramatically over the edge,  
As we climb the face of the cliff,  
A fine mist of spray swirling around us,  
Careful to find the best handholds on the slippery wet  
granite,  
Spongy moss covering the face of the rock,  
And for one incredible moment we stand on a ledge behind  
a curtain of plummeting water,  
Exhaling a prayer of wonder at such breathtaking scenery!  
Then slowly, reluctantly, we emerge,  
Looking as though we'd taken a shower with our clothes  
on,  
Shivering as much from amazement as from the stunningly  
cold water,  
Laughing, as we hike upward toward our goal.  
Finally we reach the Primary Falls cascading in a showy  
plume  
of swiftly moving white water,  
Making a sheer drop from a hundred feet above our heads,  
The rising haze forming rainbows where condensation is  
touched by the gleaming rays of sunlight,  
We swim in shallow pools of icy cold water,  
Tiny whirlpools formed directly beneath the falls creating  
an impossibly wondrous Jacuzzi effect.  
And lie in the sun. Tired,*

*Exhilarated!*

*Sharing the distinctive splendor of the brilliant blue lake,*

*A radiant jewel sparkling in the afternoon sun,*

*It is a Mountain top experience we will never forget.*

*The windfalls for pursuing the end of the winding mountain trail, Glorious.*

## *Tahoe Vacation*

*Climbing high above the floor of the valley,  
Winding in steep ascent on a tiny stretch of highway that  
nearly touches the clouds,  
We gasp. Delighted at the panoramic view of the silver  
tinged river valley where we were only minutes before,  
From the top of the mountain we stand. Overlooking the city.  
Exhilarated, Anxious!*

*A thick, lush pine-scented forest clings with determination to  
the rugged craggy mountainside,  
Dotted with restaurants and taverns named picturesque  
things like the Christmas Tree Inn, Sky Tavern, And the  
Mount Rose Lodge.*

*Fairy tale destinations in a real world,  
As our ascent levels just beyond the upper meadow we  
behold a*

*scintillating blue jewel of a lake,  
Set in the rim of an ancient volcanic crater, a dormant  
caldera.*

*Surrounded by a million fragrant pine trees.  
The sky is such an intense bright blue it is impossible to  
describe.*

*Almost as blue as my Murphy ancestor's eyes,  
But the real surprise is the lake itself. I have never seen so  
many shades of blue, aqua and green.*

*Overall the lake is as brilliant and blue as the sky,  
But on the edge near the shore each little pool redefines it's  
own*

*shade of blue or green,*

*Much of it the color and clarity of a manmade swimming  
pool,*

*Sparkling turquoise in the sun with shocking brilliancy and  
distinctness,*

*While right next to that may be translucent emerald,*

*crystalline sapphire or shimmering aquamarine glowing in the light.*

*And the water is so clear you can see every rock on the bottom*

*even in ten to twenty feet of water,*

*Spectacular. Compelling!*

*Nothing I have seen can compare to it.*

*We have certainly chosen the perfect location,*

*I am thrilled with all the activities we have planned;*

*Lying in the sun by a luminous pool, glittering night life,*

*The romance of Shakespeare on the beach,*

*Jet skiing and horseback riding through the trees,*

*And a breathtaking Riverboat cruise with impossibly beautiful scenery and sensational views,*

*There is almost too much to hope for.*

*We look at each other with a curious mixture of excitement and dread,*

*Knowing this could be the start of a Fantasy vacation,*

*Or the confirmation of the end.*

*Sometimes it's not clear to me which I want,*

*So how can I tell you?*

*I wonder if you are feeling the same hesitation?*

*The lingering uncertainty I do.*

*Afraid to nurture expectations.*

*But today looking at the sunshine and sparkling clear water,*

*For the first time in months I dare to pray. "If only,..."*

*Desperately in need of all your kisses that have gone,*

*Vowing to speak Love to the husband that Life gave me,*

*I reach for your hand in the still of a crystal dawn.*

*Memorizing the effect of the daylight as it traces every angle of your face.*

*A radiant portrait of the One I love,*

## *Reflections on a Quiet Lake*

*In a translucent pool of water,  
Outlined in glistening silver!  
On this breathless summer day.  
Timeless and serene,  
Even as my face is answered by it's own likeness,  
Tho' darkly and not a perfect representation  
feature for feature,  
Looking long at scintillating crystal water,  
That repeats the pattern of the sky with striking  
brilliancy,  
I see the image of your heart reflecting mine,  
In shimmering holographic perfection,  
Your feelings mirroring the thoughts of my heart,  
Emotion for emotion,  
Sharing the same joys and sorrows,  
Until it is difficult To know exactly where You begin  
and I end in the intimate bond of Love,  
Our hearts entwined like interlocking bands of gold,  
Or glistening circles on the surface of a tranquil lake  
that ripple forever outward,  
Spectacular. Luminous!  
Breathtakingly tracing every sensational expanse of a crystal  
shoreline,  
Drawn together by endless Love.  
We become " One" sparkling reflection each of the other.  
Transformed!*

## *Sky Terrace*

*Exploring the unforgettably beautiful scenery surrounding  
our lakeshore cabin by the deepening shades of dusk,  
I survey the stunning view from my winding natural rock  
terrace,  
Concealed from the street by the tri level wraparound deck  
hidden in the trees,  
Carved breathtakingly from the side of the mountain,  
Where the intoxicating scent of pine fills my senses with its  
intricate woodsy fragrance,  
In the fading twilight I see over laden tangles of spectacularly  
ripe blackberries,  
As they cascade wildly across the hillside pathway.  
Longing to be picked!  
My soul dances within me to see the magnificence of the  
heavens resplendent with a million scintillating points of light,  
As a myriad of stars appear, that shimmer and sparkle  
impossibly.  
Like diamonds. Intensely beautiful!  
My heart contemplating this sensational expanse of Sky.  
That is bigger than the awesomeness and majesty of the  
Grand  
Canyon,  
Or the snowcapped splendor of the Sierras towering  
Cathedral-  
like into the night,  
A witness to the Universe's monumental Glory,  
And the riches poured out for us from the Truckee River  
Keeper's most wondrous treasures,  
In a language that speaks eloquently the vastness of our  
Love,  
You hold me close, and ask me "How much I love You?"  
M'Love, just look at the Sky!*



## Celestial Mobile of Liquid Silver

I want to walk with You, M'Love,  
Where a skywalk unwinds like ribbon toward breathtaking  
Half Moon Bay,  
Lacing flower-covered balconies and oceanfront condos  
across windswept sea cliffs,  
The breeze lifts my hair and L' Belle France dress  
romantically on the updraft--like poetry!  
As you gently kiss sunbeams that stencil warm golden  
shimmers on my lips,  
I caress the angles of your appealing masculine face,  
With adoring fingers that tremble--afraid to wake from this  
dream,  
I watch shape-shifting emotions pass across your face, like  
the luminous flicker of a candle,  
--A spellbinding illusion!  
And see bright blue eyes glow with excitement,  
That extraordinary look of wonder I find irresistibly disarming!  
I am lost in the warmth of your smile, so much longing to be  
everything you need.  
Wishing only to give you my best for as long as we live!  
Breathless I am swept away by your tenderness, clinging to  
you for support against the rolling waves,  
I tumble into your arms forgetting to resist,  
Attracted to you like butterflies to a sunny summer garden,  
Caught in a veil of shimmering daylight,  
That paints sparkling sensations on my skin,  
Enchanted, I listen to the magnificent noise of the waves,  
And watch seagulls lift on buoyant wind currents,  
Like some kind of incredible celestial mobile of liquid silver!



## Visions of a Monarch Butterfly

Reclining in an airy garden bower,  
Painted with sunlight and multi-color flower'd shrub and tree,  
That trace Aurora's luminous glow with compelling ambrosial  
incense,  
Where an expanse of sidewalks roll and pitch,  
Lacing charming lawns and whitewashed gazebo,  
with blue green terrace,  
Where gentle waves and crystal seas touch the sky's gild'd  
horizon,  
A fluttering shape flits and bobs,  
A spectacular blur of orange and black,  
Lifting buoyantly on the crest of the wind,  
The whimsical Monarch butterfly---soft as deepest velvet,  
Fragile as a daydream. Apparition of glorious splendor!  
That fills my heart with thoughts of Spring,  
Hang-gliding like a vivacious flower,  
Floating on the soft breath of wind,  
An angel of gentle desires!  
Skimming the sky with trembling wings.  
It flutters away like Phoebe's dance,  
Tugging my heart in its wake!

## Sand Dollar

I strolled the seashore one glorious day,  
My wanderings rewarded with a profusion of shells,  
Gentle treasures to hold within adoring hands,  
Scattered in the glistening sunlight,

Washed up by chance along my path.  
Wading spontaneously into luminous surf,  
Where crystal waves streamed exquisitely on shore,  
My willow basket filled to overflowing,

With the ocean's medallions eagerly collected.  
My favorite a breakable, lovely sand dollar,  
So perfect in its symmetry,  
With tiny little holes cut in slits like eyelet lace,  
And an etched design of mystic runes,  
The language of dryad kings.

Recounting tales of legendary expeditions,  
And other noble things,  
Or perhaps an Easter lily engraved,  
In script as delicate as Grandma's threadwork.

A memento of timeless beauty caught,  
So fragile it might crumble in my palm,  
I pondered the wonder of such spectacular find,  
As sunset painted my windswept shore,  
With streamers of purple twilight.

## Skylark Meadow

The harvest moon has fallen from her throne,  
A pale'd golden coin in God's hand,  
He presses it in His fist then flings it amidst millions of  
diamond bright stars,  
Will it be heads or tails?  
He knows but isn't giving any free information.  
Time, an ancient thief who steals away the years and in  
return offers a tapestry woven of fine silken threads and  
dross embellished with fine gold and polished silver dust,  
To lend a touch of sparkle, a sense of poetry amid the  
random collection of joys and sorrows,  
Vinegar mingled in ruby wine that is at the same time  
intensely sweet with dregs undrinkable and sour'd.  
Yet leaving the breathtaking impression of concentrated  
sweetness,  
The creeping shadows of dawn, all rose and amethyst,  
Diffuse into spectacular coronas that caresses the lakeshore  
with circles of light,  
They evaporate in the sunlight from every hill and meadow  
as morning ignites the sky with its inspirational light show,  
Elongated rays paint the distant hills until a fire ball of  
glowing red-orange  
Crowns the mountains with an aura of radiant light,  
And the rooster crows his victory song--  
Errr-uh-errr-uh errrrrr!!!  
To welcome the new day!

## Full Moon

The firmament glows with silver'd light,  
As a harvest moon comes into view, from behind its silken  
veil,  
Touching sea and shore with luminous glitter,  
Spilled out from a point beyond the stars,  
Where the dreams of lovers always come true!  
And love shines like a myriad of diamonds against a soft  
velvet night.

## Shade Tree

Once during prayer I asked God with yearning curiosity,  
“what will I be when I grow up?” He smiled and said, “a shade tree.”

Always, I have inhabited the shadows beneath the “great”  
trees,  
Upright, majestic spirits who hold their heads high,  
With an unobstructed view of clear mountain streams,  
And blue skies dappled with sunlight on a warm spring day,  
I have felt moved by their gentle giving nature,  
Colossal giants--towering above the canopy of the  
woodlands,  
With a deep understanding of balance, order--taking only  
what you need, to give back all that you are!  
The way life sparks life when love is ignited,  
Like the essence of honesty and laughter,  
Or the fundamental nature of poetry,  
Painted in shades of cool forest greens.

They stood strong and tall in that windswept meadow,  
Icons of ancient wisdom,  
From them learned I to draw forth rivers of water from the  
clay,  
And lift mine hands to the sky in a yearning petition for the  
lost and lonely beasts,  
A love song emanating from the translucent stars and clear  
waters around me,  
Experiencing all the gladness of growing into a capable  
young sapling,  
Now, I feel a deep awe when I see my reflection in the river,  
Inexplicably transformed by some unseen phenomenon of  
nature,  
To become one of the tallest trees standing on the ledge by  
bridal veil springs,  
A shade tree and a refuge for those weaker than mine self,

Standing where the mists gather into brilliant twined  
rainbows,  
How I marvel at God's astonishing sense of humor and  
glorious plan!  
It is a thing perhaps only a tree might appreciate...

**SPIRITUAL**

## Lakeside Garden

Chasing butterflies through a lakeside garden,  
Where two paths converge in a sunlit meadow,  
And wildflowers sprout in the leggy undergrowth,  
In tiny petals of rose, amethyst and purple-red,  
Scented pine-needles scattered in heaps all around,  
I stopped to stretch near a slab of boulder,  
Enchanted by graffiti painted there,  
By some passing angel or wayside poet,  
Inscribed by a writer named "Anonymous"  
A message of timeless hope and love,

"Forgiveness is the fragrance of the rose on the heel that  
has crushed it..."

A whispered prayer in the glow of sunset,  
Etched forever on my soul!



## Candlelight Prophecy

*The man who loved God,  
Took a solitary candle shining in the darkness,  
And carefully lit the candles on either side of him,  
As each in turn lit the candle of a neighbor in a wave  
of shimmering incandescence,  
Faces illuminated by a brilliant glow,  
Stained glass reflecting each tiny point of flame,  
Until the entire cathedral was filled with light,  
An impossibly beautiful vision.  
Spectacular, Compelling,  
The entire assembly worshipping the Lord in one  
inspiring exhalation,  
Hearts lifted in Praise and Adoration.  
The candles flickering luminous, Like a Prayer,  
As He spoke a simple prophecy with moving eloquence,  
..."In this manner will the Word of God light  
the world,"...  
They were stirred by his message,  
With its awesome simplicity and perfection,  
Never had the love of God been so near,  
As lighting candles in the darkness  
On the Eve before sunrise,  
Of a glorious Easter Dawn!*

## LIGHT A CANDLE

If we all light a candle in the darkness,  
A million glowing halos of shimmering incandescence,  
On some soft summer night,  
Flickering brilliantly their heartfelt glow  
Setting the night ablaze with warmth and radiant light!  
A lighthouse for lost and lonely souls,  
Sending the message of everlasting Peace and Hope.

LOVE

## Reflection On A Tri-Level Deck

*In the midst of a summer garden filled with a menagerie of roses,  
Gorgeously outlined in the shimmering moonlight,  
I recline pool-side on a tri-level deck,  
Where a tourmaline spa emerges sparkling from a fluted base of swirling green marble.  
Alone with my thoughts and a million scintillating stars so close I could almost reach out and touch them,  
I watch enthralled as candles burn low in candle holders of antiqued verdigris,  
They flicker prayerfully in the deepening shadows,  
Casting a spellbinding glow on elegantly sculptured white wicker,  
Sipping wine as fragrant as summer flowers,  
The rim of my glass reflecting a frosted crystal moon,  
I watch white lace panels move softly on a water-colored wind.  
Thoughts of You and me and the Love we've shared,  
A compelling vision in the deep velvet night.*

## *Endless Summer*

*Pale white clouds of billowing gauze hung suspended.  
Gravity less. On the rim of the mountain.  
Stretching themselves thinner and thinner.  
Across a pastel summer sky.  
Until nothing was left but their image on my mind,  
On this endless summer day.  
Windswept. Casually rumpled.  
You whirled me laughing on the edge of a pewter lake,  
And gave me the most memorable kiss.  
A promise,  
Igniting sunset's amber glow,  
The spirit within me amazed,  
That I should receive the truest desires of my heart.  
~And find my One True Love!*

## *Reflections on a Quiet Lake*

*In a translucent pool of water,  
Outlined in glistening silver,  
On this breathless summer day.  
Timeless and serene,  
Even as my face is answered by it's own likeness,  
Tho' darkly and not a perfect representation  
feature for feature,  
Looking long at scintillating crystal water,  
That repeats the pattern of the sky with striking  
brilliancy,  
I see the image of your heart reflecting mine,  
In shimmering holographic perfection,  
Your feelings mirroring the thoughts of my heart,  
Emotion for emotion,  
Sharing the same joys and sorrows,  
Until it is difficult To know exactly where You begin  
and I end in the intimate bond of Love,  
Our hearts entwined like interlocking bands of gold,  
Or glistening circles on the surface of a tranquil lake  
that ripple forever outward,  
Spectacular. Luminous!  
Breathtakingly tracing every sensational expanse of a crystal  
shoreline,  
Drawn together by endless Love.  
We become " One" sparkling reflection each of the other.  
Transformed!*

## *Twelve Roses In a Crystal Bud Vase*

*You sent me a dozen long stemmed frosted mauve roses,  
As soft and distinctive as dusty mauve velvet,  
The color of elegance and romance,  
With just the tiniest wisp of baby's breath,  
A whimsical touch as delicate as lace,  
All tied with shimmering satin ribbon,  
And set in an exquisite crystal bud vase.  
Reflecting rainbows like a prism in the morning light,  
Your card said you would "Fill the room with roses-  
Someday."  
A magnificent "lie" I only half believed,  
Thrilled by the sincerity of your exaggeration,  
And the wonderment of your Love,  
Evidenced by glistening petals,  
A promise before God,  
And two bands of gold entwined like our Hearts.*

## *Together*

*Tangled up with you in my natural wicker Papasan chair.  
Laughing,  
We each know the other so well,  
It's difficult to know where one heart ends and the  
other begins,  
As we entwine where lace edged breakers vanish beautifully  
into pastel sand,  
And our windswept beach gleams in the crystal morning.  
Shape shifting sand dunes beckon as we jog across the  
shoreline,  
Breathless!  
We struggle against the gravity of the glistening sand,  
Then leaping weightless we find ourselves tumbling like  
children.  
Together.  
The lonely cry of seagulls a spellbinding echo above the  
beautiful sound of the waves, captivating and timeless,  
A promise eternal!  
Like the identical sparkle of diamonds on our fingers,  
reflecting the sunlight in patterns of love.  
We race toward the beach.  
Hearts pounding, elated.  
As you fling me in circles my arms clasped around your  
neck.  
Swirling and spinning in slow motion across glorious white  
sand,  
Dancing on the edge of crystal surf.  
Light-heartedly romantic.  
We wrestle, in high spirits.  
Eager to win.  
Laughing and splashing against the gentle swell of the  
ocean.  
As You give me your very best kiss,*



*And we wander hand in hand along this incredible stretch of  
coastline,  
Exploring tiny blue green tide pools and magnificent view  
terraces carved from windswept cliffs.  
Regarding with wonder an elegantly fluted conch shell  
gleaming upon the shore.  
Impossibly beautiful.  
The fresh salt air and sensational ocean views working a  
gentle  
healing on our souls,  
As we linger on this glowing strand of sea and sky.  
My heart-shaped willow basket of seashells and polished  
driftwood filled to overflowing.  
Glorious souvenirs of the day's adventure,  
Keepsakes of Our Love,  
So I can remember each moment with you forever.  
And I know if life is very good to me,  
I'll share it all with my Lover and Friend,  
On our quiet dune swept beach,  
Laughing and chasing dreams in the moonlight,  
Drifting carefree on the Sea of Matrimony.  
Our hearts entwined in Love.*

*Awesome!*

*Together we drive toward the Coast,  
Yearning to stand and watch the wind speak mysteries,  
Opening our eyes and heart to unbelievable views of this  
impossibly beautiful shore,  
At once, we race to our favorite view terrace,  
Barely ahead of the incoming storm,  
Ascending to the edge of towering cliffs,  
Where ominous black thunderheads swirl dramatically above  
us.*

*Breathless! We watch the sky.  
Clinging to safety in our mountain cathedral,  
Sheltered by a cleft in solid rock,  
As the zephyr whips at our hair and clothes,  
And cloudbursts erupt converging upon our lofty wind  
platform with a mighty vengeance.  
In a fearsome downpour that drenches us in icy rain.  
Sending brilliant shafts of lightning snaking toward earth with  
scintillating flashes,  
Strobing across a smoldering amethyst skyline,  
In a sensational effect that is absolutely spectacular,  
Majestic, Breathtaking!  
Like those astonishing spheres where discharges of  
electricity meet your fingertips at every amazing point of  
contact,  
The currant arcing, and bending, following your movements.  
Impossibly thrilling!  
A marvelous phenomenon,  
As extraordinary as touching the Hand of God depicted in  
the spellbinding artwork of Michelangelo.  
We stand transfixed!  
Mesmerized, as the commotion of thunderclaps breaks  
across the clouds,*

*And jagged bolts of lightning rake the shore, in awe-inspiring  
flashes of fire that strike at the land,  
Whipping and lashing with magnificent fury.  
We lunge with up-thrust arms, like reaching that perfect  
moment of peril on a rollercoaster ride,  
Defying the terror echoing with a explosive boom in our  
hearts,  
Inspired by nature's hauntingly beautiful outburst of noise,  
We call out to sea and sky, shouting louder than the roaring  
waves,  
Astonished at the magnificent power of this unexpected  
seaside squall.  
Holding each other, our lips lock in a kiss sparked by  
tempestuous nature,  
Delighting in how very much life is fragile and incredibly  
awesome!*

## *Spring Days*

*The lingering days of Spring are painted in glowing  
Technicolor,  
As soft wisps of fluffy white clouds drift lazily across a perfect  
blue sky,  
Diffused fingers of light filter spectacularly through the trees,  
Filling our dreams with images of sunshine and hope,  
As we skip toward the top of the mountain,  
So in love we could Fly!  
We chase kites in brilliant colors across a mountain meadow,  
Whirling them in mock dogfights, as they soar, and swoop  
and dodge,  
Then breathless from laughter we cling to each other for  
support, as they loop and intertwine together,  
Out of control, they spiral wildly toward earth,  
As we embrace in a tangle of string. Triumphant,  
Tumbling to the ground we share Vegan sandwiches called  
Healthy Harrys, lavishly garnished with onion, tomato,  
avocado and sprouts,  
Sipping sparkling apple juice where a myriad of multicolored  
wildflowers have cascaded over natural rock walls,  
And a turquoise lake reflects the sky with perfect brilliancy,  
I am drawn to you like butterflies to a sunlit garden,  
Recklessly attracted by the gentle warm comfort of your  
love,  
Irresistible and compelling!  
Nothing could be better than sharing this enchanted  
mushroom meadow with you,  
For this idyllic mountain journey on the edge of Spring.*

## *Where do Butterflies Go?*

*Where do butterflies go on the edge of nightfall?  
Do they melt into the evening sky, a million tiny wings  
creating the brilliance of sunset with all its colors?  
Reappearing with magnificent splendor as the first glow of  
dawn paints the new day with wonder?  
Or do they disguise themselves among a spectacular  
cascade of silken petals tumbling across a midnight  
mountain meadow?  
Creating a glorious veil of multicolored blossoms shimmering  
under false pretenses in the glistening starlight,  
Do they adorn the flowing tresses of passing trees as they  
waltz elegant near a sparkling crystal lake?  
Perhaps they have found some legendary citadel towering  
magnificently into the black and silver glitter of night as it  
spans the crest of the Sierras?  
A captivating refuge known only to the Truckee River Keeper  
as he chases his winding river that sweeps through distant  
meadows beneath a mountain named "Rose",  
A magical place where a swirling cloud of sleepy butterflies  
float buoyantly,  
Hang gliding dreamlike on the fantasy of a pastel and silver  
breeze,  
A place so wondrous and fanciful,  
It would be filled to capacity with such ethereal beings,  
delicate and fragile,  
Like a symphony of color drifting and bobbing under the  
gentle spell of night,  
Dreaming glowing dreams that only butterflies can know,  
Perhaps, "IF" I could find the place where butterflies go,  
It is there I would find You!*

## *Valentine Rendezvous*

*Sunshine streamed through the forest green lace that draped  
musky and romantic.  
Graceful double swags and rosettes sweeping dramatically from  
the canopy above my head.  
I stretch still dreaming in the frosted crystal morning,  
Sheer panels move gently on a softly scented breeze.  
As tiny fingers of light caress the melting shadows,  
Through French doors of sparkling leaded glass dripping with  
hand-crocheted lace,  
That beautifully reflect shimmering prisms as they glisten in  
scintillating patterns, creating rainbows on the floor.  
The morning sun coloring the room so dreamily in delicate  
shades of silver, glowing amethyst and gold,  
I awake with visions of you and romance,  
And all the Valentine's Day Fantasies about long stemmed  
red roses, Victorian lace cards, and extravagantly  
"chocolate" truffles.  
Elegantly wrapped and tied with a soft velvet bow.  
I reach toward you, to kiss you awake,  
Eager to share my gifts for you,  
And my plans for the perfect private celebration.  
Desiring to see the gentle play of light on your face as you  
lay  
sleeping,  
Too much the new bride to hide my disappointment when I  
notice You are gone...  
But there on your pillow I find one perfect red rose tied with  
lustrous satin ribbon, and attached is your note:  
"Meet me for a candlelight dinner and moonlit walk on the  
beach, where the sea touches the sky, and I once married*

*the girl of my dreams."*

*My heart pounding ecstatic you cared,  
The spontaneity of your invitation intriguing. And fun,  
I find you laughing waiting on the windswept little meadow  
high on magnificent cliffs near Monterey.  
The winding stretch of highway breathtakingly tracing the  
coast*

*Where we had first exchanged our vows,  
A spellbinding carpet of wildflowers spills over the hillside  
in a wild tumble of colors and scents as intoxicating as the  
Champagne dinner a duex that you serve on a blanket.  
A Valentine's picnic you had ordered from The Grapevine  
Deli.*

*Complete with swirling crystal candlesticks,  
And rose colored champagne glasses, with faceted stems  
that  
flawlessly reflect the light,  
Everything just the way it had been on the night of our  
honeymoon.*

*Impossibly Romantic.*

*The heart shaped French Country basket trimmed with  
flowers*

*and lace, a lovely gift you had given me,  
Now filled to overflowing with rich Crepes au fromage  
scented with almond, greens with foi gras, And ramekins,  
served with caviar and toast points,  
Perfectly complimented by elegant chocolate  
dipped-strawberries, a carafe of hazelnut coffee. And You!  
We share dinner, pleasant conversation and a spectacular  
view.*

*The moonlight painting shimmering highlights in your hair  
that make you irresistibly appealing by the flicker of candles.  
I can't help feeling astonished and proud at how handsome  
you look,*

*Regarding you with genuine wonder,*



*As I give you the elaborate package with distinctive diamond cufflinks, a movie, and the gold and sapphire ring I knew you had admired.*

*Your turn to feel Loved and appreciated in a special way,  
The candles burn low fading into the velvet darkness,  
As we become the silhouette of romance silk-screened upon the night.*

*Strolling along our quiet deserted beach, elated,  
Glistening sand between our toes.*

*Moonbeams dancing to the rhythm of our hearts.*

*It is a Valentine's Day as memorable and exceptional as "You,"*

*and the wonderment of your love.*

*Gratefully I pray the joy of our marriage will last forever,  
Like the sea and stars!*

*Thanking my luck, with every beat of my heart for the unforgettable moment I found You.*



## To M'Love

*Picture an ocean breeze moving easy and free across a handsome shore ~As windswept as You!  
Palm trees whisper promises, loving echoes of a thousand days and nights before this one,  
As a brilliant wall of flickering candles flame brilliantly,  
Backed by mirrors and frosted glass,  
Reflecting embellished medieval sconces marvelously intertwined.*

*A sparkling partition of shimmering light, exquisitely wrought,  
I love the way the room glows, with breath-taking picture windows showcasing the splendor of sea and sand,  
I hold You close, the patterns of sunshine stenciled in gleaming bronze upon your skin,  
The stunning scent of salt and sea in Your hair,  
Brown eyes glowing, lit up with brilliant highlights of gold,  
Smiling like perfect laughter distilled,  
Paired twins which reflect the radiance from a luminous crystal moon.*

*M'Love, is kind and gentle as a Summer's night,  
A compelling silhouette gorgeously outlined against a sea calm as polished glass,  
His manly Southern Comfort laugh intoxicating,  
Wafting on the aire like incense, spellbinding and warm.  
Rolling waves swell gentle, against a yielding coast, that is longing to be caressed,  
It is a Love song, as the legendary mythos of our desires, melt together, two distinct essences becoming One,  
Until the early daylight breaks across the window sill,  
When only lingering traces of memory remain,  
Like His scent, and the bracing salt taste of his skin.  
I luxuriate in jewel toned satin sheets, and the familiar comfort of his arms,*

*Memorizing every angle of his face, each beloved nuance of expression etched lovingly upon my soul, thrilling me beyond all expectation.*

*I have found sensational, unforgettable Love,  
No longer thirsty, wandering blindly in the desert,  
At long last, my life is full.*

## Castle On The Lake

*Riding in a gleaming silver limousine,  
Through mountains on a starlit night,  
Your face touched by shimmers from a luminous silver  
moon,  
A highway winds spectacular through a maze of fragrant  
pine trees,  
Where we can just see the glimmer of Kingston Lake,  
shimmering through thick woods,  
Before we reach our magical destination,  
Kingston Castle, legendary nightspot, Built of stone blocks  
from an ancient British Castle, Perfect resort getaway!  
I'm so amazed to be here with my Forever Love, On an  
unforgettable Valentine's Day,  
Our driver signals valet and to my astonishment a red carpet  
rolls out at our arrival,  
We're having fun, anticipating a night of fine dining and  
entertainment on the impossibly beautiful shore of Kingston  
Beach,  
Thrilled to celebrate our love with the champagne and roses  
special at such a classic resort,  
I'm delighted at Your surprise, so unexpected!  
As our host escorts us to the restaurant for a romantic  
Valentine's supper ,  
We can hear laughter, smell the charcoal for grilling steaks,  
They sizzle enticingly on the open fire grill and natural brick  
ovens, Covering an entire wall of the restaurant with  
effulgent flames,  
The warm glow reflected by beveled partitions that separate  
elite patrons from the showy open kitchen, where chefs  
create sumptuous masterpieces,  
We order Chateaubriand carved table side in presentation,  
with mouthwatering mountain truffles, green beans  
almandine, a salad of European greens and orange sesame*

*dressing, And for desert, the piece de resistance,  
"Enchanted Lover's Swans" on a pond of Raspberry and  
Chocolate sauces,  
Light-hearted laughter scintillates over glasses of bubbly  
Champagne,  
As we share an evening of pleasant conversation, Wining  
and dining into the early hours of morning,  
We complete our fantasy spa stay cuddled together,  
Luxuriating under down comforters and feather pillows,  
wrapped in plush Turkish towels, Interspersed with bubble  
baths in the magnificent jetted-tub,  
After breakfast in bed of eggs Benedict, berries & cream,  
with strong Cappuccino,  
We're treated to a relaxed couples massage at their world  
class spa,  
As the ambiance of aromatherapy and gentle lighting wash  
over us, We complete our escape from our fast paced lives,  
Too soon we must start our descent from these fairytale  
surroundings,  
and make the transition to real life,  
Both of us feeling exquisitely loved and pampered,  
Our spirits renewed by the romantic red carpet holiday at the  
Castle on Kingston Lake.*

## *Vacation at a Beachside Resort*

*Riding horseback, on a spirited gray stallion, named "Sand Dollar",*

*We step lively, with reckless abandon,  
Galloping breathtakingly beside splendid beachside resorts,  
Five star properties that beautifully trace the cliffs  
overlooking Dune Crest by the Sea,*

*Flying over the dunes I hold You close,  
Pressed against You, closer than your breath,  
I feel the thrill of Your heartbeat in my ear as we ride,  
So in love I could soar, Buoyant, lighter than air!  
I hold desperately to my ladylike straw hat, graciously  
adorned with flowers and lace,*

*For fear of losing it to the capricious breeze,  
We ride slow motion, fighting the gravity of shape-shifting  
sand,*

*Our hair whips wildly in the wind,  
Looking more than a bit mad for all our effort to be  
fashionably "nonchalant," We wander at will, Inspired by the  
breathtaking views,*

*Then slow our pace to give our beloved charger a rest,  
Enjoying the sparkling sensations of sunshine on deeply  
bronzed skin,*

*The glowing shimmers of light feel so much like freedom  
after the endless Winter's chill,*

*Charging, we make a run at translucent wading pools, then  
stop at once,*

*Breaking out in loud gales of laughter we nearly tumble from  
our horse,*

*Our zaniness is encouraged by the antics of our Springer  
spaniel, Maxwell, As he nips at waves that retreat, alarmed  
by his unexpected challenge.*

*He chases as they run from the shore, enjoying his short  
lived victory,*

*We follow, amused to see what will happen,  
Lighthearted we brace for a high swelling breaker, as it rolls  
and falls shoving us backwards,  
It lifts us from our feet and plunges us headlong into the  
luminous crystal surf,  
Max, his mastery overthrown, settles for chasing down an  
unwary crab as it scurries sideways across the beach,  
Barking perplexed yalps of excitement and alarm, as his new  
playmate disappears among the rocks,  
I look back along the shore, where silvery hoof prints dot the  
water's edge,  
Moving outlines erased by the waves as they stream  
onshore, then vanish into wet sand,  
We gaze into each other's eyes, amazed!  
Enjoying one of the world's most extraordinary beaches,  
Elated at the wonder of being together,  
Welcoming every stolen moment of this fantasy junket,  
We listen to the beautiful sound of the whitecaps as they  
break,  
And stroll hand in hand to watch waves collide against  
Castle Rock,  
Alone with our thoughts and the screeeeeeeing of seagulls  
suspended on the wind like a mobile,  
I take dozens of pictures to immortalize the day's adventure,  
Then slowly we turn to leave,  
You lift me gently onto Sand dollar with a lingering kiss,  
Sharing the greatest of feelings, we bound through the  
dunes,  
Our souls touched by a peace few people will know,  
Hair rippling gently on a pastel breeze we glide through the  
soft heather twilight,  
~And as the last glowing embers of sunset swirl across the  
sky,  
We sip effervescent coolers at a poolside bar under the  
frosted glow of incandescent lanterns,*

*I am in my all-giving mood, my only desire to be everything  
You need me to be,  
Renewed by our weekend vacation.  
And I wish with all my heart we could be like this forever!*



## *Open-Air Renaissance Courtyard Mall*

*We spend a leisurely day exploring chambers carved into the  
towering cliffs at Castle Rock,  
Where castle shaped formations emerge astonishingly from  
the ocean.*

*There is a special ambiance about this place,*

*A je ne sais quoi we find undeniably intriguing,  
A spellbinding quality that calls us back again and again!  
We twirl through revolving glass doors and enter the  
sensational open veranda,*

*where a food court and Bistro have been excavated inside  
the primary cavern,*

*Turning natural rock tunnels and water etched chambers into  
a celebrated tourist night spot,*

*A network of winding staircases and escalators connect  
exclusive shopping decks suspended beautifully above the  
main gallery of the exclusive Renaissance mall,*

*A marvelous world filled with charming street cafés and  
irresistible period craft shops,*

*With a stunning open-air courtyard where a magnificent  
renaissance festival is always in progress,*

*With impressive Elizabethan shops, fantasy clothiers with  
fabulously wrought frocks,*

*Dripping with ribbons and lace and camisoles of silk  
elegantly laced,*

*And deep hooded cloaks of marvelous design sewn from  
velvety wool,*

*The mall is a wondrous combination of craft fair, historical  
reenactment, and performance arts,*

*Where patrons are transported to chivalrous times far far*



*away,*

*A Shakespearean Theater in the round presents strangely compelling scenes from the Bard's greatest plays,*

*We watch a hauntingly lovely enactment of the last scene from Romeo and Juliet,*

*Bringing many tears and sighs from the beauty of the performance.*

*I had never seen Shakespeare so clearly!*

*A quaint Calligrapher's shop nearby sells gorgeously framed manuscripts penned in elegant script,*

*And gorgeously arrayed Lords and their Ladies wander among the crowds decked out in marvelous attire, resplendent and devastating!*

*Thrilling minstrels, and jugglers transport enraptured crowds with acrobatic stunts and midlevel ditties that evoke the feeling of days of yore,*

*Songs like Hey Ho Nobody's Home, or the Tale of John Barley Corn,*

*As freestyle swordplay and jousts play out with chivalrous drama, where noble knights rescue their ladies fair and defeat the doers or grievous evil,*

*And scaled dragons fall hissing and coiling scorching the earth with angry fire.*

*Bold champions are fitted by Renaissance armories with weapons and coats of armor that represent the most cunning fabricated metal crafts, amazing creations of anachronism.*

*Sharing myths and lore, and detailed instructions for pounding out dents, "It's kind of like fixing my '65 Mustang," one knight is heard telling another after a particularly jarring joust, laughing. If you watch carefully, on a favorable day, bearded Merlin may be seen, or a visiting king from a far away court,*

*Everywhere luxury boutiques and exclusive vendors sell  
every kind of peddler's ware from handmade soaps &  
perfumes to stained glass art creations of stunning design,  
or leather goods of exquisite value,  
On the topmost deck the legendary Camelot Sky Terrace  
resides,  
Where a sumptuous open air restaurant beguiles tourists  
with thrilling night life and hauntingly beautiful duets for the  
harp and flute,  
Crowds flock in droves to King Arthur's Observation Deck,  
enchanted by spellbinding ballads from poets accompanied  
by minstrel songs composed for guitar and lute,*

*One patron of the Boar's Inn Pub overcome with the spirit of  
the festivities, tries out his Elizabethan English when he  
spills a spatter of beer on a passerby,*

*He is heard to explain, "M' pardon Good Sir, beneath m' feet  
the earth did tilt tossing m' ale hither."  
Finding seating on an open air deck we share a splendid  
lunch on a table of polished planks,  
Allowing echoes of laughter and scintillating conversation to  
wash over us.  
From our towering view platform above the waves, we feel a  
special sense of well-being.  
As you tilt my face toward you and confer a gentle kiss,  
Above a sea and sky glowing with color,  
Where life is a celebration,  
Spontaneous. Unsurpassed!*

## *Neon Nights*

*The Cityscape scintillates so alive,  
I love the way it glows and effervesces,  
Painting trivial life in shimmering rivers of neon.  
Strobing rainbows stream onto busy pavement,  
The city on fire with pulses of luminescent glitter,  
Like the magic of fireworks erupting across the skyline.  
They hold me in silence, Breathless!  
Anticipating the glorious.  
A shimmering and electric outburst, breathtakingly hypnotic,  
As the night sparkles around you, so compelling,  
Painting the contours of your face with spectacular flashes of  
arcing neon.  
Thrilled, I am captured by the light show,  
Perfectly reflected in Your loving eyes.*

## *Attraction*

*Charmed beyond all common sense,  
He realized his gaze was returned and to his relief he knew  
she  
felt the attraction too,  
He stopped in mid stride. Watching. Like motion arrested,  
Waiting as she slowly walked over to him, laughing,  
"Well are you going to stare or will you introduce yourself?"  
She offered her slender graceful hand with long beautiful  
nails sculptured to perfection,  
With attentive care her tiny petal-smooth hand  
Was enclosed by his huge strong long-fingered yet intensely  
soft hands,  
Touching her ever so gently,  
The warmth and tenderness of his caress,  
Promising, Teasing, Suggesting. Thrilling!  
Her gentleness responding to his.  
Instantly each of them knew their Love would have to be  
the most mutually nurturing experience on the planet,  
A Love that would last forever,  
As arcing the electricity passed between them.  
And so in a cathedral filled with light on a day aglow with  
flowers and laughter,  
The minister pronounced them man and wife...  
...And this couple that God has joined in Holy matrimony,  
let no man divide asunder.*

## *Wondrous Puzzle*

*I think sex is proof that God has a sense of humor,  
Be honest haven't you ever thought so?  
Don't you think He must have laughed when He realized  
what He'd invented?  
It is also proof of His wisdom.  
As differently as men and women see the world,  
Without it do you think they'd have spent enough time  
together to learn to nurture and Love?  
And become mutually dependent,  
Their hearts intertwined,  
Or understand how perfectly "because" of their differences  
they were created to fit together,  
In some sort of marvelous celestial design,  
A puzzle of exquisite and matchless workmanship.  
Glorious beyond all understanding,  
It is the Wonder of Creation,  
This miracle of Love between a man and his wife.*

## Men

*A million tiny stars shimmer and sparkle,  
Scintillating jewels of light,  
Like so many brilliant white diamonds,  
Multifaceted and dazzling against the rich black velvet night,  
eons deep,  
Stretching itself endlessly across the wide expanse of sky.  
The highway unfolds in the warm glow of the headlights,  
As the forest comes down to beckon us singing its madrigal  
song,  
With Mount Rose looming imposingly ahead,  
A solid patch of blackness, in the pitch-black night,  
A tiny double strand of glimmering lights from the cars above  
us marks the path for our steep ascent,  
Like tiny shimmers of diamond and ruby glitter,  
Winding back and forth in a spectacular display across the  
face of the mountain.  
We climb looping through a series of nearly breakneck turns,  
spiraling dizzily,  
We Glide ever skyward, the slender expanse of highway  
surrounded by a million curious trees,  
Pressing in to welcome us, as we speed toward the  
cathedral summit that rises commandingly above the floor of  
the valley,  
With an astonishing view of the Sierras,  
Waiting to be touched by the first shimmering glow of  
daybreak.  
We watch enthralled anticipating the Thrilling,  
And the Glorious!  
Our quest, To catch the first rays of dawn.  
And share the silver morning,  
As gleaming streaks of violet form luminous scepters of light.*

*That backlight the crest of the mountain in spectacular  
amethyst coronas, Majestically beautiful!  
As the radiant colors of sunrise ignite this new day in a blaze  
of glory,  
Suddenly I realize "again" as I gaze at You, my husband,  
With daylight tracing every angle of your face in scintillating  
patterns.  
Of all the Awesome beauty and wonders of the Universe,  
Nothing is quite as breathtaking as an attractive and  
appealing man,  
God's ultimate creation!*

## *Of Pawns and Kings*

*I see you standing there bold Chessman,  
But are you really Pawn or King?  
My senses refuse to tell me which you are,  
In the dazzle of your self esteem,  
By the brilliancy evidenced in such surpassing noble  
features,  
I suspect the fine gold of your heart was fashioned as  
gloriously as your appearance,  
Which is truly remarkable,  
Gazing into those eyes that shimmer like golden topaz,  
Your manly mane swept back handsomely from Your face,  
Rippling untamed on the wind,  
I know in the flash of a moment,  
You are someone exceptional,  
A feeling more then just a "first impression",  
It is obvious to me-  
You are more than You seem!*



## Enchanted Redwoods

Two giant sequoias together grew,  
In a misty mountain wilderness,  
On the windswept knoll above a winding ravine,  
Where Bridal Veil Falls carved a gorge into sheer walls of  
solid granite,  
And whitewater rapids cascaded in stunning cataracts  
plummeting to the blue green lake below;

Their triangular crowns rose majestic above a spiral of  
swirling branches,  
Where the gallant colossus and his lady fair stood,  
With branches intertwined in a timeless embrace,  
Lingering and gentle,  
Overlooking the splendor of their noble valley,  
Where fingers of light streamed diffused,  
Creating impressive aureoles of light;

They clung to each other in the silence of the tranquil Pacific  
forest,  
So close their trunks and branches became fused and  
overgrown as one tree,  
Sharing shade, mutual comfort and support,  
As she leaned on him, and he on her,  
With arms upraised together, like a prayer,  
In an elegant sculpture that suggested mutual tenderness,  
And compelling love shared by two kindred spirits;

A wayfaring mountain fairy, riding on a velvet swallowtail  
butterfly,  
Happened by their cathedral sanctuary and found herself so  
stirred by their desire,  
She granted them a night to walk on the river,  
Strolling hand in hand in bodily form,

Flesh and blood beings with human frame,  
For a brief time to share hearts and all their beautiful  
dreams;

Impossibly lovely they twirled across the enchanted starlit  
meadow,  
Waltzing elegant beneath a frosted crystal moon,  
A dance so memorable and haunting,  
It has not been forgotten to this day,  
And they kissed in the shimmering moonlight,  
Two souls becoming one in ways they'd never imagin'd,  
Until the first light of day painted the forest with the soft glow  
of dawn,  
And rainbows shimmered fantastic in all the colors of their  
love!

## Long Weekend

French doors let the glow of daylight in,  
Sparkling--beautifully transparent!  
Cathedral height ceilings and an antique skylight,  
Reflect crystal rainbows spilling over to marble tiles and  
shiny hardwood floors,  
Sunshine paints the room with charismatic shadows,  
From our wrought iron balcony overlooking the street,  
Honeysuckles and Magnolia perfume, sweet balmy incense!  
From cloistered gardens below,  
That fills our inviting turn of the century suite,  
As the noise of the avenue calls us to intriguing adventure,  
Just a few steps outside our front door.  
I see a splash of color through frosted glass panes,  
The sights and sounds of our fashionable metropolis,  
Alive with excitement and stunning possibility,  
Veiled in shades of day-glow yellow,  
Lighter than air--fresh as ozone!  
There is a brightness of spirit here that lifts us to our feet,  
As we head out carved wood doors to share upscale shops  
and timeless culture,  
Tenderly I can feel your strength our fingers meet,  
As the rhythm of the music takes us wherever our feet want  
to go.

## NEON

Neon sways and arcs across the skyline,  
A brilliant rainbow of florescent glow signs,  
Scintillating and sparkling!  
Making my pulse race faster,  
As the lights of the city reflect magically from every  
skyscraper,  
Mirroring the lightshow as it strobes electric into the night,  
“Soon you will be here!” my mood lifts ecstatically,  
“To share my lovely City of Lights!”  
I watch a stenciled full moon, like frosted ice glitter,  
Paint the silhouette of your plane as it touches the ground.  
I clutch my purse full of gifts and race toward the tarmac,  
Eager to find your face in the crowd,  
Breathless to know what you will say with that warm  
Southern Comfort accent,  
Captured by the dark crystal sound of your laugh,  
I circle my arms gently about your neck,  
Exhilarated, breathing in the compelling incense of your  
Drakkar Noir cologne!

**LIFE**

## *Flutterbyes*

*Flutterbyes hang-glide outside the windows of our  
mondocinium,  
Spectacular. Ethereal!  
Flitting and bobbing above a magnificent carpet of  
filedwowers,  
While a breathtaking chorus of birds sings us awake.  
A lone sodermichael cruises windblown, defiant,  
Shaking the lyrical silence of our private forest cul de sac.  
As sunshine streaks through arch-Palladian windows,  
Creating shimmering aureoles of light.  
We rise early to share the dawn,  
Sipping hazelnut coffee from our dedwood reck,  
Savoring berries and cream and a fresh batch of scones,  
We breath in the Solitude,  
Living our dream!  
Listening to the stillness of the Morning.*

## *Good Times*

*Good times are Homemade.*

*A wonderful gift of Love,*

*From the beautifully crafted affairs as elegant and  
unforgettable,*

*As long stemmed red roses in a Tiffany crystal vase,*

*To the unstudied splendor of a windswept walk on the beach,*

*Times that fill our hearts and lives with warmth,*

*And leave behind glowing memories!*

*Your craftsmanship can be lavishly exquisite,*

*Or as sweet and simple as a child's beloved handiwork,*

*Treasured keepsakes in times of trouble,*

*They will never happen unless You create them.*

## *White Lace Curtains*

*It's funny how white lace curtains hung in an empty room,  
Spectacularly back-lit by the sun,  
Seem to fill the entire house with warmth and light.  
When previously there was only noticeable emptiness,  
Now, A promise exists. Suggesting fulfillment!  
Dreams can be like that.*



## *Wind Chimes*

*If every good deed had a song,  
Wouldn't the music they'd inspire,  
Be very much like the clear crystal tones of wind chimes on a  
pastel summer breeze?  
Or a symphony as brilliant and compelling as the play of  
lights of the Aurora-Borealis  
shimmering across the frozen North sky,  
A spectacular light show resonating with an impossibly  
beautiful sound,  
As glowing particles of ice are suspended gravity less,  
Answering the chorus they first heard from the Cosmos,  
It is a sound of Joy echoing on the rising wind,  
Declaring the victory of Eternal Love!*

## *Postcards*

*Dreams.*

*Forming sensational gauzy shapes,*

*Glowing, Ethereal,*

*Move softly on the morning aire,*

*So lifelike they seem to breathe,*

*In an impossibly beautiful illusion,*

*They are inspired revelations.*

*Spectacular glimpses of possibility,*

*Precious keepsakes of our endless Love.*

*Filled with scenes of majestic beauty.*

*That sparkle in our imagination,*

*Like postcards air-mailed from Heaven.*

## *Gold Dust*

*Life's compassion is magnificent to me,  
For time and time again I find myself to be an impossible  
collection of dust.  
Colorless, Non substantial.  
Fleeing before the wind,  
With only the minutest traces of shimmering golden glitter.  
Miraculous particles of gold dust suspended spectacularly in  
my soul,  
A glistening touch of brilliance!  
To lend sparkle,  
Assuring me again and again of the perfect miracle of  
matchless love.*

## *Broken Glass*

*Life.*

*Like a shattered rainbow,  
Falls to the ground in a shower of broken glass.  
With tiny shards that glisten irresistibly in  
iridescent shimmers.*

*Hopelessly splintered. Impossible to mend,  
Searching. Longing for an answer.*

*I understand!*

*The wonderful thing about broken glass,  
Is the spectacular Tiffany lamps you can create.  
Brilliant cut-glass masterpieces that catch the light,  
Intensely luminous! Etched in leaded crystal.  
That sparkle vividly in glowing color,  
Reflecting prisms in the sun,  
like a stained glass prophecy,  
Beautiful beyond all words or imagination.*

## Rainbow In The Darkness

*Sometimes I feel like a rainbow shining in the Darkness.  
Painting fantasy colors in the falling rain,  
Luminous! And water clear,  
For No one to see.  
A glowing arc of neon, Silk-screened upon the sky.  
With an astonishing view of the City by night.  
Lights kaleidoscoping spectacularly below me,  
Longing impossibly to dance in the splendor of the gleaming  
silver dawn.  
Reaching to become a perfect span of color against a vivid  
crystal sunrise.  
Shimmering and sparkling in the morning's translucent glory,  
Until then I will be thankful.  
Waiting the day out.  
Trusting in Love's perfect time!*

## *Amethyst Scepters*

*I have an exceptional collection of scepters.  
From the pinnacles at the top of Peterson Mountain,  
Where the highest saddleback spans the sky,  
And ancient boulders collect In flocks like scattered sheep,  
Guarding inestimable treasures hidden by resourceful fairies,  
Fond of marvelous invention,  
The crystals waiting.  
Longing to be unearthed from the sandy clay,  
Spectacular, Water-clear! And luminous,  
One, the translucent receptacle for a perfect enhydro,  
A single flawless water bubble, that glistens captivatingly as  
you move it from side to side,  
Lit up magically by filtered shafts of light,  
As I turn it in the sun,  
Impossibly beautiful!  
These exquisite Castle-shaped amethyst formations,  
Brilliantly color my imagination,  
As they Glow and scintillate in the morning light,  
The definition of Awesome!*

## *Wild Horses*

*Wild horses,  
Legendary,  
Living poetry of the Old West,  
Magnificent creatures,  
Awesome and windswept,  
The heritage of our children,  
Running wild and free across the open range,  
And the snow capped crest of the Sierras,  
Untamed symbol of Freedom,  
They have captured my heart!*

## Balloon Race

*Brilliant globes of shimmering light glimmer then fade, then  
glimmer brighter,  
As the dawn patrol rises above the crest of the horizon,  
Still too dark to cast a shadow on the dewy wet grayness of  
the valley floor retreating below,  
The oooohs and aaaaahs of the crowd mingle with strains of  
music,  
Perfectly choreographed for this spectacular show of lights.  
As exclamations of delighted approval drift upward with the  
scent of pancakes and eggs, and bacon sizzling,  
And twenty-five balloons in dazzling formation converge to  
form a fiery collage of rainbow colors,  
They ascend by the glow of the after burn against the black  
velvet nothingness of the predawn sky;  
Igniting the night with their fire!  
Heralding the beginning of Reno International Balloon  
Races!  
As crews ready the fleet of balloons for their stunning takeoff  
from Rancho San Rafael Park,  
Each magnificent balloon has a name, 'Prism',  
'Geodesic', 'Stairway to heaven'.  
Minutes before liftoff the crowd watches breathless, waiting  
for the countdown,  
And children barely awake wrapped in wool blankets, nestle  
safe in loving arms to watch the show,  
First light. the balloon race is on, with five hundred and fifty  
contestants striving for the prize,  
To the delight of the earthbound who track their progress,  
Gawking at the profusion of colors and patterns filling the  
sky,  
Curious gazers they watch spellbound and follow in the  
wake of attentive chase crews.  
Then afterwards a small intimate breakfast for 100,000*



*wearing brightly colored balloon race t-shirts,  
Who shared the sensation of floating,  
And the exhilaration of perfect ecstasy on this crisp fall morn!  
For a few brief cherished moments every heart was  
connected,  
No longer strangers, they were one amazing close-knit  
family.  
Living the same dream!  
Soaring like eagles beneath the canopy of the wind.*

\*names of actual balloons in the Great Reno Balloon Race 1986

## *Starlight*

*Isn't it marvelous to consider,  
That one of the spectacular points of light in our magnificent  
universe,  
A brilliant Star scintillating in the midnight sky,  
Impossibly beautiful to behold,  
A luminous prophecy written in the Cosmos,  
More incredible and rare than glittering Star fire,  
Revealed in the glow of twilight by astonishing Revelation,  
Shines for You!  
And of all the millions of tiny grains of sand on the glistening  
shore,  
Gleaming and silver!  
One of them foretold the miracle of your Life.  
"You," are one of life's most astonishing wonders,  
Witnessed by the shimmering Starlight.*

# CHILDREN

## *Fantasy in Pink Ballet Slippers*

*Her name is Krystal,  
A sweet Angel child.  
With rosebud lips. And sparkling eyes,  
Impossibly beautiful,  
The daughter of my Heart.  
An Astonishing miracle,  
She is the gift of God to my life,  
Twirling and dancing like a fairytale Princess,  
Perfectly unaware of how amazing she is.*

## *Ballerina*

*Floating gracefully. Pas du pas a batument.  
On Pointe. Whirling and spinning,  
Hang-gliding effortlessly in air to the spellbinding fantasy of  
Ravel's 'Sleeping Beauty',  
Luminous frosted glass backlighting every motion,  
Expressive, Compelling,  
Her spirit rising like a wind to lift her,  
Pouring out the passion of her deepest emotion in  
spectacular dance,  
Her movements like a poem.  
Soaring to new heights, Testing her limits,  
Burning every ounce of energy to thrill her audience,  
As starlit pink charmeuse glimmers softly,  
It's fluted shape shimmering, dreamlike in the astonishing  
incandescence of the footlights,  
Patterns of light diffused beautifully.  
Filtering in a sensational effect,  
Glistening, Romantic!  
Tracing a delicate swanlike silhouette. That gives the shyest  
suggestion of willowy,  
Her complexion pale dusty rose porcelain,  
With a glorious profusion of spun gold curls cascading  
princess like down her back.  
An exquisite velveteen bow gathering silken locks  
demurely at the crown,  
Capturing the illusion of glowing pre teen beauty,  
Childlike yet feminine. Impossibly lovely,  
She will be a breathtaking adult,  
As sparkling as her name-  
"Krystal,"  
A scintillating and beloved jewel of perfect clarity,  
Destined to dance in the morning light!*

## A Child's Curiosity

*With deliberate premeditated purpose,  
Melissa tossed the light bulb onto the sidewalk,  
The look of awe and unrestrained wonder as it burst into a  
thousand pieces on the gray cement,  
Gave way to the sudden sharp realization she'd done  
something wrong,  
A feeling which was confirmed by her Mother's angry scowl  
as she ran toward the hapless child,  
"How could you be so thoughtless Melissa?"  
She had never seen her Mother so angry.  
"Children in bare feet play on this sidewalk, you have put  
them all in danger,"  
"What a mess you have made," her Mom was now  
completely out of breath, waiting for some kind of  
explanation,  
Bright blue eyes rimmed with tears as she looked up  
wide-eyed. Afraid because she was used to praise and not  
this kind of reaction.  
She looked so tiny, and so much younger than four at that  
moment,.  
"I only wanted to know what would happen, I didn't know it  
would break..." Melissa answered softly.  
"I wasn't sure what it would do...I was curious" The blue of  
her eyes deepening with the intensity of emotion.  
Her Mom's face softened visibly at the memory of her own  
curiosity as a child.  
And she KNEW in her heart by the look of surprise on her  
little girl's face at the moment when she saw the shattering  
glass,  
It had happened exactly as her little one had described.  
It was not deliberate destruction with an intent for mischief,  
Only a small girl conducting a science experiment to*

discover the world around her,  
Quickly she hugged her to reassure and comfort her, fondly  
rumpling her wavy blond hair with adoring affection,  
"I believe you Princess.. Now go and get the broom and I'll  
help you clean up" her mother said with genuine relief that it  
had not been the situation it had seemed.  
She knew her girl was not an unruly child.  
The little girl ran gratefully for the house, relieved "She  
understood,"  
Hoping Mom would still keep her promise to make chocolate  
nut fudge after lunch. "Of course she will, And I get to lick the  
spoon." She thought happily,  
She ran to help clean up the broken glass, laughing brightly  
to her Mom,  
"I will never need to do that again," her face was glowing  
with cuteness.  
As both of them laughed, Her Mom was charmed beyond all  
common sense smiling at her adorable "Chipmunk," a  
nickname affectionately suggested when she was doing her  
most winning face and funniest antics,  
Suddenly remembering her recipe for Chocolate nut fudge...

## *Possessions*

*The little girl had a tiny frame and thick gold hair,  
That earlier had been in something that resembled a French  
Braid,*

*Now it was a matted tangle that tumbled wildly about her  
face,*

*Large bright expressive blue eyes were her most noticeable  
feature,*

*Anxiously she looked around to make sure no one  
overheard,*

*Shifting feet uneasily she gazed at her mother with obvious  
discomfort,*

*Avoiding eye contact, in a weak voice she asked,*

*"Do I have to invite my friends to play in my room any  
more?"*

*The pained expression on her face was met by the gentle  
concern of her parent,*

*"No Honey, you can play outside if you prefer, but Nicolette,  
you have always loved to have your friends play in your  
room before? What's different today?"*

*"These girls don't have a lot of toys, or much of anything."*

*She confided thoughtfully, "Her parents earn about as much  
as you, but they never spend any of it on their kids."*

*"They look at all my things in a way that makes me feel bad,  
especially my clothes and my dollhouse."*

*The anguish on her fragile face impossible to console,*

*"No, you don't have to invite them in...but take some cookies  
and lemonade out when you go".*

*Her tiny face brightened at the offer of treats,*

*The warm chewy chocolate chip confections and fresh  
lemonade were greeted by the delighted giggles of her  
friends.*

*How to explain to a child that "Yes it is fair for her to have  
nice things,*



*But "No" it isn't fair that every child doesn't have nice things too."*

*Then try explaining that to the child without.*

*It is one of those moments when life totally does not make sense to me.*

## *Newsprint*

*I remember my Mother despairing because she had no money to buy toys,  
Spending her last dollar on soup and bread, and a newspaper,  
Still carrying herself like Princess Grace, she would reassure us we would have a family day of great fun,  
Winking like she always did when she was planning something wonderful,  
On the way home we were allowed to play in the park for hours,  
Running through the sprinklers and riding zebra and elephant swings,  
Or splashing in the wading pool near the Lake,  
For lunch we enjoyed peanut butter and jelly sandwiches between lively games of kickball and hide and go seek,  
And as an unexpected treat, we were delighted to receive a few brightly colored jelly beans Mom had saved for us,  
Then settling under a shady tree we took turns reading to her from the newspaper she had bought, in a competition to determine who was the best reader, with the winner to receive a dime,  
Each of us would read our very best straining to pronounce words we had never seen,  
Mother encouraging us to break up the words into parts we could pronounce then putting it back into one word again,  
She would laugh and pronounce it for us when we badly missed the mark,  
And encouraged us with praise when we did well,  
Concerned she could never choose between so many good readers she gave us all a dime for ice cream,  
She taught us to play great word games where she'd make up a word and we'd eagerly search the newspaper to find the same word,*

Or sometimes she'd ask us to find another word that meant  
the same thing or was the opposite in meaning before  
anyone else could see it,  
Finding a word with an opposite meaning was double points,  
Later after we returned home, she'd have us paste together  
words and pictures cut from the newspaper and magazines  
to make up simple stories,  
Taking turns to read our latest attempts at literature to her,  
And when the word games were through she taught us to  
create fantasies in paper Mache or origami dragons and  
paper lanterns, chains, or other magical creatures,  
by learning millions of ways to fold our fabulous new toy,  
competing to see who could create the most intricate design  
from memory, after seeing her demonstrate it just once,  
Sometimes we'd cut food from advertisements and put them  
on the shelves of pretend grocery stores,  
Then Mother would teach us how to count out change for a  
dollar as we took turns buying and selling our pretend  
merchandise.  
We derived hours of fun and entertainment from that one  
simple newspaper,  
Then she'd bake a cake with homemade icing, letting us  
frost it,  
Making pretty swirls to cover the bald spots we'd left,  
And each of us would get a spoonful of icing as a reward for  
helping,  
The cake made our dinner of soup and bread festive and  
special,  
I have always admired her resourcefulness and the way she  
could make everyday items magical and fun,  
Telling us stories of leprechauns and haunted mansions that  
were far better than any TV program our friends told us  
about,  
Or she would read to us from a wealth of books borrowed  
from the public library,

*My favorite Saturday memories were of walking to the library  
with Mom,  
In second hand dresses beautifully embellished with delicate  
embroidery and swirls of lace, my hair elegantly tied in  
French braids and ribbon,  
Eating ice cream cones from Dairy Queen, as we spent the  
entire afternoon searching through the stacks for our newest  
collection of books,  
Feeling for all the world like millionaires,  
Because of her love and ingenuity, we never once suspected  
that by most people's standards we were desperately poor.*

# FRIENDS & FAMILY

## *Grapevine Wreath*

*On a day filled with sunshine and light-hearted laughter,  
During a recent gathering of close friends,  
Our lavish hilarity and vivacious gladness,  
The effect of the joy of this momentous reunion.  
We strolled easily, exploring the Mall, on a lazy windswept  
afternoon,  
Anticipating our day of fun,  
Without a single thought or plan,  
We wandered Upscale Shops with expertly merchandised  
shelves and astonishing lighting,  
In search of new inspiration for our home décor journals,  
Collecting color swatches, design brochures, and stunning  
ideas,  
We shopped like women on a mission.  
In one delightful, secluded World Imports shop,  
I found a magnificent grapevine wreath,  
It was a tangled sculpture of woodsy vines,  
Wound around a core of swirling interlaced branches,  
We immediately admired its pleasing symmetry and bold  
proportions,  
I knew the second I saw it I had found the perfect framework,  
For a hand crafted floral composition I had just described to  
Rachael & Julie, that I was longing to create,  
Stopping for lunch at a fashionable Open-air Bistro,  
We shared astonishing finds, scintillating conversation and  
mesmerizing camaraderie,  
Over glasses of sparkling Cabernet and mouth-watering  
pesto,  
Time flew by on our cordial Girl's Day Out,  
Slipping away pleasantly, interspersed with spontaneous  
gales of laughter,  
Far too short a time for catching up on all of our latest Life  
Events,*

*Sadly saying our good-byes we promised to reconvene our coterie,  
For a Beauty day of facials and fun,  
To share recipes for Strawberry Daiquiris and homemade spa treatments,  
Walking toward the exit, I was floating,  
My heart filled with ecstasy from the joy of mutual respect and shared love of best friends,  
I left the quaint Designer Outlet Mall , with my wreath tucked carefully under one arm,  
As sunset glowed across the horizon,  
Already day-dreaming about finding two perfect Magnolia swags,  
Flawless twins dripping with elegant, even blossoms,  
With graceful mauve petals and powdery gray green leaves,  
Each beautifully draped and wired to my enchanting, newly acquired wreath,  
Attractively tied in the middle with an exquisite bow of shimmering transparent ribbon,  
A priceless keepsake,  
A remembrance of Good Times and enduring Friendships,  
All in all, It was an unforgettable outing.*

## *Autumn in the Hamlet of Dania Lake*

*The trees of Autumn unfurl a canopy of gloriously bronzed leaves,  
Turning to a magnificent explosion of metallic red, gold and copper,  
Crisp crinkled edges give that look of gradual rust,  
That lends an exhilarating dimension of crunchy to every footstep,  
And Invites children to burrow into colorful heaps of freshly raked leaves,  
Filling my senses with the fragrance of wood hue and moss!  
That Lingers in all my dreams of Dania Woods,  
Ethereal and intriguing! As effervescent as ozone.  
A prelude to snow.  
Windswept forests and beaches, an outdoorsman's paradise,  
Now forsaken by well to do tourists who have fled for warmer climes,  
Only a few hardy souls remain, wrapped in sweaters and fuzzy wool blankets.  
Who stroll along an empty lakeside,  
As the clarion call of Canadian geese echoes on a bracing wind,  
An updraft sweeps up the falling leaves and swirls them in poltergeist circles as they spiral to the ground.  
And a clear turquoise sky smudged with columns of smoke from smoldering fire pits, is painted with fingers of filtered light,  
Where quaint white latticed cottages cling gravity less alongside a shimmering lake.  
Long time neighbors gather in congenial collectives,  
On wrap around decks to enjoy scintillating views and discuss the days events,  
Or draw together in warm-hearted kitchens,*



*With inviting French panels and mini paned glass,  
That brings the gentle sparkle of the sunset indoors,  
A glad time for cordial get togethers to sip cider and bake  
pies as colorful as a Country quilt.  
Laughing at the coming Winter, with lively toasts all around,  
They cram well stocked pantries with harvest's mellow  
bounty.  
And celebrate a life as sweet and warm as candy coated  
apples,  
Or cinnamon bun coffee piled high with freshly whipped  
cream,  
As a fire crackles in mesmerizing patterns, lapping at black  
iron grates with a timeless glow,  
The tranquil Hamlet of Dania settles for sleep beside the  
majesty of their peaceful mountain lake.*

## *Tuscany Wine Rack*

*I surveyed my kitchen one bright sun-washed morning,  
Taking every component of the decor into account,  
Watching for the flow of focal points as my eye moved from  
space to space,  
For the overall impression of color, line, lighting and  
merchandising.*

*Planning for the ambient light as an element of my design,  
Suddenly I noticed the blank zone above my cupboards,  
A spectacular empty canvas reserved for just such a day as  
this.*

*Picturing in my mind the perfect stunning effect,  
I could see swirling spirals of grapevine dripping elegantly  
with huge waxed grapes of marvelous workmanship,  
You know, the heavy, expensive ones with the best color and  
richness of quality,*

*To give my kitchen a compelling Tuscany feeling,  
With all the warmth and glow of Italian Renaissance.  
I started sketching, filling my pages with design ideas in a  
moment of perfect inspiration!*

*I knew exactly how to achieve the most breathtaking and  
romantic display,*

*I cut a graceful Grapevine wreath and pulled the twirling  
spirals off its core of twisting branches,*

*Then sprayed down magnificently meandering vines with  
water, and nailed them along my fence,*

*Watching as they dried into fantasy shapes!*

*Then I decorated the swirling vines with luxurious heavy  
grape clusters, showcasing expensive bottles of wine in  
elegant wine-racks with my coils of "vine art" along the top of  
the cabinets,*

*And stepped back to enjoy my handiwork!*

## *To The Good Life!*

*One leisurely Sunday morning as we celebrated the "good" life,*

*Dining on Belgian waffles topped with luscious ripe strawberries,*

*We sipped champagne and tall glasses of fragrant hazelnut coffee laced with abundant clouds of vanilla cream,*

*I casually browsed the Internet for ideas for our romantic Holiday in Italy,*

*Moving from enchanting scenes of majestic castles, sparkling beaches, the awe-inspiring charm of Lake Como, and the countryside of splendid Tuscany,*

*I found the most marvelous [italophiles.com](http://italophiles.com) website, Hosted by Candida Martinelli, "celebrating all things Italian for adults and children"*

*Intrigued, I scrolled past collections of Italian novels and histories until I found a link to 3 Ancient Italian Cookbooks. Beautifully preserved by the University of Marburg, Germany the texts taken from exquisite hand-bound books,*

*Priceless antiques written around 1300 and 1400 AD in the authentic Italian dialect of the period,*

*"Digital copies for scholarly, private and non-profit purposes only",*

*Hardly believing my good fortune, I downloaded the three remarkable PDF s; [Anonimo\\_toscano](#), [Anonimo\\_veneziano](#), and [Maestro\\_martino](#)!*

*Adding them to my abundant collection of digital movies and keepsake books,*

*With hundreds of volumes to rival the most elite Victorian Athenaeum,*

*When wealth, privilege, and sumptuous luxury were the fashion.*

*I realize again, as I enjoy the glorious riches of the ages, what an amazing time it is to be alive.*

*Clinking crystal glasses together, You brush my lips with an affectionate kiss lacing your fingers through my hair, And we toast our upcoming cruise with an ardent, "Alla buona vita!"*

## *Baking Pizza Rustico On A Lazy Afternoon*

*My husband's experiments with Gourmet Pizza Baking have taken on a legendary quality with our family and guests, As the mellow richness of his authentic sauce of simmering San Marzano tomatoes fills the kitchen with mouth-watering aromas,*

*He adds baking powder to his Caputo Tipo pizza flour, and full-flavored virgin olive oil to get just the right consistency, Skilled fingers kneading the dough with practiced care until it is smooth and elastic and ready for rising,*

*Punching it down once to coax it to spring back even higher, Finally, when it is ready, he places the homemade dough in the center of an oiled deep-sided pie pan of family sized dimensions,*

*Pushing out the dough evenly in a growing round, His hands shimmering with oil he alternates knuckles, palms and strong expert fingers that coax the dough to cover the entire surface with no gaps,*

*Until it gorgeously overlaps the edges of his Mother's hand-me-down pizza pan, a gift from their family in Italy,*

*He covers the pizza with generous spoonfuls of his tantalizing San Marzano sauce,*

*A sauce as thick and rich and tomato-y as the finest Italian sauce made from imported gourmet ingredients, marinated with just the perfect blend of garlic and spice,*

*Then come the pizza toppings extraordinaire; an even layer of the tiniest shavings of onion and garlic, paper-thin slices of fresh bell pepper, covered with a fine layer of imported olives, champignon mushrooms, Cristiano Creminelli sausage or pepperoni, and imported mozzarella cheese, Strategically he places the sauce and toppings sparingly, but uniform, in the finest shavings and slices, to prevent the crust from getting soggy during the baking,*

*With a second overlay of prosciutto ham and pepperoni to fill*

*in all the gaps in the first layer of meat and cheese,  
A thick mound of mozzarella or a generous sprinkling of feta  
on top is the crowning glory, as he places his homemade pie  
into his Mediterranean beehive oven with a knowing smile,  
We all wait anxiously for the flavors to melt and blend, and  
the crust to brown to a puffy deep-dish fantasy,  
That rivals the gourmet pizzas at the finest Italian  
Restaurante!  
Bubbly and brown with the crust all crisp and light and not  
doughy,  
It is the most spectacular pizza we have ever tasted!  
We serve our Pizza Rustico with Antipasto and an appealing  
Merlot in hand-blown crystal glasses, applauding we toast  
our Chef, "Al cuoco!"  
Who has turned our simple evening meal into an entertaining  
and festive Event.*

## *Friends*

*The card you sent was classic, elegant, wonderful!  
So much like you,  
Depicting a 19th Century Lady's vanity table in shades of  
exquisite dusty rose and mauve,  
The shades of a Victorian Romance Novel.  
Softly glowing, & intensely feminine.  
On the white lace covered glass of a boudoir table, a sterling  
silver mirror, brush and comb set rest,  
With a collection of decanters, all arranged with flawless  
artistry lit by the diffused light from opened French doors with  
frosted glass and leaded crystal insets,  
Gorgeous white gowns dripping with hand crocheted lace  
and delicate rosettes move softly on a breeze.  
Like poetry,  
I knew immediately I would frame it in antique gold with a  
matting of softly demure mauve and a tiny trim of dusty pink  
ribbon,  
And hang it in my sitting room gallery where I keep my  
collection of cherished cards,  
Next to the picture from the last one you sent.  
A treasured beauty,  
With an elegant chair of sculptured white wicker draped with  
lavish pineapple crocheted lace,  
And a fluffy white Persian cat posing dreamily,  
Beside a classic straw hat trimmed with delicate white lace  
and lovely mauve flowers, that rested beautifully at an angle  
against the back of the chair.  
Sophisticated. Neo-Victorian.  
Ethereal!  
I laugh delighted as a glittering rainbow of confetti hearts  
spill out  
whimsically when I open the card,  
Your note penned in flowing calligraphy,*

*The signature I know by it's upward slant and lavish detail  
without even seeing it.  
Even though you are miles away you always make my  
birthday a  
special occasion,  
But I think what I like the most about our friendship is that  
when I  
am with you I really like the person I am,  
And when I leave I take that confidence with me.  
My believing recharged to face the challenges and joys life  
holds for me,  
Knowing I have a Friend.  
I like to believe I do the same for You.  
Once again Your friendship and thoughtfulness have  
brightened my life,  
And reminded me of the most perfect gift You always give-  
Your Friendship,  
Words can never say how greatly I value and esteem You.*



## *Happiness*

*Your happiness is determined by the way the light  
shines in your heart,  
Reflected by the shades and tints of colors glowing  
inside You,  
And if your way of dealing with light is more gently  
frosted and opaque,  
Or a crystal brilliancy that is glistening translucent.  
~Water clear,  
Perhaps that light that illuminates Your inner being is some  
marvelous fusion of the two,  
I cannot heal the broken rainbows on your windswept  
odyssey through Life,  
As we walk hand in hand on the Earth,  
Nor can I declare to you how tiny fragments of color fit  
together in  
the artwork of your life,  
To complete that sparkling Tiffany lamp.  
With fluted Art Nouveau base of elegantly sculptured  
verdigris,  
Or the magnificent stained glass window,  
In brilliant panels of leaded crystal shimmering in the  
morning sun,  
Spectacular to behold,  
Fulfilling the masterpiece you are destined to become,  
But because I am your Friend I will always believe in the  
miracle of your rainbows,  
A beautiful creation silk-screened on your heart.  
Luminous and visionary,  
Spectacularly airbrushed in all the colors of your Dreams.*

## *Shooting Star*

*Lying in the tall grass on a high mountain meadow,  
Camping out beneath an awesome canopy of stars,  
My brother and I used to talk for hours.  
Watching the Universe slowly circling above us.  
Sharing the spectacular wonder of an awesome creation.  
Away from the city a million shining stars could be seen,  
Though my favorites were the shooting stars that burned  
so bright,  
Streaking brilliantly across the sky,  
Then winking out in a moment of time.  
As if our world could not support their fragile splendor  
for long,  
Once gone. I could never really prove they'd been there at  
all.  
Except for the images they left etched forever on my mind.  
Like glittering star fire,  
I never could have guessed my brother would be one of  
them,  
Perhaps that's why I loved them so!*

## *Free Fall*

*Leaping spontaneously from a gleaming silver airplane,  
On the edge of the sky floating miles above the clouds,  
He plummeted in free fall feeling the thrilling sensations  
of flight,  
The surge of the wind an irresistible force rushing against his  
body,  
As the persuasion of gravity hurtled him at breakneck speed  
toward the earth looming far below him.  
Pushing all his limits, Experiencing the ultimate rush,  
Jubilant, Victorious,  
Aware that for the first time in his life he was entirely  
unconnected to the earth, and everything he had known  
before,  
With a jolt, his main shoot opened, as he was thrust  
backwards and forcefully tugged upward like a bungee  
jumper at a State Fair.  
With an exhilarating cushion of air holding him suspended,  
Creating the incredible impression of weightlessness as he  
soared through space.  
His senses alive as they had never been before.  
Gliding gravity less and feeling the elation of total  
freedom,  
He felt an astonishing sense of awe as the mountains  
beckoned distant and silver.  
The landing site speeding toward him,  
Seconds feeling like hours as he drifted through the  
vastness of open space,  
Living this one perfect moment in time,  
With no limits and no safety net,  
And the thrilling sensations of pure adrenaline,  
Knowing the true meaning of success.  
Because it was the "man" in him,  
That Lifted him on the wind to trace a liquid crystal*

*sunset.*

*Fulfilling his destiny!*

## *Baking Cookies*

*There's something magical about baking cookies,  
Especially at Christmastime,  
The pungent sweetness of Grandmother's pfeffernusse  
delights,  
Dusted in powdered sugar, as wispy and soft as the gentle  
snow enclosing the valley floor in pristine white,  
Or Aunt Clarice's butter crisp cookies with gum drop jewels,  
Sparkling gems collected eagerly by tiny hands,  
That reach concealed from under Mother's fine linen  
tablecloth,  
when they think the adults are not looking,  
The warmth of the kitchen as comforting as this special  
gathering of family and friends,  
A bounty of baked goods to bring cheer to everyone's  
Holiday Season,  
And memories to cherish through a lifetime of friendships,  
With warm golden loaves of Zucchini Bread,  
And sculptured ornaments for the tree of leftover cookie  
dough,  
Uniquely handcrafted and painted by aspiring young artists,  
Eager to show off their talent,  
Then for children of all sizes from toddler to Grandpa Bob ~  
the cookies,  
Three dozen for each sister's family, and three dozen for  
mine,  
We sing Goodnight with Carols that chronicle the  
magnificence of God's Love for us,  
Which must be at least thousands of times more radiant and  
wondrous than the love shared in this house tonight,  
A concept I find difficult to imagine.*

## *Coffee & Friends*

*There is something about coffee that lends an atmosphere of cordial hospitality and warmth,  
When a crowd gathers for a lavish supper and sumptuous deserts,*

*Cinnamon-laced Viennese has just the right magic to take the chill off a crisp Winter's morning,  
And add an elegant touch of glamour to a festive fireside brunch,*

*With the smooth richness of Hazelnut perfectly punctuating a formal Holiday dinner,*

*Providing a classic grace note of elegance that inspires camaraderie and lingering tete-a-tetes.*

*There is nothing like watching a shimmering sunrise from the deck, Sipping Hazelnut coffee with a breakfast of fresh berries and scones,*

*Enjoying a quiet time for discussion and to reflect on the week's events,*

*Luxuriating for one perfect moment in time to behold the splendor of a glowing crystal sunrise,*

*Consider the intricate sophistication of Espresso with the gleaming machinery, and awe-inspiring showmanship it takes to produce one precious cup.*

*Definitely a man's way to do coffee, it is coffee with all the bells and whistles a technician might expect,*

*And then there is Starbucks,*

*A culture, that is about oh so much more than just great coffee,*

*It is about atmosphere, and overstuffed lounge chairs, and Italian filigree ice cream tables on an open air patio painted with sunlight,*

*Where coffee is intermingled with discussions about stocks,*

*Gateways and routers, and everything Internet.  
A place for cozy conversation on a lazy Saturday afternoon  
before a movie with friends,  
Although I am not all that fond of drinking coffee,  
I do love the recent legerdemain of coffee, as a friendly  
social ritual,  
Drawing people closer like any good ritual should,  
And the way good coffee imparts a fragrance to all the house  
beckoning friends and family to stop by for a chat,  
To share scintillating moments of camaraderie and fun, and  
a time for pleasant, lingering conversations.*

## *Memory Garden*

*I remember the uncomplicated wonder of my first little garden,  
The way my Father spent so many hours teaching us to create perfect miniature mounds for each tiny unseen plant, Carefully pushing a hole in the rich dark soil with uncertain fingers, in the center of each earthy heap and placing several seeds in hopes of glory,  
After we went indoors he would check our work and cover or replant each seed left exposed, careful so that we would not see him fixing our work,  
Next came the daily ritual of weeding and watering with tiny watering cans, as he would explain how deliberately he placed the hose to avoid over watering tender plants, Or how to spray a diffused shower of water, creating a gentle mist with huge hands that looked like bulky overgrown potatoes,  
And a smile as broad and warm as the Summer sky.  
Watermelons he planted to Mozart,  
While tomato plants were Vivaldi,  
But towering Sunflowers were always sown to the sounds of Greig's Peer Gnant Suite,  
To charm them into growing giant petals that captured the dazzling yellow color of the brilliant sunlight.  
Tiny cabbages grew in perfect neat rows,  
Near the feathery yellow-green plumage of tender orange carrots that tasted soooo much better than any found in the aisle of the local grocery store.  
Today my little daughter regards me with adoring admiration, As I explain all the mysteries and particulars of growing a backyard garden,  
Sharing the elaborate and whimsical traditions of nurturing a Sunflower,  
Or how to coax a seedling tomato plant to grow onto a*



*latticed trellis.*

*As the fanciful swirling strains of Anitra's Dance fills the air  
like poetry,*

*In an astonishing flight of fantasy that fills my soul with  
memories,*

*Bringing back so many pleasant reminiscences of that first  
childhood garden so many years ago.*

*I smile to think of the real "abundance" my Father planted  
then,*

*Tired from all our labor, we stop to take a break,*

*Sitting on a canopied porch swing,*

*We sip fresh lemonade, as the wind softly plays with a  
boisterous wisp of my daughter's shiny gold hair.*

## *Thanksgiving Dinner*

*The elegance of white lace, and the warm glow of candles,  
Add a special feeling of cordiality and warmth to our Holiday,  
With the sparkle of Grandmother's best china and heirloom  
silver,*

*Together with a breathtaking floral arrangement that  
captures the warm-hearted cheer of Autumn,  
With tapered candles covered with hurricane glass, and tied  
with a graceful bow on the swaged centerpiece,  
Crisp Irish linen napkins are folded in cascading waterfall  
pleats and arranged in gleaming silver napkin rings that  
reflect the lights,*

*The total effect creates an atmosphere of glamour and  
excitement,*

*Long stemmed crystal goblets are raised and toasts made all  
around,*

*As this formal gathering of family and friends share the  
comforting bond of closeness,*

*The night is accented by laughter, opulent apparel, and the  
occasion to share all the latest news with those we have not  
seen since last Thanksgiving,*

*With all the mutual work and sharing, our holiday is painted  
in warm shades of caring and love,*

*Before dinner there is a bread bowl filled with elegant cream  
cheese and spinach dip,*

*And beautifully arranged relish trays filled with crudités,  
stuffed mushrooms, Antipasto, meat and cheese bites, and a  
tiered crystal server with fudge, mini New York cheesecakes  
and candied nuts,*

*Each guest adds to the overflowing abundance of chips and  
dips, and homemade casseroles with mouth-watering layers  
of melted cheese and bread-crumbs crusts,*

*Aunt Wilma brings the green bean bake with crunchy onion*

*ring crumbles,*

*And the room grows silent with admiration as the turkey is revealed, from the oven, done to a perfect golden brown, succulent and moist, steaming on a hand painted platter, Served with mounds of fluffy mashed potatoes and gravy, herb stuffing, a different kind each year to delight and surprise the imagination!*

*From Aunt Clarice's exquisite sausage stuffing,*

*To Dad's impressive chestnut oyster variation that brings rave reviews each time it is served,*

*While Mother always makes a wonderful sage dressing, simple yet spectacular, kind of like her,*

*This is the one I will always associate with Thanksgiving Dinner,*

*Everything is beautifully garnished with special flourishes uniquely my Mother's,*

*From her shimmering cranberry sauce, with whole cranberries,*

*Waldorf Salad with a garnish of strawberries and whipped cream,*

*To her boats of acorn squash filled with brown sugar and maple filling, so appealing and festive,*

*The updraft from warmed plates creates a sense of anticipation and magic as the aroma of turkey and dressing mingle,*

*With the spicy scent of classic double layered pumpkin and rich pecan pies fresh from the oven!*

*We all bow our heads as Uncle Glen says a prayer of thanks so eloquent and beautiful that the annual prayer becomes a unique family art form,*

*And being chosen to share it a special sign of prestige and honor,*

*As we gratefully remember Pilgrims and Indians sharing friendship on the very first Thanksgiving, we pray a silent prayer for so many things we each have to be thankful for,*

*Most of all I feel gratitude for this sparkling celebration of family, and the joys of shared Love,  
A time of glowing memories and traditions that will pass from one generation to the next,  
That I can hardly wait to share someday with my little daughter and her own family.  
There is something entirely comforting about this memorable family tradition!*

## *Picnic in the Shade*

*I remember so many family picnics.  
Like miniature vacations,  
Enjoying mother's heavenly potato salad and southern fried  
chicken under a shady tree at the park,  
Then chasing kites on a breeze through a meadow of  
fragrant  
wildflowers,  
Or sharing a basket of sandwiches and fruit trailside as we  
hiked through majestic mountains,  
And gathered pine cones into willow baskets in exquisitely  
scented  
forests,  
With fingers of glimmering sunlight filtering through the trees,  
Painting our day with inspiration!  
Best of all was salmon grilled on a pit at the beach,  
With corn on the cob, ice cold lemonade, homemade  
strawberry-  
rhubarb pie, and icy chilled watermelon,  
We would swim and splash for hours, our hair streaked with  
glorious blonde highlights, giving us the look of glowing  
health,  
As the sun stenciled the pattern of our swimsuits in bronze  
ink  
on our skin.  
And on the 4th of July there were sparklers and fireworks  
displays.  
Spectacular explosions of scintillating color that will shimmer  
forever in my imagination!  
Sometimes we'd walk a blustery deserted beach,  
Collecting glistening seashells. And swirling antlers of  
driftwood  
polished smooth by the tide.  
Enjoying the beautiful sensations of the wind in our hair and*

sand  
between our toes,  
That felt very much like freedom.  
Pausing to build sandcastles that were elaborate sculptures.  
An impressive series of turrets, moats and canals,  
With hidden aquifers and splendid cupolas rising fantasy like  
on the edge of the water,  
Unforgettable as the dreams of childhood.  
Then at nighttime, we'd huddle around the fire to barbecue,  
Wrapped warmly in cast away blankets,  
The scent of smores wafting on air,  
Singing and laughing, and having contests to see who could  
tell the tallest tale,  
Or catch a Frisbee with the greatest skill.  
My Dad always won. It was a special talent he had.  
My Mom amazed as he tossed aside his cares and became  
like  
one of us kids,  
Windswept, I remember him as likeable and funny,  
And really there for us.  
As he did his most outrageous impersonations of Donald  
Duck,  
Richard Nixon, and J.F.K.  
Until we rolled on the ground with hysterical laughter,  
Later, we'd draw close together and stare at the firelight,  
Fascinated by shimmering patterns in the flames.  
Impossibly beautiful,  
Sharing hearts and dreams until the last orange-red embers  
died.  
Long after they were gone I could still see them glowing,  
In some sort of beautiful illusion.  
Like dreaming without your eyes closed,  
Finally we'd take a long lingering stroll along the waterfront.  
Wishing we could stay forever.  
So happy we were called to be a family.

*Contented,  
Then riding home in the car everyone was too tired and filled  
with memories from our adventure to talk.  
I can still hear their laughter,  
And feel the warmth from those embers that died so many  
years ago.  
As I walk on the shore alone.  
They are a comfort written in my soul,  
Lingering gentle in my remembrance,  
Like my memories of love...*

## *Crocheted Heirlooms*

*My Grandmother Murphy must have loved to crochet,  
I can picture her now, a demure slender woman with long  
silver hair, cascading nearly to her waist,  
Which she elegantly swept up into a Gibson-like sweep,  
With brilliant blue eyes, an Irish brogue, and a faith in God  
that could move mountains for the sick and wounded,  
Tall and graceful, she was a handsome woman even in her  
80s, walking miles a day to keep her perfect figure,  
I often would see her sitting in her parlor,  
Or on her rocking chair on the porch next to my  
Grandfather's,  
Enjoying a balmy summer's eve after all her housework was  
done,  
(Though the way she always kept busy it is amazing she  
found the time to relax).  
Fingers flying, she created the most whimsical crocheted  
lace confections as delicate and pretty as she was,  
I have them now, lovingly preserved by my Mother who  
cherished them before me.  
I hope to pass them on someday to my daughter,  
Whirling lace remembrances of another time,  
Every now and then I just have to look at them,  
Marveling at the intricate workmanship,  
Though I'd never dare use them for our family gatherings,  
It would seem such a sacrilege to risk damaging anything so  
enchantingly lovely.  
I have them displayed proudly in solid wood shadow boxes  
with her most attractive photos, a feather and netting  
embellished hat, lace gloves, personalized stationary, and a  
tiny crystal decanter of lavender and rose perfume.  
I feel comforted, perhaps reassured by the sense of  
continuity when ever I see all the pretty things she  
hand-crocheted,*



*Family heirlooms that connect generation after generation  
with dainty lace stitches, and the bond of her love,  
Although I too crochet, I can not imagine creating anything  
as wondrous and stunning as her lovely lace doilies in every  
crochet pattern imaginable,  
My favorites are the pineapple crochet,  
And the white lace ones circled by blue, purple and golden  
pansies,  
or tiny pink rose motifs so whimsical and realistic.  
She also created white lace table cloths,  
One in the exquisite pineapple lace crochet I admire so well,  
And a treasured bedspread of marvelous design,  
Not to mention her quilts, and fabulously romantic Eiderdown  
in jewel toned velvets,  
And an amazing collection with a million beautifully  
embroidered pillowcases edged with satin ribbon and  
swirling crocheted borders.  
On one of my favorites the crocheted lace forms the hoop  
skirt for a Southern Belle's evening gown, holding a tiny lace  
parasol.  
It is absolutely astonishing,  
I wish there were something equally as lovely I could leave  
to my daughter, A remembrance.  
So she and her children would have wonderful memories of  
me,  
A gift of Love as spectacular as Grandmother's crocheted  
lace doilies,  
White lace poetry evoking the charm and elegance, of  
Timeless Love.*

## *Dragon Fly Dawn*

*On a lighthearted Summer's dawning, we shared Hazelnut  
coffee and buttered Devonshire cream scones,  
Dripping with fragrant orange spun honey and fresh-picked  
ripe apricot preserves bursting with flavor!  
Behold a curious blue-tailed dragonfly with spun-glass wings,  
Graceful see-through airfoils, sparkling like faceted crystal,  
That beat the air with lightning-speed flashes, reflecting  
rainbows of color that shimmer brilliant,  
A thrilling sight---mythically beautiful. He skims the lake with  
lofty majesty,  
Like poetry on wing. Floating weightless, hanging in mid-air,  
A fragile being loosed from the Land of the Dragonflies, the  
prophecy of sheerly magical destiny,  
Beloved entity of glowing light!  
Flashing bright, like shimmers of neon stenciled on a tranquil  
sky, a shape too breakable to endure for long,  
Leaving opalescent images etched on my soul with  
glistening clarity to paint my day with flashes of fire,  
Bringer of dreams, a prediction of blessings! Who drifts  
buoyantly on the breath of the wind.  
Foretelling timeless forever Love moments before it  
happens!  
Your fingers twine gently through my hair, drawing me closer,  
We kiss, and You steal the words from my trembling lips.  
"I Love You!" a heart's cry begun like a miracle moments  
ago,  
On this windswept day painted with sunlight, powder-hued  
hydrangeas and inspiration, a dragonfly skims the lake and  
disappears,  
His fragile mission accomplished!*



FANTASY

## Watercolors on the Wind

Painted on silk in flowing calligraphy,  
Elegance for the sake of elegance,  
it's own reason for existing,  
And so with no further need of explanation,  
She simply "is who she is" ...  
Like pastel watercolors on the wind.

## *The Fairies In My Garden*

*Tiny Fairy globes shine,  
Iridescent glimmers in the deepening twilight,  
Imparting a special "ambiance" as soft amethyst shadows  
fall,  
Casting a spellbinding glow over exquisitely sculptured  
wicker with oversized tapestry cushions,  
That populates our tranquil garden terrace like comfortable  
old friends,  
Sparkling turquoise pools, an oversized Jacuzzi tub, and  
romantic seating levels spill over In a spectacular succession  
of multi-tiered spa decks,  
Dripping with foliage that overgrows planters and swirling  
wrought-iron balconies,  
Covering them with stunning greenery,  
Our picture perfect garden cascades beautifully from the  
topmost sky-landing,  
To slope elegantly to the South where it drops steeply to the  
ground level,  
In a congenial series of steps each with its own sensational  
view,  
The lowest level filled with white latticed rose gardens,  
With graceful rows of arbors and trellises,  
And an intriguing footpath of natural stone that follows the  
curved edge of the lake,  
Where a menagerie of fountains and gazebos wind  
attractively along a crystal shore,  
Our opulent lakeside home that was once a famous Art Deco  
Hotel fallen into decline,  
Is a perfect habitat for silver toned wind chimes, Beautifully  
gurgling fountains,  
And a Luminous pond outlined in glistening silver,  
From our beautiful Observation deck we watch the horizon  
astonished by what we see,*

*As spectacular colors glow where the earth meets the sky,  
Thrilled at the possibilities of this small intimate gathering of  
close friends to sip blueberry vodka and martini cocktails,  
Enjoying the impeccable companionship of excellent friends,  
Carefree, we laugh and dance the night away,  
Luxuriating in this poolside tête-à-tête at the end of a long  
summer's day,  
As the evening progresses we gather around the comfort of  
an outdoor brick fireplace,  
Drawing close around the flickering firelight to share  
magnificent stories of Fairies,  
And their whimsical Fairy domes spun from shafts of  
glistening moonbeams,  
Created as legend would have it by wands fashioned in  
magnificent Elf Craft halls,  
Forged from shiny ingots of silver, precious crystal and  
finely-wrought gold,  
Treasures secreted from the palaces of men,  
Waving slender "Pixie sticks" a precious gift from a noble  
Creator,  
They were given the power to capture the luminescence  
from scintillating starlight,  
And transform incandescent threads of moon beams into  
Gemstone and Gold mansions,  
Where a resplendent gathering of ethereal beings whirl and  
clap their hands,  
Singing in ancient tongues long forgotten by men who are  
their far off cousins unaware,  
Gorgeously arrayed in tulle and satin embroidered with gems  
and precious stones of inestimable value,  
They drink from splendid chalices of choice gold centrifugally  
cast from intricate lost wax molds,  
Filled with a sparkling distillation of honeyed mead and finely  
powdered pearls,  
A wine that endows those intoxicated by its properties with*

*the healthy glow of everlasting youth,  
As trays of drinks circulate our deck the stories grow taller,  
The warm glow of the firelight Inviting any passing Fairies to  
linger,  
Drawing closer to hear legendary tales and folkloric traditions  
about their mythical race,  
For all their differences, the accounts agree on one thing,  
Fairies are airy creatures, with delicate opalescent wings, As  
Illusive as glistening moonlight,  
Alluring sprites that can only be seen by those with a  
virtuous heart,  
The hour is late as a pastel breeze moves amazing  
sculptures of wisteria,  
That explode in a cloud of purple streamers all around our  
estate by the lake,  
Where the scents of honey and jasmine mingle under the  
spell of the capricious night,  
Fascinated, we hush to listen to the sounds of the woodland  
as lapping water traces the shoreline,  
Certain we can hear the age old enchanted songs,  
It is a hauntingly beautiful melody,  
Like Poetry drifting on the wind,  
And in a moment like a dream,  
We lean closer to admire tiny glowing globes like flickering  
fireflies,  
Finding ourselves among the privileged few who have been  
chosen to behold this extraordinary mystery,  
Irresistibly drawn to tarry nigh,  
Held breathless, We observe the scene Spellbound!  
Wondering at the Fairy circles forming in rings of smoldering  
amethyst smoke before our astonished eyes,  
Wafting through silver-branched trees,  
We are Captured by the hauntingly beautiful melodies  
accompanied by celestial choirs,  
Impossibly Lovely!*



*Songs that bestow the gift of good fortune upon the worthy listener,  
Showering him with insight and a wealth of favor and blessings,  
Forever to stroll peaceful garden hideaways and enchanted lakeshore vistas,  
Under the attentive care of watchful Fairies mounted on swallowtail butterflies with wings as soft as velvet,  
Enjoying the bond of this special guardianship,  
Until the end of their foreordained time to walk this magnificent blue-green orb called, Earth,  
Where flourishing colonies of Fairies have the power to charm and fascinate awestruck beholders,  
Like Michelangelo, Shakespeare and countless others touched by the persuasive eloquence of a favorable muse,  
Tiny angelic beings that float buoyantly through the woods, Gravity-less like effervescent bubbles breathed out in gentle intermittent gusts from a child's bubble-pipe,  
Gorgeously reflecting rainbow colors like prisms as they make their fragile journey on the rising wind.  
Laughing and dining on a sumptuous fare of sugared plums and sweet gingered fruit soaked in ruby-colored wine,  
As they whirl and dance, and play lively games til dawn,  
Disarming creatures, I hear their whispers in flight, as tiny wings tremble on the wind,  
Riding dragonfly stallions, and painting the blessed with glistening fairy dust,  
Captivating the hearts of men at their will.*

### *The Fairies' Evening Prayer:*

*"Sancti chiamos eternimianav Eloimij majestis,  
Corriandole vitemos v lud,  
Adonali sedot ov, regalandan etsuamos,  
Notav diando provilevor tui metasis,  
Nont asi tui amos metasis,*

*Estansiendo michoacles isanos,  
Amandae amos sigrati,  
Sinetmi amas telines tui flaemmes,  
Glorsiames ti vosonosa  
Medianes disamos siempris."  
Glorsiames ti vosonos chi lasov.  
Eternimianav Lud."*

## Genevieve and Galahad

The sweet-faced little Fairy glided nimbly at breakneck speed, gossamer wings aflutter.

Transparent as shimmering silk with gilded edges, they caught the day glow that sparkled everywhere around her.

She shifted weight. flowing robes floating spectacularly on the wind, silver blonde hair lifted on the updraft like magic!

Riding swan-like, posed gracefully side-saddle, she clung to her steed's windswept mane.

Soaring dreamlike, maintaining her precarious balance with striking ease, the picture of grace incarnate.

Impossibly beautiful, she held herself straight with high born fluidity of motion, refusing to tumble from the high-strung charger no matter how swift he glided across the enchanted meadow.

Her Father's advisor, Nicomedius, had sent the splendid pale lavender and teal winged stallion to her aid. Sagaciously knowing that many cruel foes, would seek her ransom.

He had hand trained the stalwart beast as a protector to undo evil plots with his steadfast valor and unflinching dedication to the King's household.

In all his years training the King's horses Galahad was the most valiant steed he had ever hand-tamed. with an intellect and spirit as fiery as his courage was boundless. No one in the fairy kingdom had ever seen his equal.

Riding like the wind, her long silken hair the color of silver moonbeams touched with shimmers of moonlight, Genevieve's Scandinavian gold hair tumbled across her shoulders like a shawl, in a thick cascade of frosted blonde tresses, sweeping exquisitely down her back, to brush a tiny perfectly sculptured waist.

Her tiny, willowy form cinched with a velvet bodice laced attractively in a looping bow, with exquisite embroidery on the yoke and deep Vd-neck,

With an angel's smile and the animated spark of high-spirited

mischief gleaming in bright cornflower blue eyes.

She was a disarming creature, capable of charming and beguiling the sons of men.

With reckless abandon, she nudged her brave dragonfly “stallion” to swoop and dive faster.

His see-through wings shimmered with iridescence, whirring as they reflected rainbow colors in the sunlight when he skimmed the lake.

Wheee! She giggled, laughing with vivacious glee as Galahad her sturdy “dragonfly-horse” flew at a lively pace, stepping lively as dragon-fly horses are wont to do.

He leaped gravity less hang gliding in free and easy circles and loop de loops at accelerated speed, thrilling her like a roller coaster. Hearts thumping, they bounded with momentous leaps from flower to flower to land lightly at the stamin so his precious charge could collect honey'd nectar for her hand carved gold flask bound to the saddle by the Chamberlain himself with a wand of shimmering moonbeams.

She was recently 'reborn' only an hour before. A fragile new creation, a scintillating sculpture of silvery light,

With tiny perfect wings as breakable as spun glass, fashioned by a master-glass blower in sparkling crystal. Spectacular “airfoils” reflecting rainbow prisms where they were touched by the sun, painting swirling patterns across a translucent lake.

An angelic “newbie” Genevieve had sprung from a magical puff on a child's bubble pipe, by a boy who was as amazed by her miraculous “appearance” as she was!

For moments she floated on a pastel summer breeze before his astonished eyes, while he stood with mouth aghast watching the strange new butterfly! He squinted to get a closer look. 'This isn't a butterfly!' he gasped with excitement.

Suddenly her crystal cocoon burst in a shimmer of iridescent color! A friendly squirrel signaled Nicomedius from the nearby dragonfly hamlet. The wise high chamberlain ordered his men to dispatch their best champion for the tiny new princess.

Remembering her pups and fearful of boys with slingshots, the squirrel, scurried off with her long tail floating buoyantly, suspended like a banner behind her, as she went to alert the Fairy elders and the King of her magical birth then return to her den to suckle her "precious ones".

To the rescue, Galahad appeared as a glint of brilliant white light, swooping soundless to the ethereal little princess's side.

Sensing danger, she reached for his neck, and clasped delicate porcelain arms tightly around her bold rescuer's neck.

Speeding off in a hurry, she attempted to scramble for the shelter of the forest before the young inquisitive human could close curious little-boy hands around their tiny forms, crushing them in a timeless and tragic death grip. Or sweep her and Galahad up into his Father's old Butterfly net, and imprison the marvelous little life and her brave mount as his unwilling pets. Just washed, droplets of water beaded on the inside of the "cruel" fruit jar he'd pilfered from his Mother's pantry to hold them captive, its lid punched with nail holes to almost allow them to breathe.

Calling out to the neighboring boys who had joined him for a "Fairy hunt" in the lush green forest near his family's cottage in the woods. His friends came running at his excited shouts, scrambling as fast as they could, eager to see the eye-popping discovery he'd made, hoping to catch a glimpse of the magical and strange.

Shuddering with maddening terror, too scared to cry out, the tiny sprite fought with amazing force of energy.

Nearly invisible to the human eye because she moved so fast, she whipped and lashed with blinding rage, willing herself to break free from the brutal netting that held them both.

The little boy pulled in the net, lashing it securely around them. Closer and closer it pinched, to hold them motionless in its vice-like grip.

Using all of her wiles and gentle magic, she uttered an urgent prayer for divine protection in the ancient sacred tongues, Very, very slowly she was able to free one slender arm from the

tight, binding mesh that was cutting into her skin.

She fought for their survival with every ounce of her ebbing strength.

Slowly, carefully, she inched her hand toward the bejeweled sleeve of the knife in Galahad's saddle, a blade her people used for slicing berry clusters from the vine, and gathering flowers and fruit for sumptuous banquets in candlelit halls. A good fairy could never cause harm or mischief so her blade was only for gleaning and gathering, a peaceful purpose, and could not be used to harm. Especially young humans who did not understand their actions were inflicting pain or death.

She longed to grasp the curved mother of pearl blade compressed tightly at her dragonfly's side, unable to move it even the tiniest fraction, the serrated seashell dagger remained immovable, obstinately pinned between her leg and the saddle, resting useless in its sheath.

Her struggle became one of increasing desperation as she writhed to free herself from the terrifying web that tightened around her in a tangle of binding string,

With one desperate transfer of her weight the blade was free!

She slashed at a weak section of the tattered butterfly netting ripping at it with her polished abalone blade. It severely lacerated the relentless mesh breaking a hole just big enough for Galahad to make his brave escape, then using her bold defender's strength, she tightly held her arms around his neck and motioned him to pull her free of the offending net.

Before the boy could react to the daring jailbreak, they were accelerating toward the skyline and disappeared in a flash of light, where they skimmed the perimeters of the forest beneath a tall canopy of trees,

Drawn by an irresistible impulse that she was unable to stop, her instincts for erratic flight took over and she was bumping into branches over and over again, like a moth who mindlessly repeats a jarring series of impacts with a hapless lamp, drawn by the perfection of the light, tearing wildly through the undergrowth with

no recognition of the futility of her motions,  
Frantic and weak from fatigue, she could not get the images of  
their recent brush with suffocating death out of her mind, she  
continued lurching at the branches of this shielding place of oak  
trees and willows,  
Reacting to the very real panic from a threat that no longer existed,  
The barbaric butterfly net was no longer a reality,  
Far away from the frightful realm of men,  
In the very next moment they were floating free! Drifting above  
the tree tops amid fluffy white clouds,  
When Galahad seemed confident and was feeling calmer again, she  
began to relax, taking deep breaths, her jangled nerves soothed by  
the comforting closeness of a thick curtain of gracious trees,  
sparkling like jade in the sunlight.  
When she could finally think again, she realized they were both  
unhurt, to her thunderstruck wonder,  
She spotted a comfortable place to rest, and effortlessly guided her  
marvelous winged steed to touch down in a secluded clearing full  
of flowers and sunlight,  
Where they rested and drank from a spring of sparkling Artesian  
water.  
Galahad knelt by her side, her faithful protector while Genevieve  
napped peacefully on a quilted bed of scented mauve rose petals as  
soft as deep silk velvet,  
Riding her valiant Galahad through adventures in her sleep, the  
little princess sunk into a deep and tranquil slumber,  
Dreaming glowing dreams only Fairy Folk can know!  
Nicomedius commanded a bevy of butterflies to watch over her,  
praying guardian angels to keep her while she rested. The night air  
filled with magnolia perfume and purple wreaths of streaming  
wisteria.

## **Angel's Song**

Clarinda sang a song against a shimmering golden dawn,  
A song so sweet it'd bring tears to a clear blue sky,  
And melt the heart of weathered Stone gate where the  
pinnacles of sunlight paint's the horizon's glow in rainbow  
shadows,  
Diffusing thinner and thinner across the edge of the  
mountains,  
Where profuse strains spill'd with rapt enchanting pitch,  
To splash like crystal --a sound of ethereal joy as immense  
as the Heaven,  
Romance and moonbeams poured out in a golden chalice,  
To heal the empty heart and refill the Spirit that is full,  
With the promise of just one lingering drink,  
Drawing songbirds and new born doves from afar--to listen  
astonished,  
Like Queen Anne's roses to a whitewashed bower.



## **Rain Song**

I love the sound of the rain!  
The feeling of floating mists swirling like magic,  
To touch the forest with crystal droplets,  
They collect in shimmering water-clear pools,  
That reflect liquid rainbows,  
Breathtaking arcs of neon--glowing in ethereal colors,  
Across gilt-edged clouds of luminous silver,  
Raindrops singing a lullaby for majestic doves,  
And catching the sunlight like tiny prisms,  
Suspended from every rock and tree.

# PORTRAITS

## **HEROES**

*Meeting one's legends face to face,  
To be au fait with complicated, mortal nature,  
Frail icons cast in splendid gold,  
Made more, exceeding rare, for their numerous failings.*

## **Watercolors on the Wind**

Painted on silk in flowing calligraphy,  
Elegance for the sake of elegance,  
it's own reason for existing,  
And so with no further need of explanation,  
She simply "is who she is" ...  
Like pastel watercolors on the wind

## *La' femme d' Rock*

*In my Rock N Roll daydreams,  
I know I am the only girl who can write lyrics for your songs,  
And set free the verse that lingers passionately in your head,  
Slowly I begin to trace my guitar's mahogany cutout,  
The warm wood like a lover's touch to my hand,  
Knowing that in this glitzy Rock Cafe' where rising stars  
gather,  
To sip strawberry daiquiris and apple martinis,  
Crystal glasses clink in the soft glow of the firelight,  
Where a menagerie of congenial tables crowd closer to the  
stage,  
To hear every Eric Clapton song ever known to man,  
They've come to watch me play again,  
Drawn to the special charisma of this place that wafts like  
impossibly beautiful perfume,  
The music has a special je ne sais quoi, they say, 'It is a  
feeling' but they don't understand,  
How that which looks easy has a price they can not imagine,  
All Poets & Musicians know it,  
The feeling of that thrilling moment when the music takes  
you--  
And takes away your breath--  
It is the moment I live for!  
There by myself waiting for the magic to happen,  
Somehow as I sit in the incandescence of the floodlights,  
A well-studied vision in full length silver'd pink,  
As the music begins to lift and fill me,  
Flowing from my inner soul like a solar wind,  
And I feel the music you've written cast its spell,  
It is a knowing between us like magnetism--  
Or the electricity of the moment!  
Powerful! Compelling!*

*As French manicured nails move over mother of pearl fret  
boards,  
Persuading each string to ring out with every note and  
embellishment the way your heart meant for it to be,  
My fingers flying faster and faster to mesmerize the  
audience,  
Captivated voyeurs to the magic between us.  
I am enthralled, enchanted!  
Unable to resist the chance to be the star again,  
Like a gift, the spotlight traces your features,  
As our eyes lock across the stage,  
The energy thrilling!  
A Prisoner of love--forever spellbound!  
'Sacrifice' to the music--Your too willing Muse.  
I sing the harmony you gave me--grateful for the beauty of  
the song,  
The notes ringing like a bell in the flickering light.*

*dedicated to Krystal--guitarist extraordinaire'  
No one can play Eric like she does!*

## *Sculptor*

*Thoughtfully Alan stepped from his Master Sedan Deluxe,  
and quickly removed the gray suit and silk foulard tie,  
That were the formal attire of a longtime career as MCSE  
Engineer,  
Exchanging them for casual slacks, a cotton shirt and a  
clean but heavily stained workman's apron,  
His golden brown eyes looking nearly as intense as the deep  
purple amethyst glowing on the turntable before him,  
Carefully he studied the smooth lustrous surface so  
enchanting to his touch,  
With a supportive wooden frame holding the magnificent  
gemstone secure for the magic of his artistry to bring out its  
beauty,  
With a well-trained eye he searched the gem for any hidden  
flaws,  
Looking for superficial fractures that could turn the perfect  
block of precious stone into a heap of worthless rubble, and  
ruin this work of a lifetime,  
But the stone was beautiful and flawless,  
A piece of art just as it was.  
All he saw was the translucent sheen of the deep purple  
amethyst,  
With a perfect enhydro, a smooth empty cavity in the center  
of the stone, with its one glistening water bubble, that moved  
whimsically as he turned the gemstone to the light.  
He could see his Scandinavian Princess there, encased in  
stone, waiting to be freed,  
Gazing back at him held motionless, frozen in time,  
With a swanlike neck and slender shoulders barely escaping  
the cold amethyst that held her spellbound waiting for him to  
free her,  
She was looking upward at the skyline, her face lifted  
gracefully,*

*With long golden hair sweeping away from her face and tumbling elegantly down the curve of her back,  
The enhydro winked exquisitely just above the cutoff point in the carving, a shimmering water bubble sparkling between panes of glowing amethyst.  
Exhilarated, with a look of intent concentration, Alan worked, Hours felt like minutes and for him there was no awareness of the passage of time,  
Just a focus so intense he felt unconnected to the world, Existing in a different dimension all his own,  
He was feeling freedom, soaring on the wings of his dream, A vision that this time remained clear as the lucent crystal that held him captivated,  
It was talking to him, in a language so eloquent only artists can hear,  
His sense of "knowing" becoming clearer as her image emerged from the stone exactly as he imagined her,  
Occasionally studying the Marquette he had made, To picture exactly how each feature flowed smoothly into the other,  
His vision becoming a perfect three dimensional sculpture with flawless symmetry,  
All it would take was one slip with the Dremel as he skillfully opened the stone, and completed endless levels of sanding and polishing,  
To destroy all his hours of painstaking work, ruining the most brilliant, perfect gem he'd ever obtained,  
He had only dreamed of finding an amethyst of such size and clarity, and could not believe the day his screwdriver touched a solidness in the pocket of clay high in the Kingston Mountains,  
As he worked feverishly with soft brushes to release her from the choking matrix and sandy clay, wondering what he had found,  
Even then she was talking to him, and he knew she was*



*something special,  
Then as now, he had to fight the impulse to hurry the work  
by pushing too hard, keeping his impatience in perfect,  
well-studied check,  
When only a gentle even pressure was required, and the  
techniques he had acquired from long years of practice,  
Strong long-fingered hands worked with incredible skill,  
The bright, confident, excitement in his eyes more than  
suggesting,  
He loved the work, knowing in his heart this was what he  
had been created to do. It was his truest vocation!*

## Cross Country Skiing on a Mountain Meadow

*The sun came up with a brilliant fire show of orange, red, pink and plum sparklers that torched the ridge of the mountains with shimmering incandescence,*

*Until they became a few dispersed embers that glowed against a spectacular, bright aqua sky,*

*Signaling the beginning of a momentous "new day" .*

*Allyson Rose had been driving, since long before the first gleaming rays of dawn touched the majestic summit of Mount Rose.*

*Early morning mists tinted with glistening streaks of mauve, purple and gold highlighted the stately grandeur of luxuriant pine scented forests,*

*Where real-life, fairytale castles clung gravity-less to the steep rock face.*

*Marvelous resorts like the Christmas Tree Inn, and the Mount Rose Ski lodge stood commandingly at the eastern pinnacle overlooking the frosted silver haze of the Truckee River Valley far below.*

*These were places that inspire poet's dreams and writer's truest eloquence.*

*Captivated by the sheer magnificence of this place, she traversed the steep winding skyway that looped back and forth on itself on the spellbinding ascent from Reno, Allyson could think of no more awe inspiring place, wishing she could remember forever this one perfect moment in time.*

*As she reached the meadows overlooking Lake Tahoe, her heart beat quicker at the sight of such awesome natural beauty,*

*And the closeness of memories of her daughter, Krystal.*

*The lake glistened like a brilliant turquoise jewel in the morning light.*

*This was the place her heart most called "Home", where translucent pools of green, blue and turquoise sparkled brilliantly in the sun.*

*Something about this place resonated in her soul, calling her to return again and again!*

*She could never stray too far from this pristine mountain lake that reflected the sky with such perfection.*

*She remembered so many mornings, bundling little Krystal in layers of clothing, and boarding a bus at the "Y" to go cross-country skiing with their congenial group of friends.*

*She packed a soul-sustaining lunch of roasted pumpkin soup, grilled vegetable sandwiches on a sour-dough roll or baguette, With a steaming flask of hot almond chocolate topped with melted marshmallows.*

*She saved sealed baggies of macadamia nuts and dried fruit for quick energy boosts in their flower embellished willow basket, which she designed in shades of lavender, muted raspberry, soft rose, & clear, light periwinkle, offset by wisps of moss, To suit Krystal's passionate love of all things purple.*

*The basket was embellished with tiny snippings of delicate white lace.*

*Allyson had hand decorated the arced handle with a flowing, elegantly shaped bow and whimsical ribbon streamers cascading down the sides of the "chunky" bleached willow bark.*

*She chose ribbons that evoked the enchanting sparkle of sheer gossamer, and dragonfly's wings, with just the tiniest flecks of transparent "liquid" purple.*

*They were ribbons and lace she and Krystal had purchased together from Michael's along with numerous other riches to lend designer touches to their lives and home, and create one of a kind treasures never to be forgotten,*

*A cherished legacy shared by mother and daughter.*

*After a long day skiing the hot meal was a welcome time of relaxation.*

*The steaming thermos of soup, warming them against the bitter chill of a frosty Winter's afternoon.*

*Later, their group would host a snow picnic and Bar-b-Que. for all participants, under a brightly colored canopy, at the side of the main parking area, closest to their bus. Krystal would always race over with their contribution of food and supplies to offer her best*

*little girl help.*

*She was gratefully rewarded with a succulent, grilled hamburger on a toasted whole sesame bun, and a profusion of ripple-cut chips,*

*A treat she much preferred to the lunch her Mom had packed. Gleefully she nibbled until a quarter of the burger was gone, pushing the rest back onto her plate, as she quickly lost interest in the sandwich that was way more than her birdlike appetite had bargained for.*

*Of course, if Krystal had her way they would eat Pizza and Ice Cream for every meal!*

*Although Allyson was not much more than a novice skier, Krystal, at three, could easily ski downhill at the front of a pack of whooping teenagers from their cross-country ski club.*

*Giggling agreeably at their high jinks in the snow and the way they good-naturedly accepted her as a co-conspirator and mascot.*

*She was a tiny but unstoppable force as she plummeted downhill with the best of them.*

*Allyson would get nervous, as her fearless little one would go cross-country with the group far ahead of her speed challenged Mom, despite numerous warnings.*

*Then she would race with the expert skiers toward the hillside, to climb the nearby slopes, step by difficult sideways step.*

*After much work she stood far above the high mountain meadow, half way to the top of the white-capped peak,*

*Following the teenagers who adored her, like a trusting puppy.*

*Then she would chase them downhill at breakneck speed on sheer clouds of feathery-soft powder, with her tiny, little skis designed only for cross-country treks.*

*Frequently she was the only one to make it to the bottom without wiping out, as she dodged the fallen bodies of her companions who were left rolling about, laughing hysterically to see this daring midget who had bested them!*

*She delighted in skiing circles around "older" peers, lithely flying across the meadow and jumping small "baby" moguls without*

*restraint.*

*All of the other adults marveled at how such a petite little girl with big blue eyes and a long ponytail of golden hair, would take to the snow like a pro.*

*She was always pushing the limits of how far away she could go on those Lilliputian skis that were bigger than she was.*

*Wearing her bright pink rip-stop nylon ski suit trimmed with fluffy white Angora fur, miniature ski poles flying, as she easily twisted to do an effortless kick turn on one ski.*

*A sweet angel child with attitude" as big as their majestic Mountain Cathedral, she was her adoring Mom's pride and joy! "Someday I will win the Olympics, Mama!" she vowed with a chipmunk grin.*

*With spirit bigger than the mountains---she was destined to win!*

## Fire on Deck-An IT nightmare!

Devlin, technical support repairman for Laser Blue Inc., was given a new Gaming Device Controller unit and told to install it to his network of machines.

Fervently he worked to add the new controller, however every time he powered up, after the controller was added, right after the initial Power On Self Test initialized the basic components, it would fail.

At the point it was reading the PCI device on slot 01, it would fail with a resounding error message: 'resource conflict on PCI slot 01'.

Devlin moved the Peripheral Component Interconnect board to Slot 03 with the same result only now it read 'resource conflict on PCI slot 03'.

With white knuckles, sweat pouring from his forehead, Devlin checked the Complimentary Metal Oxide Semiconductor (CMOS) Setup only to find it was not reading the CPU. After resetting all the CMOS Settings properly the CPU identified 266GHz which was the correct specifications for that device---one problem resolved, ten more to go!

He interchanged five different boards all with the same result, which seemed to be an indication they were all bad or not reading, if that were possible? He was starting to suspect the Input/Output chip on the motherboard chipset, where the PCI functions were stored and he assigned and reassigned I/O and IRQ valuations until he was satisfied all were correct. On a hunch he changed out the EPROM chips on the PCI cards until he got a good read.

“Yep, typical here, nothing works! The spare parts have already been scraped multiple times and no one has a clue what is good and what not!” Working with adept skill he changed out the EPROM chips from four different boards until he finally found one combination that worked...

At that exact moment the Chief Hardware Engineer stopped by to take a look at the problem. He seemed pleased with Devlin's efforts and explanation of what was happening. 'Most likely Electro Static Discharge is your problem...' he said shaking his head with a knowing gesture that gave away the fact that he didn't have a clue.

Without warning, he powered on the machine without Devlin's consent which started the wiring smoking as it caught fire. In seconds the flash fire consumed the Primary Domain Controller in a foul smelling black smoke.

The Chief Engineer looked and shrugged at everyone who had assembled waiting with great expectations for his educated diagnosis.

He grinned, enjoying the audience, 'Looks like it's broke to me...' he said with the greatest self importance he could muster.

It helped he had an Irish accent that sounded important and educated, that made everything he said sound better than if anyone else had said it.

The entire crew laughed out of control, hysterically shaking their heads, clearly amused by his pronouncement.

'It looks like it's broke...' said one to the other.

'Flat damn busted' repeated his friend and teammate grinning.

By now the PDC was blazing out of control in the background.

Someone grabbed a fire extinguisher and put out the blazing piece of s—t, debating if he should let it burn and just break out some marshmallows to make smores. The others nodded their agreement, "Some Smores would go really well with the Starbuck's Coffee! "

'Well, guess I need a new controller'...Devlin sighed with resignation calculating the four hours of lost production time plus what it would take to clean up the mess and start again.

'Wouldn't it just be too much to hope for them to give me a



controller that works in the first place?'

By now Amanda was nudging him, 'Gotta go over those jurisdictions Dev, no time to waste. We have to ship the cabinets you finished in two days, so buck up we have work to do...'

Devlin knew this was going to be the beginning of another non-stop work day where he would be called on to accomplish the impossible, with no help, broken parts held together with duct tape and bailing wire, and the sheer force of his will. -*"Welcome to Laser Blue I.T.!"* Develin thought to himself as he gulped the last of his Café Mochachino and ran for the Jurisdictions cage.

**Winter's Gone!**



'no one cries 'cause Winter's dying ---  
A lady of glistening crystalline ice,  
Mourned only by the North wind's choir,  
And snow faeries skimming across frozen ponds,  
When the birds of Spring sing lovely songs,  
And flowers bloom on garden paths,  
Where Blackberries drip in heavy clusters,  
On twirling vines of woodsy wreaths,  
She will n' longer be remember'd,  
As sunshine fills our hearts with dreams!  
And the shimmery white veil of Winter,  
Is cast off for the radiant blush of Spring,  
We feel the sensations of gentle sunlight,  
As it paints glorious bronze highlights on our skin.  
Lovers tumbling across emerald meadows-  
I fall slow motion, 'nto your arms!

*~End*

*“May clear crystal waters and warm sun splashed days fill  
the landscape of Your dreams...May Your love be forever  
love, and Your friendships immeasurable treasure!*

*Allyson*

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