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A Blanket Of Sun

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A BLANKET OF SUN

When the sun shines down from up above I feel alive, and full of love.

A blanket of contentment Pulled up snug to my chin, Leave nothing but face To the change in the wind.

And face it I must
For it's always the same;
Ill winds will blow,
That's just part of the game.

But using the sun
That is stored in my heart,
I can face any sorrow
Until it departs.

Knowing that soon
The sun will shine,
A gain to recharge
That blanket of mine.

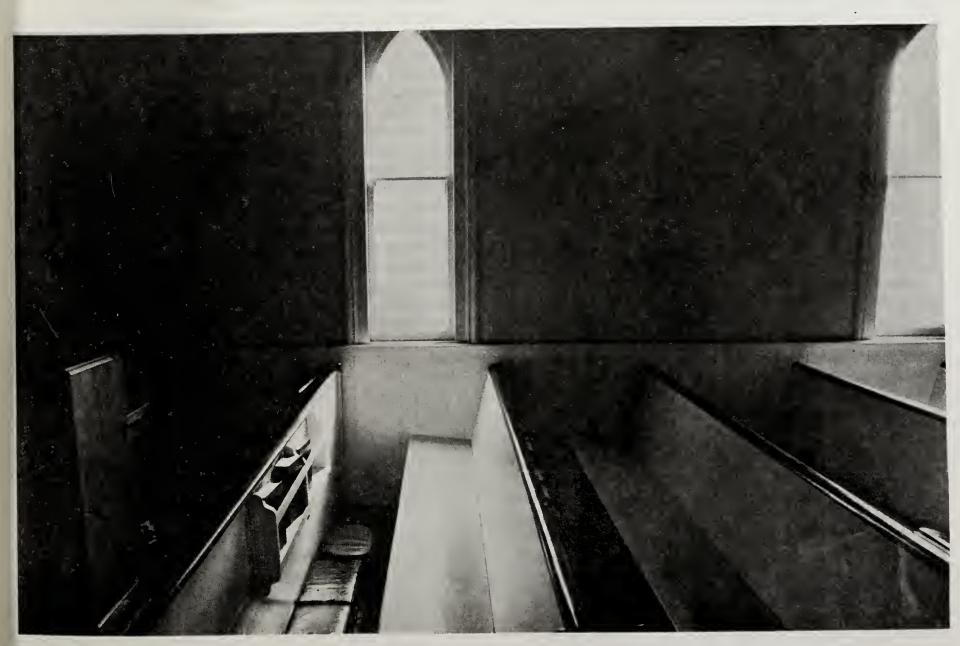
A blanket woven with faith and with hope Giving me always the strength to cope.

- Jane H. Gurney

REGENERATION

A loon calls on a quiet lake,
And my soul abides in its rising.
I have escaped man's gossip
To ask if nature will take me back,
Retell its secrets,
Restore those true things that I lack,
Forgotten when ambition drew me
Innocent but knowing all,
Divorced from earth's established order.
I need once more a stellar track
Reflected in the rippled moonlight,
Contained within its border,
An equilibrium of care
That shines upon my footsteps there.

- Marianne Preston-golden



Bob Rivoire