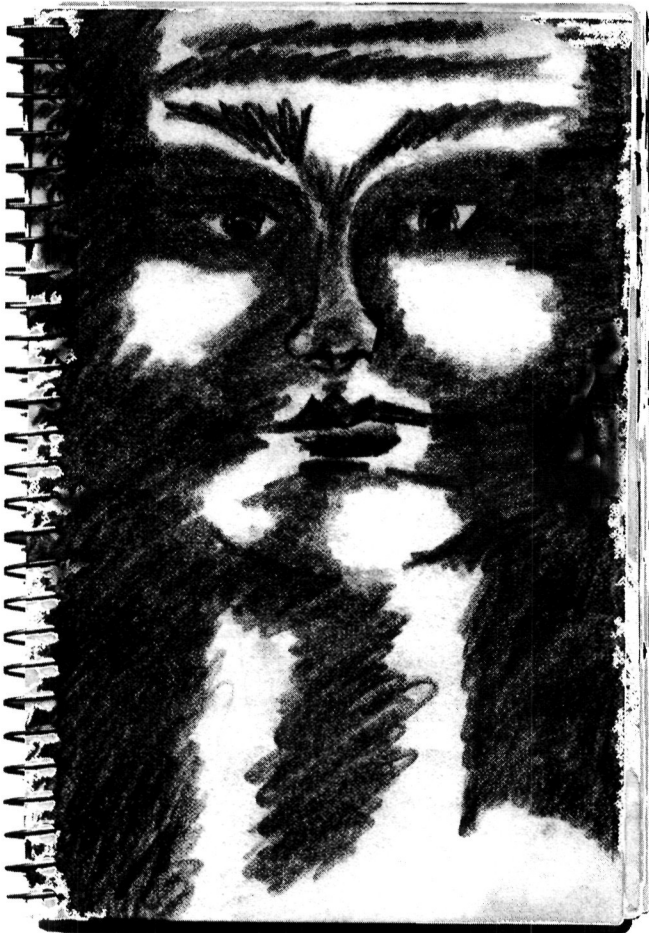


## Flower of the Night

It is a silent night  
That caters to tranquility  
And crickets who play their symphony of chirps  
While the cool air  
Becomes the refreshing breath  
Of the soul that begs of it.



And a flower blossoms  
In the pale moon light  
With my man on the moon  
Of that unforgotten February night.