

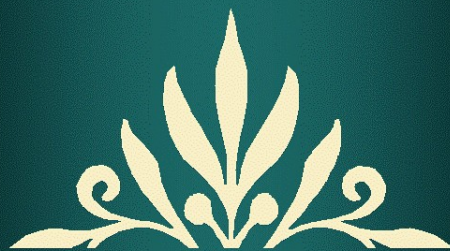
DREAM BONES



I came—across—the meadow—
I sailed it—like the sea;
My ship—was but a shadow—
My chart—a bit of me.

When safe inside—that harbor
Unseen—by all who see—
I knew within—the wonder—
Of another—shape—of me

Shelina Campbell



www.dreambones.com

© 2005 by Artis Lingua