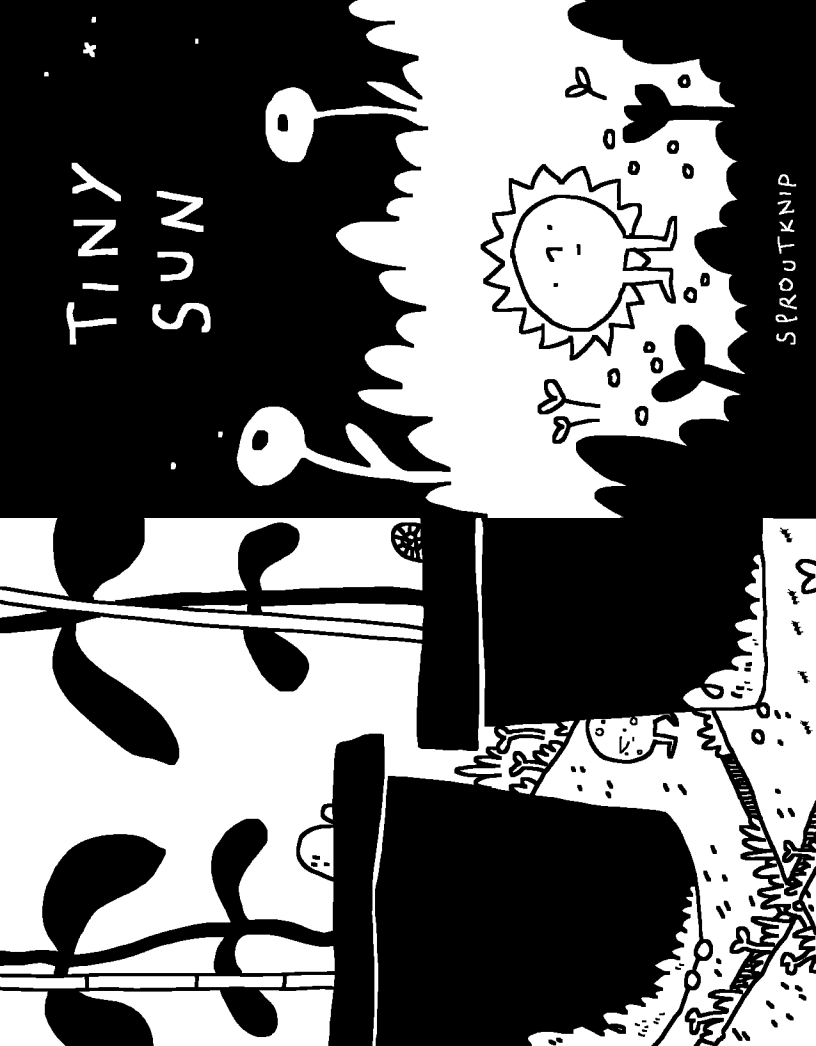
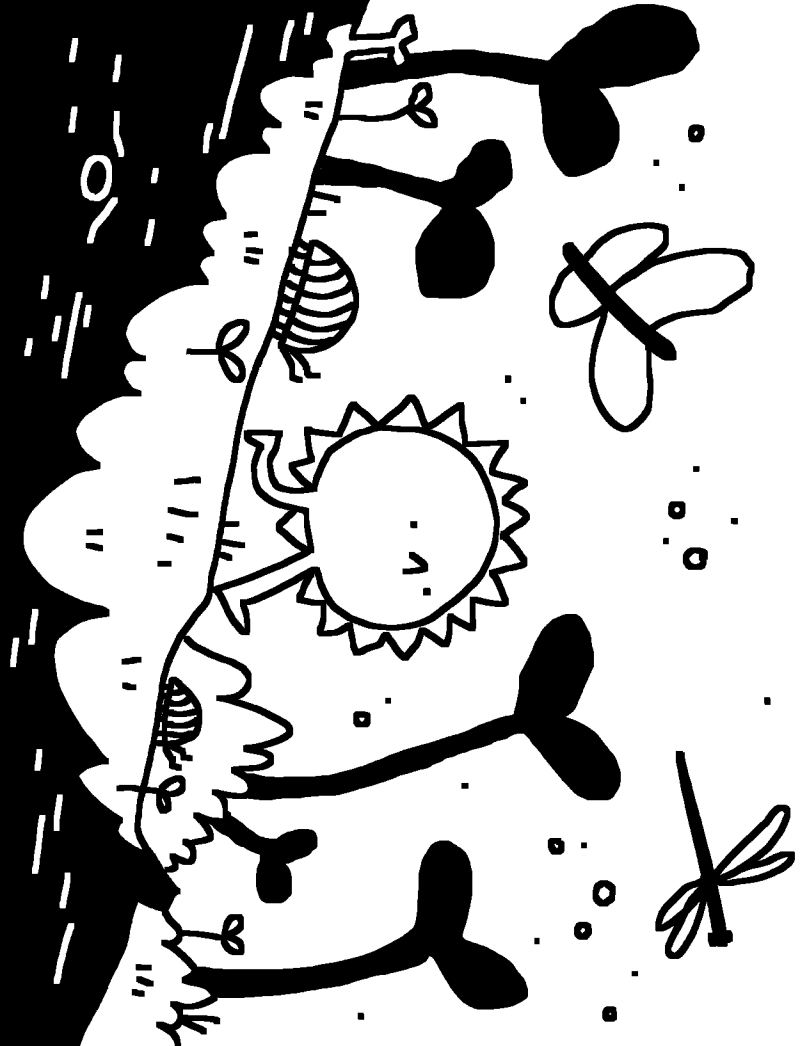
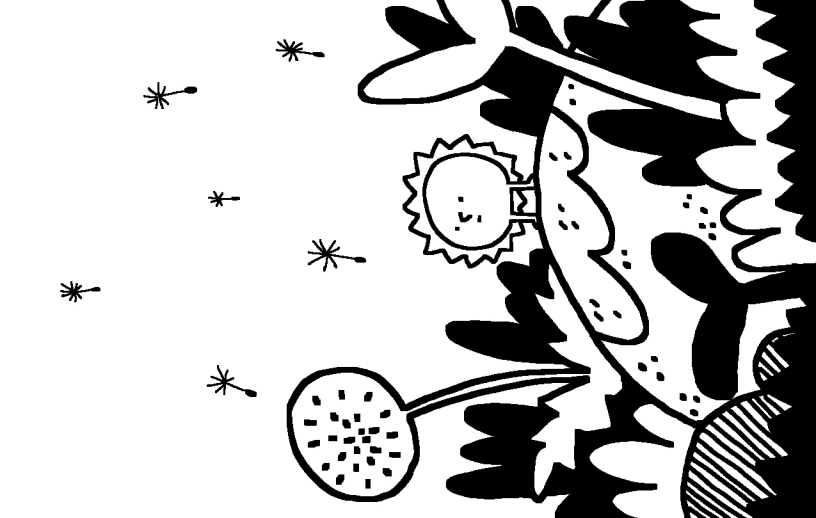
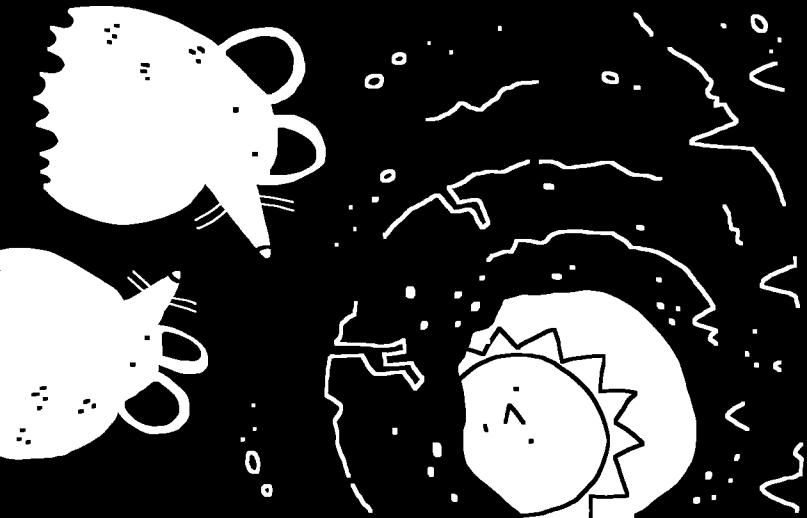
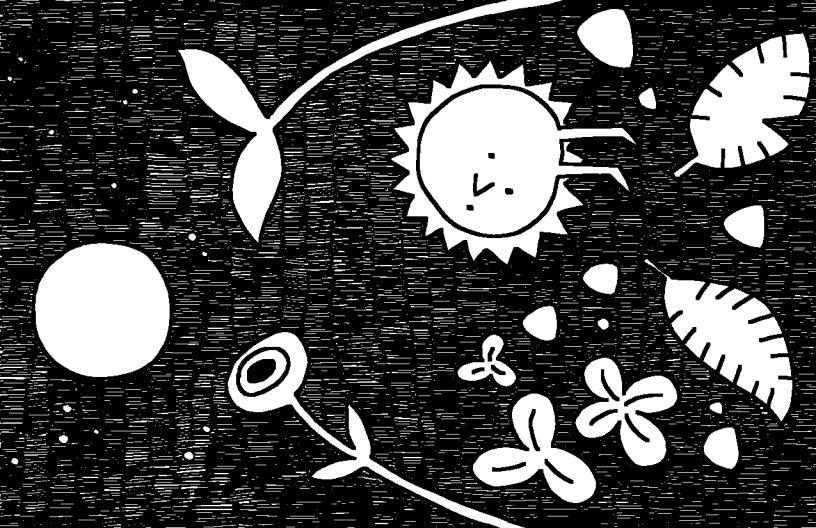
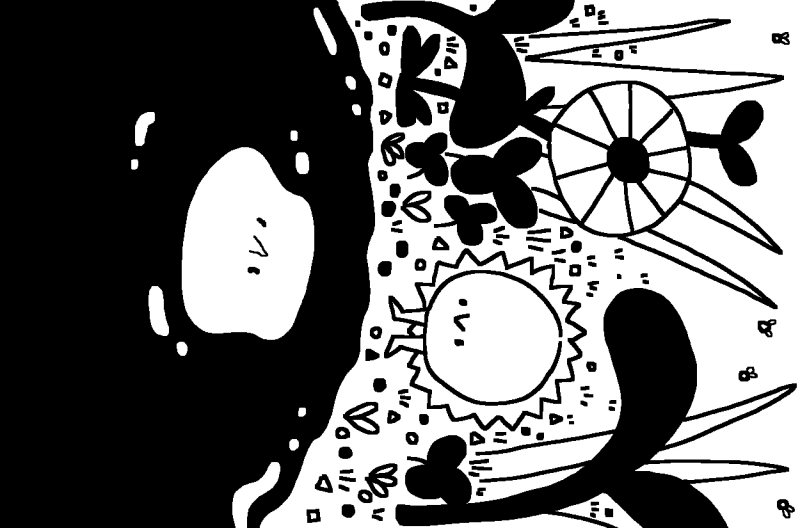


## Canticum for Tiny Sun

Some folk may rise to greet the sun,  
but you—you greet yourself.  
And mice. Sometimes. But no one else.  
No sprite nor sylvan elf  
has crossed your path. So you suppose  
you'll carry on alone  
to ponder by the pondside  
and share sighs with sloe and stone,  
with nobody to hasten you  
or call you home too soon.  
For greater tasks await—oh, wait—  
Is that—a tiny...moon?

—Keely Josephine





TINY  
SUN

SPROUTKNIP