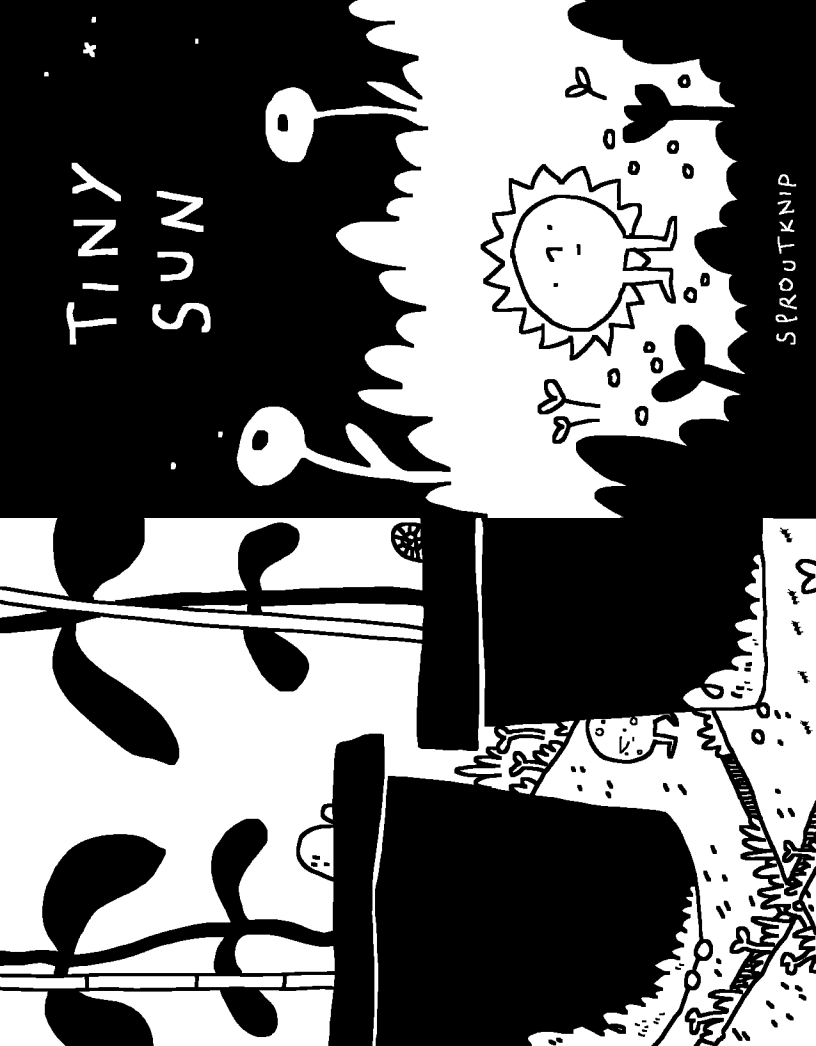
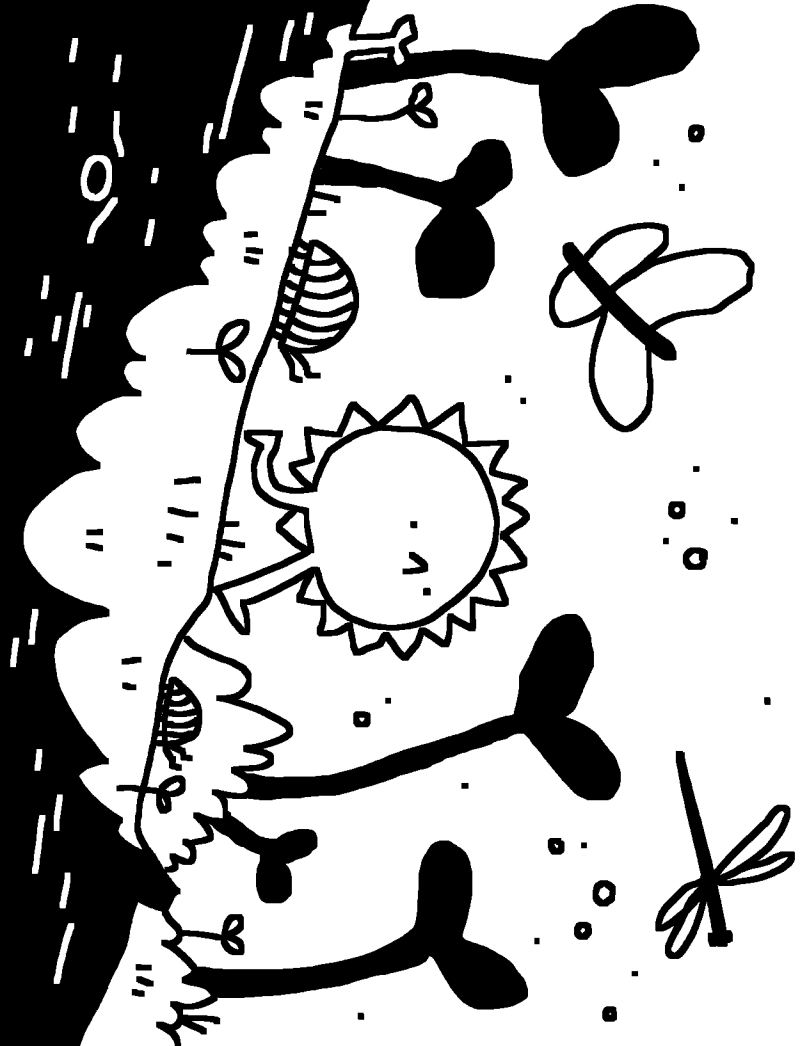
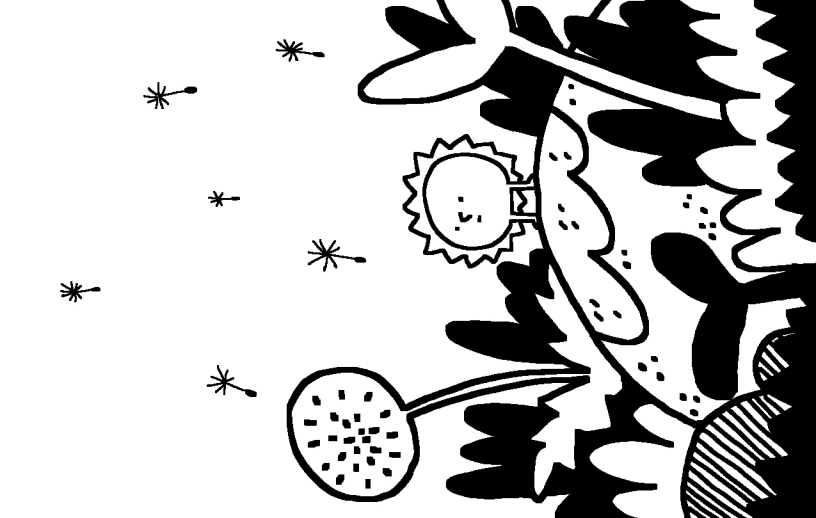
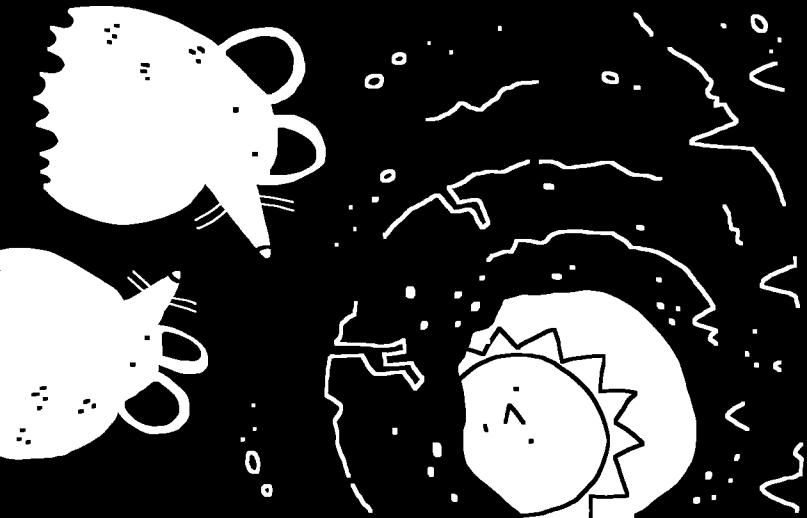
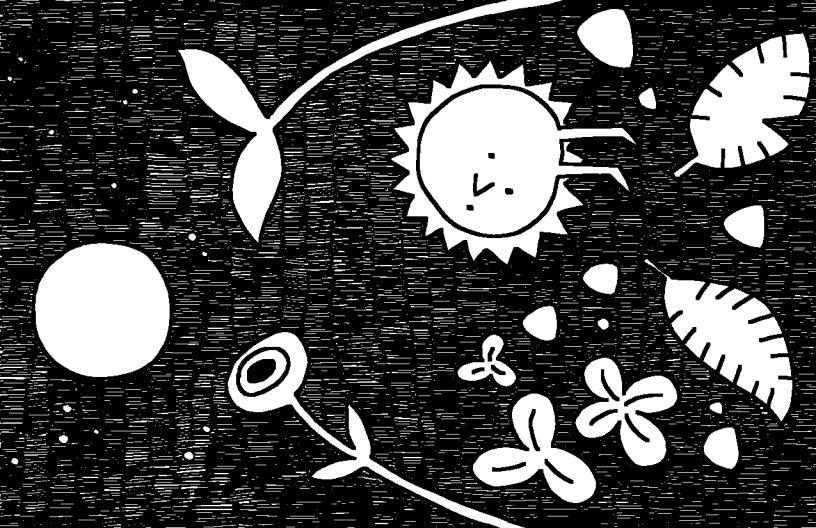
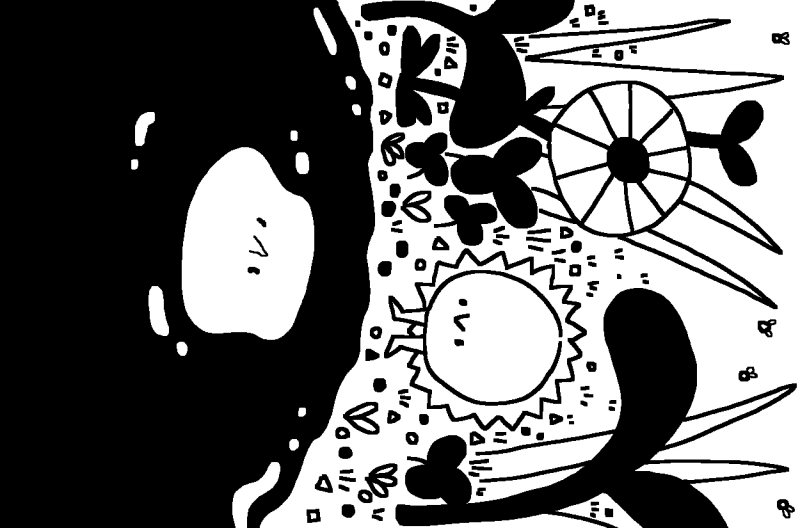


Canticum for Tiny Sun

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