

We are all spilled stardust swept before time...children, both aged and wise, possibility and hope stirred into the present...innocent and unknowing. This voyage of ours, may find many suffering steps bound into the miles, or we may look and decide... to be light. I have found a tender soul, a child shattered to brightness, one of us who has kept the mystery new. Please take a moment and enjoy the verse of Anja Jaenicke.

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