Words gather,
find their home.
The sky is blue.

The apple of friendship,
the rose of scholarship,
yet life's thorns too:

Neoplasm, oncology,
errant cells—
no matter though.

The field
receives your labor
and is grateful.

Dignity, respect;
you reap,
you sow.

Seeds for justice
find a caring,
careful hand.

Prairie wind,
pacific shore—
a certain fragrance:

A benediction
forevermore.

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