



*...Now when dying grasses veil
earth from the sky in one last pale
wave, as autumn dies to bring
winter back, and then the spring,
we who die ourselves can peel
back another kind of veil*

*....that hangs among us like
thick smoke.
Tonight at last I feel it
shake.*

w e d n e s d a y

- Remar Tennis
- Face Painting Day
- Australia's Day
- Daddy's Birthday
- Vine Picnic
- Doctor Visit

