

*A loop of thoughts
Encircle a young mother's mind
Choices found in no books
Late nights given to sporadic cries
Bottles filled with white
Ammunition to calm her precious package
Sometimes the softness of the kiss
Settles the child --
To another snow white dream*

—James W. Collins
Copyright 2002

*Of butterflies we ponder
A short and magnificent existence
From cocoon then to wind
Nature's way of "I Love You's"*

*Traveling from tree to bush
Where creatures give chase
A Contribution to struggle
Insurance of a tomorrow*

*Joy and tears pass away
Testifying to existence
Sometimes things break
With the knowledge that speaks —
In nature*

—James W. Collins
Copyright 2002