

# Opening A Treasure Chest

I search my eye -  
examining the  
old pictures  
curling at the edges, aging  
Layers of loveliness radiant imprint  
has never failed to sun

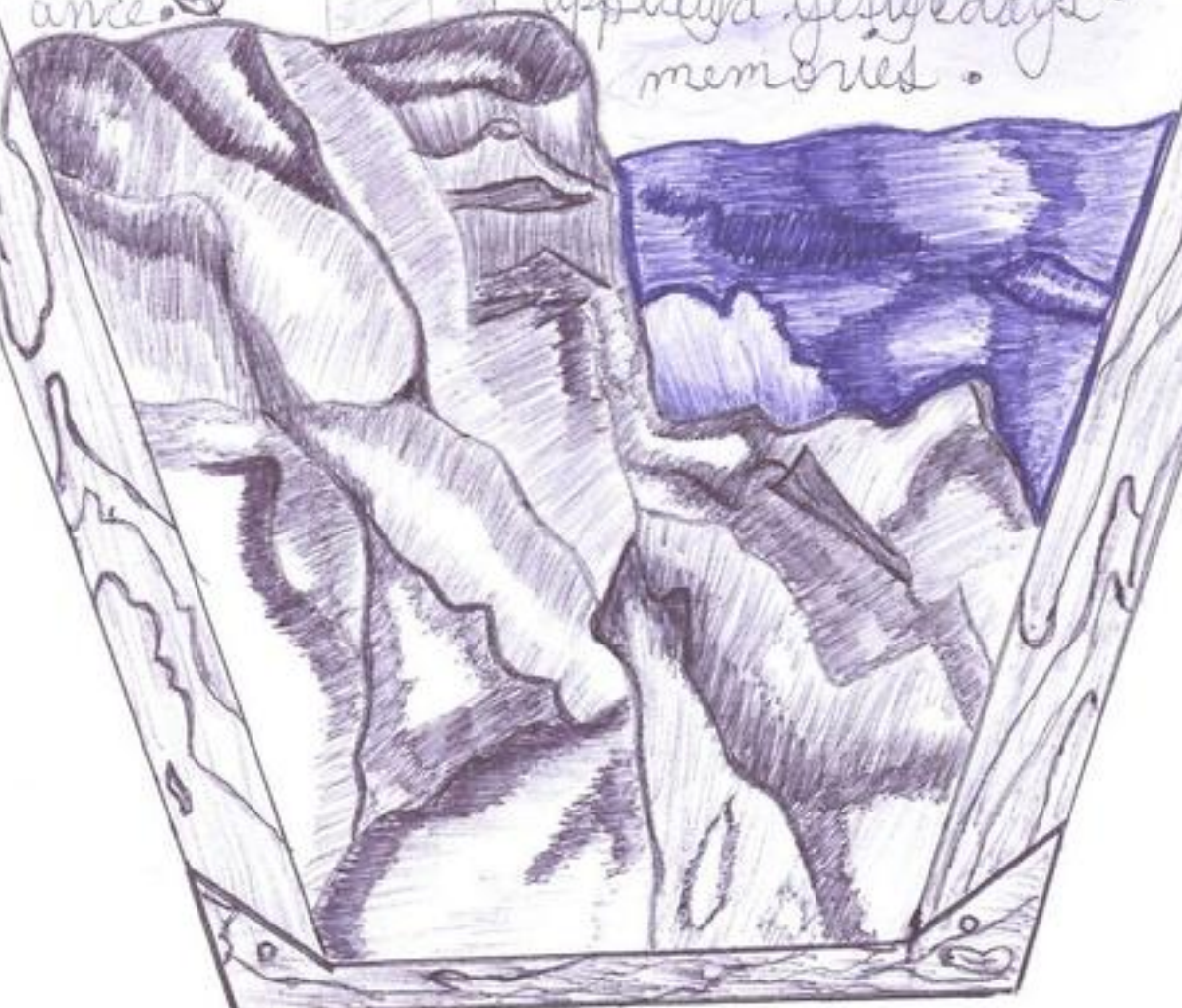
bum of photo's  
fairity time-paused

My girlfriends pictures unobstructed by times  
non-erasing the infatuation

I eager-  
Ushers  
while my  
charitade  
ance.



ear the lyrics of  
ballad (ya, ya, ya got it bad)  
eyes appraise brilliant pul-  
winning over my fan w/perform-  
applaud yesterday's  
memories.



Wm. D. Brown