

Date: APR. 29

Am like a little Tea Cup Poodle-Barking aimlessly into wind streams-Hoping to meet my life mate.

Would she even know that I'm a hopeful,waiting for chance into bliss with her ,or are we just objects in flight,passing one another with a ripple of thought what can be said of unformed love. I wonder what it feels like to be a single leaf on a vine?