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LOOKS LIKE THE
CLOUDS ARE ROLLING
IN

WILLAS OF WHAT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
BELOW TO BELOW

ALL MY THOUGHTS
FALL BACK TO WITHIN

THE YOUNG HANDS
- NOT HAD THEM

WAS WITH ME

NO LOST LOVE

TAKE TO ALL

OLD SOL OF SOL

GRASS DANCE

DANCE

MY STARS NO

LOOKING SITTING

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ALAS THE WAY
OF MY SAINT MAN
ECLIPSE OF MY ITTAT

I LOOK IN MY
PRIVATE ROOM &

FI-O
THE HANDS & WEBS
OF ALL IF ITTAT
TOUCHES & BLOOD
MY MIND

MY WORLD WOULD
ONCE WAS RIGHT
& CAN EIGHT
A LONG IF AM

NOW SEEMS NO
MORE AM A
CASE OF THEM

I ASK MYSELF

WHY IF WHY
I FIND NAUGHT BUT
THE BLUE SAM NIGHT

9300

REBECCA CLUNY

13392

ALL I CAN THINK (3)
ON CAT

IS SUCH SOMEONE
LIVES WITH THE
FEMS

THAT WITH YOU
LEFT AND CATS
GOOD BYE

YOU MUST WANT
YOU SAID TO

GO AWAY TO RETURN
LIVE

SO ALL I CAN DO
IS FACE THE MIRROR
OF LOSS & TRY

BLUE THINGS & TRY

TO CURE MY PAIN

WOUND UP BLUE WITH

THOUGHT OF STILL
HAVING YOU

PHILLIP PAUL WEIDNER AND ASSOCIATES, APC