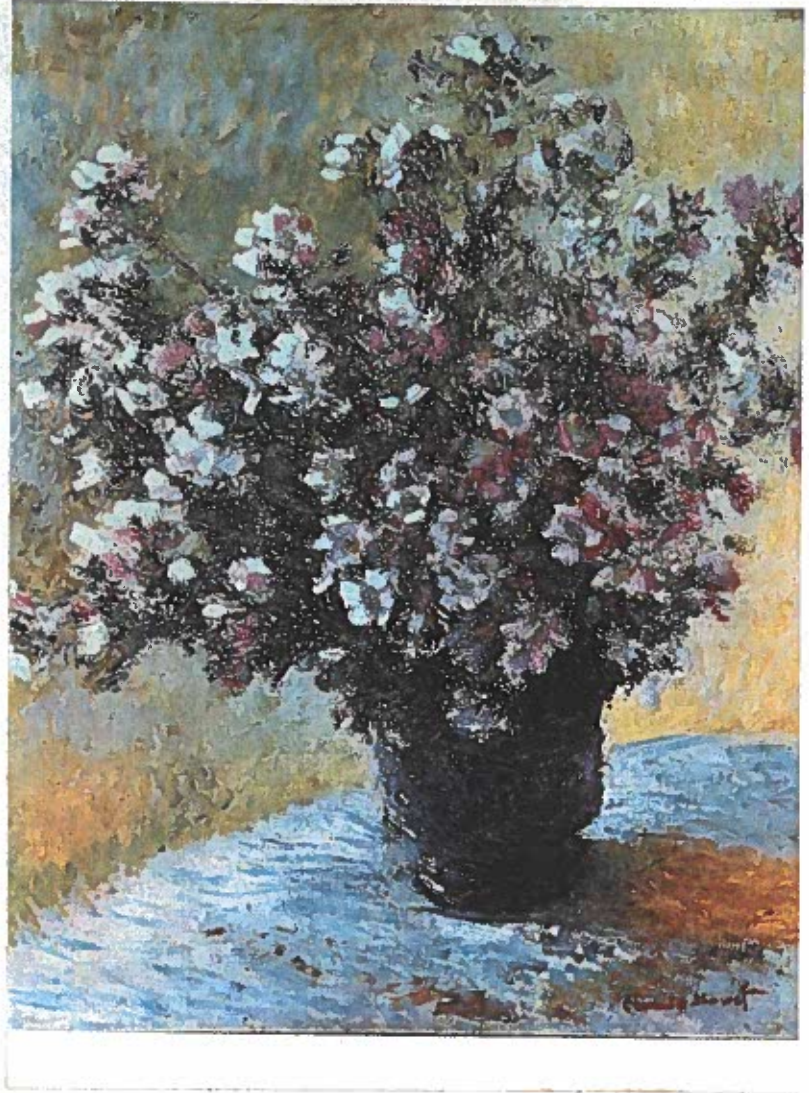


"Vase of Flowers"  
Claude Monet



As the stopping of time  
Captured - subtle and soft contains  
The vase.

Not by looking but dwelling  
In we infer, create and construct  
Anticipate, it's all;  
The tacit response  
Knows  
As the dance.  
It means the most  
Understandings complex and inferred;  
A smile, without sleep,  
Blooms in the air.

Infinite each is concerned  
To one who cares,  
They mean the most.

We know not the flower  
By knowing botanical flora of sorts  
But petals perfumed.  
We know not the mind  
By knowledge of workings of minds  
But works  
and the look.

The bouquet:  
As it sits - it waits  
For the stopping of time  
In the infinite care;  
Subtle and soft and captured, contained.